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THE

SPANISH NOVELISTS:

A SERIES OF TALES,

FROM

THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE CLOSE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Translated from the Originals,

WITH

CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

BY

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

223606 35

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON-STREET,

LATE COLBURN AND BENTLEY.

1832.

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

DON FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO VILLEGAS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE 3

VISION THE FIRST. Of the Catchpole possessed . . 9

VISION THE THIRD. Of the Last Judgment . . 24

THE HISTORY OF PAUL, THE SPANISH SHARPER . .

BOOK I., CHAP. I. Containing an account of his birth and country 43

CHAP. II. How I went to school, and what happened to me there 48

CHAP. III. How I went to a boarding school to wait on Don Diego Coronel 55

CHAP. IV. Don Diego and his man, rescued from the jaws of famine, and recovered, are sent to the university of Alcala. Their pleasant adventure by the way . 66

CHAP. V. Entrance into Alcala; the reception we met with; paying for our freedom; and what tricks were put upon me as a new comer . . . 75

CHAP. VI. Of the wicked old housekeeper, and the first knavish pranks I played at Alcala . . 81

CHAP. VII. How I received news of my father's death, and what course of life I resolved on for the future . 93

Book II., Chap. I. What happened to me at my first coming to Madrid, until night . . . 97
Chap. II. The same subject of the foregoing chapter continued, with other strange adventures . . 102
Chap. III. The prison described; with an account of what happened to us in it, till the old woman was whipped, my companions exposed to public shame, and I came out upon bail 113
Chap. IV. How I took a lodging, and other adventures 119
Chap. V. How the collation was managed, with other accidents and notable misfortunes . . 123
Chap. VI. My tedious cure; what passed between my landlady and me; how I turned beggar, picked up a considerable sum of money, and went to Toledo . 136
Chap. VII. How I turned player, poet, and gallant. The misfortunes that ensued, till I quitted the employment 143
Chap. VIII. What happened to me at Seville, till I took shipping to the West Indies . . . 152

DOCTOR DON JUAN PEREZ DE MONTALVAN.

Introductory Notice . . . 161
The Test of Friendship 165
The Effect of being Undeceived . . . 243

ANTONIO DE ESLAVA.

Introductory Notice 271
The Fountain of Truth . . . 272

DONNA MARIA DE ZAYAS I SOTO MAYOR.

Introductory Notice 301
The Miser Chastised 303

QUEVEDO.

DON FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO VILLEGAS.

Was born of a distinguished family in Madrid, in the year 1580. His father, Don Pedro Gomez Quevedo, was secretary, and his mother, Donna Maria Santibañez, was lady of the bedchamber to the queen Donna Anna of Austria. Quevedo completed his studies at the University of Alcala, and there afforded abundant confirmation of the extraordinary powers which his earlier years had promised. From that period he distinguished himself as one of the most eminent scholars of his time. At the age of twenty-three, he was honoured with the eulogies of Lipsius, and the consideration of all his learned contemporaries, who consulted him in the Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic languages. Not satisfied with the lighter studies of the age, he applied himself to those of a more abstruse nature, and made himself acquainted with theology and jurisprudence ; and was at length graduated in mathematics, astronomy, medicine, and natural philosophy. Thus prepared, he dedicated himself to the composition of works on

moral and political philosophy. He was likewise one of the best poets of his time, both as a lyric and a satirist; for, independently of the works of *Francisco de la Torre*, which have been falsely attributed to him, those which are confessedly his own bear testimony to his high qualifications.

Quevedo was so extremely careful of his time, that he resided at a public hotel, that he might the better economize it by his freedom from domestic arrangements; and he was visited there by all the nobility and talent of the court. He subsequently crowned his fame and talents, by travelling, for the space of nine years, over the greater portion of Europe. He was first induced to adopt this step by an affair of honour, in which he had the misfortune to wound a gentleman in vindication of a lady's offended feelings, who had been publicly affronted by him. He went to Sicily, as secretary to the Duke de Osuna, and accompanied him afterwards to Naples. He served that nobleman with zeal and ability, and assisted him with his counsel in the treaty which he effected with the Pope, the king of Savoy, and the Republic of Venice; after which he went various times into France, Germany, Flanders, Greece, and Turkey; and, in consideration of these services, he was honoured with a cross of the order of Santiago, with a pension, and the Lordship of la Torre de St. Juan de Abad.

The Duke de Osuna shortly afterwards fell into disgrace; a misfortune which was equally felt by Quevedo. He was imprisoned for upwards of three years in the tower of his lordship; and was only liberated on condition that he should live at a distance from the court. In a few years, however, he was recalled, but his late misfortune being in the recollection of all, he was obliged to be very circumspect. This, however, did not prevent himfrom being a successful competitor for the palm of literary excellence at the palace of Philip IV., before whom were represented various comedies of his writing, which have not been printed.

During this period were published the greater part of his writings, which met with general applause; and to this reputation he owed the honourable appointment of secretary to the King, with various offers of employment in the state; but Quevedo, taught by the rigours of past misfortune, and justly doubtful of court favours, accepted of none. The death of his wife, and the mediocrity of his fortune, made him desirous of retirement, where he could indulge in his literary labours undisturbed. He therefore returned to his tower of St. Juan de Abad, and there wrote the chief portion of his moral works, which are not few.

Quevedo had hardly recovered from the effects of his misfortune, when he was destined to experience

a still greater reverse. The malice of his enemies, who could never forgive him the superior consideration which his genius procured him, denounced him as the author of a virulent satire against government. On this false accusation, he was committed to prison in the convent de St. Marcos de Leon, and an embargo was placed on all his goods and papers. Here he suffered all the extremities of want and destitution, which he bore with a courage and heroism worthy his great name. In a letter to the Duke d' Olivares, who was then the court favourite, he wrote—"A year and ten months have passed since I was committed to prison; I was brought hither in the rigour of winter, almost without covering, and in the seventy-first year of my age. I have suffered since that time all the misery of a severe imprisonment. My health has suffered from three wounds, which the extreme cold has so increased, that being denied the benefit of a surgeon, I am an object of compassion to all who behold me, and so poor that I am indebted to charity for the preservation of my life. . . . . Your utmost clemency could hardly give me many years of life, neither could your rigour deprive me of many; I therefore do not ask this short space so much for the love of life, as the desire to live well and usefully, and that my remaining time may form no inconsiderable portion of your excellency's renown."

A short time after writing this letter, the Duke, in one of his excursions, being near the prison of the supplicant, gave him his liberty, and commanded him to retire to St. Juan de Abad, where he remained until obliged by his infirmity of health to remove to Villa Neuva de les Infantes, where he died in 1645, and the seventy-fifth year of his age.

If we reflect on the chequered career, and the misfortunes of Quevedo, we cannot refuse the tribute of our admiration to his heroism, while we may profit by his example. If we consider his vast and multifarious talent, we are lost in admiration and respect. Had Quevedo lived two centuries later, and not unhappily breathed the limited atmosphere of the court of Philip IV., the annals of no nation could have boasted of a man, who, for splendour of imagination, or universality of talent, could be placed in comparison with him; he would have been handed down to posterity with the greatest men of the age. The writings of Quevedo are sufficiently known, and are too extensive, to be mentioned at length in this brief sketch. It is merely necessary to observe, that, in the specimens which follow, I have attempted to select a few that might convey the best idea of the author's peculiar genius, so distinguished for keen and vigorous satire, combined with rare knowledge of the human heart and of the world. In those now given, I have done little more than condense and

adapt the several versions already made of part of Quevedo's works by L'Estrange; and by Stevens, in an edition published at Edinburgh, in three volumes, about the close of the last century; and for which, as well as other works, I have been indebted to the kindness of Mr. Beckwith, of the Royal mint; himself both a collector and admirer of Spanish literature, familiar with the rarest works of its great founders and ornaments.

VISION THE FIRST.

OF THE CATCHPOLE POSSESSED.

On going the other day to hear mass, at a convent in this town, I found the doors closed, and a world of good people pressing and praying to get in. Upon inquiring what was the matter, they told me there was a demoniac about to be exorcised, which made me the more eager to see the ceremony; but all to no purpose, for after having been nearly stifled in the crowd, I was glad to make my escape, and betake myself once more to my lodgings. As I went, I met a particular friend of mine at the end of the street, belonging to the same convent, who gave me the same information. Observing my curiosity, he told me to follow him, and having a general passport, he took me through a little door at the back of the church into the vestry. Here we found a miserable, dogged-looking fellow, with a fur tippet round his neck, as slovenly as any beggar you meet — all in rags and tatters, his hands bound, and stamping and roaring in a most horrible manner. "Bless

me," I exclaimed, crossing me, "What is all this?" "This," replied the good father, who was to expel the devil—"this is a man possessed with an evil spirit."

"That's an infernal lie," cried the demon that tormented him; "with all respect to the present company, it is not a man possessed with a devil, but a devil possessed with a man! you ought to take care what you say, for it is quite evident, both from the question and answer, that you are little better than a set of fools. Know that we devils never get possession of the body of an alguazil if we can help it; it is in spite of ourselves if we do. To speak correctly therefore, say that you have here a devil *catch-poled*, and not a *catchpole* possessed. To give you your due, you men can outwit us devils better than you do the catchpoles, for we take fright at the cross, while they make use of it as a cloak for their wicked purposes.

"Still, while we thus differ in our humour, we are much of a mind in regard to the duties we have to fulfil; for if we bring men into judgment and tribulation, so do the bailiffs; we pray for the progress of vice and all its societies, and so do they; in fact, they are the more zealous of the two, because they make a livelihood by it, and weonl yfor the sake of company. Here you see the catchpoles are worse than the devils, for they are bent upon devouring their own species. We are angels, though black ones, com-

pared with them, and were only changed into imps for setting ourselves upon an equality with the Most High. The generation of catchpoles, live, like worms, upon corruption; so you may as well leave off, my good father, plying this wretch with beads and reliques,—you will sooner snatch a soul from damnation, than any thing out of his clutches. In short, your catchpoles and we devils belong both to the same order, only we are of the *barefoot*, like the reverend father (having a hard footing in the world), while they go warm shod—both shoes and stockings."

I was rather astonished to find so great a sophist in the devil; but, spite of all, the holy man persisted in his exorcism, and to stop the demon's mouth, he washed his face in some holy water, so that the demoniac became ten times madder than before. He began to howl so horribly as to deafen the whole company, and make the floor tremble. "Perhaps," he exclaimed, "you think all this the effect of your holy water; no such thing; the pure element itself would have done as much; for a catchpole hates nothing so much as cold water. They may well be called alguazils, from Pagan descent; and as so much more suitable to their behaviour." "Come, come," retorted the good father, "we must not listen to this villain; give his tongue free scope, and you will hear him revile the government, and the ministers of justice themselves, because they keep the world

in order, and put down villany,—all which goes to spoil his own market." "Chop me none of your logic," old fool, replied the devil, "for there is more in our philosophy than you are aware of; but if you like to do a poor devil a good turn, be quick and give me my *exit* out of this accursed bumbailiff. Were I not a devil of some rank and reputation, I should be better able to endure the scoffs and taunts that will welcome my return back for keeping such sorry company." "You shall leave it this very day," cried the holy father;" in pity to this tormented wretch, I will expel thee, spite of thy infernal obstinacy; wilt thou persist in torturing him, I say?" "It is nothing," returned the devil, "but a trial between us which shall prove the greatest devil of the two."

The priest did not in the least relish these keen and wicked replies, which turned the laugh against him; but to me it was very amusing; and addressing myself to the good father: "We are all friends, I believe, here, and I wish you would let me put a few questions to this merry demon; I may be able, perhaps, to get something good out of him, even against his will, if you will just stop his hand a little on this poor wretch." The exorcist granted my request, and the merry devil resumed with a laugh: "We shall never, I see, want a friend at court while a poet resides there; and it would be very ungrateful in the whole race if we did, after the

treatment they have experienced from us below." "Have you many," inquired I? "Whole lots," he replied; "and there is nothing so pleasant as the first year of a poet's noviciate; he brings letters of recommendation for our ministers, and inquires for Rhadamanthus, Charon, Cerebus, Minos, &c. &c. with a grave face."

"What punishment do you inflict," I asked, rather anxiously. "A great deal, and of a very proper kind," he replied. "We praise the works of their rivals; some are employed for a thousand years in revising a few hacknied stanzas upon jealousy; others beat their heads with their empty palms, or bore their noses with a hot iron to get a new thought. They split a hair, and torture a word into every absurd complication of sound; they bite their nails, or stand transfixed in a brown study. But your comic poets fare the worst, for the villanous tricks they play upon the stage in coupling high-born ladies with clowns and lacquies, and princes and nobles with the refuse of the other sex. We do not find room for these satiric wits along with the others, but with pettifoggers, and common dealers in the arts of shuffling, cheating, and forging. As to the discipline employed, those who come, for instance, by the way of fools, we place among the astrologers; a man condemned for manslaughter finds his seat among the physicians; merchants who

have negociated a vile business take their chance with Judas; and corrupt ministers of every class pitch their tents close to those of the great robbers of the earth. A certain dealer, who declared he had lived upon the immaculate sale of cold water, took up his station with his friends the publicans. Indeed, the whole of our kingdom is divided into separate districts, to accommodate all classes of colonists. The blind, who would fain rank with the poets, we include among the lovers; a sexton, and a cook who roasted cats for hares, we send to the pastry shop."

"And have you many lovers," I inquired, "in your dominions?" "Marry! that we have; and all are great admirers of themselves; some busied with their money, some with their own discourses, others with their own works; but very rarely one that can be said to like his own wife. No wonder, indeed; for the women generally bring them to the stool of repentance, and then the devil may take his own way. But for true sport, give me your fashionable, genteel lovers—your men of colours and favours—so trimmed and laced as to make a most admirable sign for the tailor or the mercer. Some you would mistake for carriers, bending under the burden of love-letters; some are horned, some flaming like comets; and best of all to behold are the antics of your maiden lover, with open mouth, and hands extended, embracing the air for his visionary mis-

tress. There are also a kind of empty-handed, befooled pretenders, ever on the watch, snatching at the shadow, but who can never reach the substance; while some, worse than these, condemn themselves for ever for a Judas kiss. One story lower is the asylum of contented cuckolds, a rank poisonous place, strewed with the relics of reputations, and paved with horns. But, resigned to their sorry destiny, the inhabitants never so much as question the justice of the sentence to which they are doomed; but far more difficult to keep in order are the admirers of old women, who occupy the adjoining apartment, whose luxury and depravity of taste are consigned to perpetual bondage. To leave all this, let me give you a word of advice—not to persist in making caricatures of us devils in your shows and pictures, if you wish me to indulge your curiosity. Why should you give us claws and talons like a vulture or a griffin—why tails—why saucer eyes and horns—nay, why even crowned with a coxcomb? You might take us for hermits, philosophers, or corregidores! Think better of it; paint us as we are; and one good turn will bring another. The other day we had Geronimo Bosco with us; and on inquiring what had led him to make such frightful representations of us in his visions, he made answer, it was because he had never really believed that there were demons, though he now found that it

was but too true. What we consider still worse, is the usual style of your discourse when you wish to reflect upon any one's ill-behaviour; as for instance, 'See how this devil of a tailor has spoiled my coat; how this devil of a fellow has made me wait; and how this devil of a rascal has taken me in!' all which is very unhandsome, thus to rank us with the scum of mankind. Tailors, indeed! a set of wretches that serve us for fuel, and who are obliged to beg hard for the honour of being burnt! You have another bad custom, too, of giving every thing to the devil which you do not like yourselves: as, 'the devil take it; go to the devil; and the devil give you good of it;' as if he had nothing else to do than to take possession of what you chose to give him; if they are so ready, let them come themselves, and depend upon receiving a hearty welcome."

In the same strain, the devil rambled on some time, when suddenly was heard a scuffle which had befallen between two conceited coxcombs, about a point of precedence. On turning to look, I beheld some objects in the distance, that appeared to carry something in the shape of crowns. "Are there kings in hell," I inquired; and the demon satisfied my doubts, by observing, that it abounded with them; some condemned to subjection under those whom they had oppressed,—some for extreme cruelty, and desolating their kingdoms in a way more terrific than the great

plague. Others are expiating their avarice, for making deserts of populous villages and smiling plains; while many find their way thither by means of corrupt ministers, more base and cruel than themselves. It is delightful to see them suffer; and their torments are redoubled, inasmuch as they most frequently bring half their kingdom with them, bringing down upon the world universal ruin.

It is thus, then, that kings find themselves a royal road to perdition, while your great merchants reach it by a bridge of silver. Next to these, I may mention your judges! "What, are there judges there?" "Are there!" returned the demon, "why, the judges are like game to our palates,—the choice morsels,—the most prolific fish that supply our great lake; for what are the bailiffs, the proctors, barristers, attorneys, and clerks, that arrive every day in shoals, but the fry from these mighty judges; and sometimes, in a lucky season for cheating, perjury, and forgery, we are so full, that we can nowhere find room for our guests."

"What! would you say that there is no justice on the face of the earth?" I inquired. "I do," replied the devil; and if you will listen, I will tell you, if you have never heard the story." "I have not," was the answer. "Then open your ears, and here you have it," retorted the devil, with a smile. "Once, in days gone by, Truth and Justice hap-

pened to meet in their peregrinations over the earth; the one was naked, the other was very frank and sour of aspect; and neither found the least hospitality or good reception in any quarter. After wandering about miserably in the open air, Truth was compelled to take up a lodging with a mute; and Justice, seeing that her name was generally used as a cloak for villany, and that she was held in no regard, made up her mind to return to heaven. She took her departure from the great courts and cities, and went into the country, where she met with some simple villagers, who afforded her the best entertainment in their power; but malice and persecution still followed her, and she was driven even from thence. She then resorted to many other places,—and people everywhere asked her who she was? She told them plainly, she was Justice; for she would not tell an untruth. Justice! they all cried, she is an entire stranger to us,—there's nothing for her here,—go, shut the door! After this wretched reception on earth, she indignantly took wing and returned to her native heaven, without so much as leaving even a trace of the path by which she had passed. The fame of her name, however, did not become extinct; and we still behold her depicted with the sceptre of power in her hands, while she is moreover called Justice. But let us call her by what name we will, it is in her name the fires are kindled in the realms

below; and the sleights of hand performed under her disguise, surpass every thing to be achieved by the most accomplished jilts, rogues, pickpockets, or cut-throats, in this wide world; in short, the power of avarice has reached such a height, as to bid defiance to all other passions, and to absorb the whole faculties of body and soul in schemes of imposture and plunder. First, in the list of iniquity, does not the seducer, under the pretence of her consent, steal the honour of her he vows to love? does not the attorney dive into your pockets, and show both a law and a rule for it? the comedians run away with your time as well as your money, while contriving to live on the recitation of other men's productions? Love outwits you with his eyes; the orator with his tongue; the soldier keeps you at arms' length; the musician beguiles you with his voice and fingers; the astrologer puzzles you with his calculations; the apothecary sickens you with his drugs; the leach draws your blood; and the physician finally bids you take your exit.

"Now in some way or other, these characters all belong to the great class of imposters; but it is the catchpole who combines all; and, in the name of justice, imposes upon and oppresses you with all his might. Ever waking and on the alert, he watches you with his eyes; he dogs you with his feet; seizes you with his hands; accuses you with his tongue;

and in short, makes you cry out in the words of the Litany, 'from all catchpoles, as well as devils, good Lord deliver us!'"

"But what is the reason," enquired I, "that you have not included the women among the thieves, for surely you must admit they are both of the same trade?" "For mercy's sake," interrupted the devil, "not a word of the women, if ye love me; for we are so wearied with their endless importunity, and the clatter of their tongues, that we take alarm at the bare idea of them. It is the necessity we devils labour under of finding accommodation for them, which makes the infernal abode what it is; for ever since the death of the witch of Endor, it has been their constant endeavour to stir up strife, and, in their extreme malice and uncharitableness, to set us all by the ears together. Not a few, indeed, have the hardihood to tell us to our face, that, when we have done our very worst, they have still some greater punishment in store for us. Yet, perhaps, on the whole, we ought to console ourselves that however great an infliction upon *us*, they are still more formidable to *you*, for we have there none of your grand theatres, saloons, parks, and other places of assignation, with which the earth is so abundantly supplied."

"You appear then to be in no want of a female population," returned I; "but in which do you most

abound, the handsome or the opposite, think you?" "Oh," quoth the devil, "for one beauty, we have at least half a dozen frights; and the reason is, that your pretty women, when they have had their way till they are tired, and rung the changes on all kind of pleasures long enough, generally turn out saints, and repent; whereas your plain people pine themselves to death for spite, and, flying in the face of Providence, so distort their tempers and their very souls, that they are enough to terrify the devil himself when they arrive. For the most part, they live to be old, and invariably take leave of the world with a malediction on the younger and fairer part of the creation whom they leave behind. This is the burden of their last sigh."

"You have said quite enough; I wish to hear no more of the ladies. But to approach another and a humbler class, what are the kind of mendicants whom you have to find room for in the regions below? have you many?" "Poor people," quoth the devil; "who are they?" "Those," I replied, "who possess nothing in this world." "How is it likely," returned the devil, "that they should be d—nd for having nothing, when men are only sent to us for sticking too closely to the world? You may look, but will find none of their names in our books; which is no wonder, for if you have nothing, the devil himself will desert you in time of need. To

say the truth, where will you find falser friends than are your sycophants, hollow friends, boon companions, envious and malicious acquaintance; than sons, brothers, or other relatives that lie in wait for your life to get at your money, and, while they hang over your couch, sincerely wish you already at the devil. But the poor are never flattered; nor envied, nor attended, nor accompanied by friends. No one longs for their property; and, in fact, they are a class of people who live well, and die better; and there are a few who would not barter their rags for the privilege of royalty itself. They go and come at their pleasure; and be it war or peace, they are as free from cares as they are from taxes, and all burdens and duties that sit so uneasily on the shoulders of the great. For them judgments have no terrors, and executions no steel; they live inviolable, as if they bore a charm to keep intruders at a distance. What thought have they of the morrow? they husband the passing hour, and are content. The past with them is numbered with the dead, and not knowing the future, they fear it not. But stop! it is an old saying, 'that when the devil preaches, the world is near at an end.'"

"This is the work of divine power," exclaimed the holy father, who was busily exorcising the catchpole: "Thou art the father of lies, devil, and withal dost promulgate mighty truths, sufficient almost to convert a heart of stone.

"Mind your own business," retorted the devil, "and do not imagine that my conversion is to be brought about by you. If I speak the truth, it is in aggravation of your guilt, in order that when called upon, some future day, you may not plead any ignorance of your duty, my good father. Verily, you most of you shed tears at parting, not from sincere repentance, but a just dread of what you have to expect from your sins. In short, you are little better than the hypocrites; and if at any time your reflections trouble you, it is because you know your bodies will not long hold out, and it is then only you begin to pick a quarrel with the sin itself."

"Thou art a base imposter," retorted the exorcist, for there is many a righteous soul takes its sorrow from another cause. But I see thy drift; thou hast a mind to amuse us to put off thy own evil hour, which is not yet come, peradventure, when thou must quit the body of this poor fellow. It shall not be; I conjure thee in the name of him thou darest not resist, to cease thy tormenting, to quit and give him up, and henceforth to hold thy peace."

The devil, of course, obeyed; and the good priest, turning towards us, "My friends and fellow-countrymen," he cried, "albeit I am thoroughly of opinion that it can be no other than the devil who hath entertained us with this conversation through the troubled medium of this unlucky wretch; yet

we may stand excused, one and all, in weighing well what he hath proposed, and reaping some benefit from such discourse. Without referring, therefore, to the authority from which it came, remember that Saul (wicked prince as he was) did prophecy truly of things to come, and that honey before now hath been plucked from the lion's mouth. Please to withdraw, then, and I shall make it my prayer—as it is my lively hope—that this strange and sorrowful exhibition may lead you to a genuine sense of your errors, and, ere the close, to a blessed amendment of your lives."

VISION THE THIRD.

OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Homer, we find, represents Jupiter as the author or inspirer of dreams, more especially the dreams of princes and governors, granting always that the subject of them be of a religious and important character. It is stated, moreover, as the opinion of the learned Propertius, "that good dreams are sent from above, have their meaning, and ought not to be slighted." To give frankly my own idea upon this subject, I am inclined to his way of thinking, in particular as to the case of a certain dream I had the

other night. As I was reading a sermon concerning the end of the world, it happened that I fell asleep over it, and pursuing the same line of thought, dreamed the following dream of the Last Judgment —a thing rarely admitted into the house of a poet, so much as in a dream. I was in this way reminded too of an observation in Claudian, "that all creatures dream at night of what they have heard and seen in the day; as the hound," says Petronius Arbiter, "dreams of hunting the hare."

Well, methought I beheld a noble-looking youth towering in the air, and drawing loud and solemn tones from a mighty trumpet. The vehemence of his breath did certainly detract somewhat from the effect of his glorious beauty, yet even the monumental marbles, the earth-closed caverns—nay, the very dead within obeyed his fearful call; for the ground was seen gradually to open, the bones to rise and unite together, and a mighty harvest of the living spring from the long sown seed of the dead. The first that appeared were soldiers,—such as generals of armies, captains, lieutenants, and the common foot, who, thinking that a fresh charge had sounded, rose out of their graves with considerable boldness and alacrity, as if they had been preparing for combat, or a sudden assault. The misers next put their heads out, all pale and trembling, with the idea they were going to be again plundered. Cavaliers

and boon companions came trooping along, supposing they were going to a horse race, or a grand hunt. In short, though all heard the trumpet sound, not any one seemed to understand it, for their thoughts were plain enough to be read by the strangeness of their looks and gestures.

While the souls came trooping in on all sides, many were seen to approach their new bodies, not without signs of considerable aversion and difficulty. Others stood spell-bound with wonder and horror, as if not venturing to come nearer to so dreadful a spectacle; for this wanted an arm, that an eye, and the other a head. Though, on the whole, I could not forbear smiling at so strange a variety of figures, I found yet greater matter for awe and admiration at the power of Providence, which drew order out of chaos, and restored every part and member to its particular owner. I dreamed that I was myself in a churchyard; that I saw numbers busied in changing heads, who were averse to make their appearance; and an attorney would have put in a demurrer, on the plea that he had got a soul that could be none of his, for that his soul and body belonged to some different ones elsewhere.

When it came at length to be generally understood, that here at last was the Day of Judgment, it was curious to observe what strange evasions and excuses were made use of among the wicked. The

man of pleasure, the betrayer of innocence, the epicure, and the hypocrite, would not own their eyes, nor the slanderer his tongue, because they were sure to appear in evidence against them. Pickpockets were seen running away as fast as possible from their own fingers, while an old usurer wandered about anxiously inquiring if the money-bags were not to rise as well as the bodies? I should have laughed outright at this, had not my attention been called away to a throng of cut-purses, hastening all speed from their own ears, now offered them, that they might not hear so many sad stories against themselves.

I was a witness to the whole scene, from a convenient station above it, when all at once there was uttered a loud outcry at my feet of "Withdraw, withdraw!" No sooner was it pronounced, than down I came, and forthwith a number of handsome women put out their heads and called me a base clown for not showing the respect and courtesy due to their high quality, not being a whit the less inclined to stand upon their etiquette,—although in Hell itself. They appeared half-naked, and as proud as Juno's peacock, whenever they happened to catch your eye; and, to say truth, they had a good complexion, and were well made. When they were informed, however, that it was no other than the Day of Judgment, they took the alarm, all their

vivacity vanished, and slowly they took their way towards an adjacent valley, quite pensive and out of humour. Of these one among the rest had wedded seven husbands, and promised to each of them that she would never marry again, for she was unable to love any one like she had loved the last. Now the lady was eagerly inventing all manner of excuses, in order that she might return a proper answer when examined on this part of her conduct. Another, that had been common as the common air, affected to hum a tune, and delay the arrival on pretence of having forgotten some of her trickeries, as an eye-brow, or a comb; but, spite of her art,—for she could neither lead nor drive,—she was impelled on till she came within sight of the throne. There she beheld a vast throng, among whom were not a few she had brought far on their way to the worst place; and no sooner did they recognize her than they began to hoot after and pursue her, till she took refuge in a troop of city police.

Next appeared a number of persons driving before them a certain physician along the banks of a river, whither he had unfairly dispatched them considerably before their time. They assailed his ears all the way with cries of "*justice, justice,*" at the same time urging him forwards towards the seat of judgment, where they at length arrived. Meantime, I heard upon my left hand something like a paddling in the

water, as if some one were trying to swim; and what should it all be but a judge, plunged into the middle of a river, and vainly trying to wash his hands of the foul matter that adhered to them. I inquired what he was employed about, and he told me, that in his life time he had often had them oiled so as to let the business slip the better through them, and he would gladly get out the stains before he came to hold up his hand before the bar. What was yet more horrible, I saw coming under guard of a legion of devils, all armed with rods, scourges, and clubs, a whole possee of vintners and tailors, suffering no little correction; and many pretended to be deaf, being unwilling to leave the grave under dread of a far worse lodging.

As they were proceeding, however, up started a little dapper lawyer, and inquired whither they were going? to which it was replied, that they were going to give an account of their works. On hearing this, the lawyer threw himself down flat on his face in his hole again, exclaiming at the same time, "If down I must without a plea, I am at least so far on my way." An inn-keeper seemed in a great sweat as he walked along, while a demon at his elbow jeering at him cried,—"Well done, my brave fellow, get rid of the water, that we may have no more of it in our wine." But a poor little tailor, well bolstered up, with crooked fingers, and bandy

legged, had not a word to say for himself all the way he went, except, "Alas! alas! how can any man be a thief that dies for want of bread!" As he cried, his companions, however, rebuked him for running down his own trade. Next followed a gang of highwaymen, treading upon the heels of one another, and in no little dread of treachery and cheating among each other. These were brought up by a party of devils in the turning of a hand, and were quartered along with the tailors; for, as was observed by one of the company, your real highwayman is but a wild sort of tailor. To be sure, they were a little quarrelsome at the first, but in a short time they went together down into the valley, and took up their quarters very quietly together. A little behind them came Folly, Bells, and Co., with their band of poets, fiddlers, lovers, and fencers,—that kind of people, in short, that least dream of a day of reckoning. These were chiefly distributed among the hangmen, Jews, scribes, and philosophers. There were also a great many solicitors, greatly wondering among themselves how they should have so much conscience when dead, and none at all in their lifetime. In short, the catch-word, silence, was the order of the day.

The throne of the Eternal being at length elevated, and the mighty day of days at hand, which spake of comfort to the good, and of terror to the wicked;

the sun and the stars, like satraps, cast their glory round the footstool of the Supreme Judge—the avenger of the innocent—and the Judge of the greatest monarchs and judges of the earth. The wind was stilled; the waters were quiet in their ocean-sleep—the earth being in suspense and anguish for fear of her human offspring. The whole creation looked about to yield up its trust in huge confusion and dismay. The just and righteous were employed in prayer and thanksgiving; the impious and wicked were vainly busy in weaving fresh webs of sophistry and deceit, the better to mitigate their sentence. On one side stood the guardian angels ready to show how they had fulfilled the part entrusted to them; and on the other frowned the evil genii, or the devils who had eagerly contended with the former, and fomented the worst human passions, attending now to aggravate every matter of charge against their unfortunate victims. The Ten Commandments held the guard of a narrow gate, so strait indeed, that the most subdued and extenuated body could not get through without leaving the better part of his skin behind.

In one portion of this vast theatre were thronged together Disgrace, Misfortune, Plague, Grief, and Trouble, and all were in a general clamour against the doctors. The plague admitted fairly that she had smitten many, but it was the doctor at last who did their business. Black grief, and shame, both

said the same; and human calamities of all kinds made open declaration that they never brought any man to his grave without the help and abetting of a doctor. It was thus the gentlemen of the faculty were called to account for the number of fellow men they had killed, and which were found to exceed by far those who had fallen by the sword. They accordingly took their station upon a scaffold, provided with pen, ink, and paper; and always as the dead were called, some or other of them made answer to the name, and quoted the year and day when such or such a patient passed from time to eternity through his hands.

They began the inquiry as far back as Adam, who, to say the truth, was rather roughly handled about biting an apple. "Alas!" cried one Judas that stood by, "if that were such a fault, what must be the end of me, who sold and betrayed my own Lord and master?" Then next approached the race of patriarchs; and next the Apostles, who took up their places by the side of St. Peter. It was well worth observing, that on this day there was not a whit distinction between kings and beggars; all were equal before the judgment-seat. Herod and Pilate had no sooner put out their heads, than they found it was likely to go hard with them. "My judgment, however, is just," exclaimed Pilate: "But alas!" cried Herod, "what have I to confide in!

Heaven is no abiding place for me, and in Limbo I should fall among the very innocents whom I murdered; I have no choice, therefore, but must e'en take up my quarters in Hell—the general refuge for the most notorious malefactors." After this, a rough sort of sour, ill-grained fellow, made his appearance; "See here," he cried, "here are my credentials—take these letters." The company, surprised at his odd humour, inquired of the porter who he was? "Who am I," quoth he, "I am master of the noble science of defence:" then pulling out a number of sealed parchments, "These will bear witness to my exploits." As he said these words, the testimonials fell out of his hand, and two devils near him were just going to pick them up, to keep as evidence against him at his trial, but the fencer was too nimble for them, and seized on them. An angel, however, now offered him his hand to help him in; while he, as if fearing an attack, leapt a step back, throwing himself into an attitude of defence. "Now," he exclaimed, "if you like, I will give you a taste of my skill;" upon which the company set a laughing, and this sentence was pronounced against him:—"That since by his art he had caused so many duels and murders, he should himself be allowed to go to the devil in a perpendicular line." He pleaded he was no mathematician, and knew no such a line; but with that word a devil came up, and gave him a

twirl or two round, and down he tumbled before he could bring his sentence to an end.

The public treasurers came after him, pursued by such a hooting at their heels, that some supposed the whole band of thieves themselves were coming; which others denying, the company fell into a dispute upon it. They were greatly troubled at the word thieves, and one and all requested they might be permitted to have the benefit of counsel. "For a very good reason," said one of the devils; "here's a discarded apostle, a Judas, that played into both hands at once; seize him!"

On hearing this, the treasurers turned away, but a vast roll of accusations against them, held in another devil's hand, met their eyes, and one of them exclaimed, "For mercy's sake away with those informations! We will one and all submit to any penalty; to remain in purgatory a thousand years, if you will only remove them from our sight." "Is it so?" quoth the cunning devil that had drawn out the charges—"you are hard put to it to think of compounding on terms like these." The treasurers had no more to say; but, finding they must make the best of a bad case, they very quietly followed the dancing-master.

Close upon the last came an unfortunate pastryman, and on being asked if he wished to be tried, he replied that he did, and with the help of the Lord would stand the venture. The counsel against

him then prest the charge; namely, that he had roasted cats for hares, and filled his pies with bones in place of meat, and sold nothing but horse-flesh, dogs, and foxes, in lieu of good beef and mutton. It turned out, in fact, that Noah had never had so many animals in his ark as this ingenious fellow had put in his pies (for we hear of no rats and mice in the former); so that, in utter despair, he threw up his cause, and went to be baked in his turn with other sinners like himself.

"Next came and next did go" a company of barefoot philosophers with their syllogisms, and it was amusing enough to hear them chop logic, and try all manner of questions in mood and figure, at the expense of their own souls. Yet the most entertaining of them all were the poets, who refused to be tried at any lesser tribunal than that of Jupiter himself. Virgil, with his *Sicelides Musæ*, made an eloquent defence of himself, declaring that he had prophecied the nativity. But up jumped a devil with a long story about Mæcenas and Octavius, declaring that he was no better than an idolater of the old school. Orpheus then put in a word, asserting that, as he was the elder, he ought to be allowed to speak for all, commanding the poet to repeat his experiment of going into hell, and trying to get out again, with as many of the company as he could take along with him.

They were no sooner gone, than a churlish old miser knocked at the gate, but was informed that it was guarded by the Ten Commandments, to which he had always been an utter stranger. Yet he contended that if he had not kept, he had never broken, any of them, and proceeded to justify his conduct from point to point. His quirks, however, were not admitted—his works were made the rule of decision—and he was marched off to receive a due reward.

He was succeeded by a gang of housebreakers and others of the same stamp, some of whom were so fortunate as to be saved just in the nick of time. The usurers and attorneys, seeing this, thought they too had a good chance, and put so good a face on the matter, that Judas and Mahomet began to look about them, and advanced rather confidently to meet their trial, a movement which made the devils themselves fall to laughing.

It was now the accusing demons of the usurers and attorneys proceeded with their accusations, which they took not from the bills of indictment made out, but from the acts of their lives, insisting upon the plain matter of fact, so as to leave them without the possibility of an excuse. Addressing the Judge—"The great crime of which these men were guilty was their being attorneys at all;"—to which it was ingeniously answered by the men of law—No, not so; we only acted as the secretaries of other men." They

nearly all denied their own calling; and the result was, that after much cross questioning and pleading, two or three only were acquitted, while to the rest their accusers cried out, "You here! you are wanted elsewhere;" and they then proceeded to swear against some other people, some bribing the witnesses, making them say things which they had never heard, and see things they had never seen, in order to leave innocence no chance of escape. The lie was concocted in all its labyrinths; and I saw Judas, Mahomet, and Luther draw back, while the former prest his money bag closer to him. Luther observed that he did just the same thing in his writings; but the doctor interrupted him, declaring, that compelled by those who had betrayed him, he now appeared with the apothecary and the barber to defend himself. On this, a demon with the accusations in his hand turned sharp round on him, asking "Who it was had sent the greater part of the dead then present, and with the aid of his worthy *aid-de-camps*, had, in fact, occasioned the whole proceedings of that day." But the apothecary's advocate put in a plea for him, asserting, that he had dosed the poor people for nothing. "No matter," retorted a devil, "I have him down in my list; two of his pill boxes despatched more than ten thousand pikes could do in a battle, such was the virulence of his poisonous drugs, with which indeed he entered into a partnership with the

plague, and destroyed two entire villages. The physician defended himself from any participation in these exploits, and at last the apothecary was obliged to succumb; the physician and the barber each taking the deaths that respectively belonged to them.

A lawyer was next condemned for taking bribes from both sides, and betraying both; and lurking behind him, was discovered a fellow, who seemed very desirous of concealing himself; and who, on being asked his name, replied that he was a player. "And a very comic player indeed," rejoined a devil, "who had done better not to appear on that stage to-day." The poor wretch promised to retire, and was as good as his word. A tribe of vintners next took their station, accused of having assassinated numbers of thirsty souls, by substituting bad water for good wine. They tried to defend themselves on the plea of compensation, having supplied a hospital gratis with wine for the sacred ceremonies; but this was overruled, as was that preferred by the tailors, of having clothed some charity boys on the same terms, and they were all sent to the same place.

Three or four rich merchants next appeared, who had got wealth by defrauding their correspondents and creditors, but the accusing demon now informed them they would find it more difficult to make a composition; and turning towards Jupiter, he said, "Other men, my Lord Judge, have to give account

of their own affairs, but these have had to do with every body's." Sentence was forthwith pronounced, but I could not well catch it, so speedily they all disappeared. A cavalier now came forward, with so good a face, and so upright, as to challenge even justice itself. He made a very lowly obeisance on entering, but his collar was of such a size as to defy you to say whether he had got any head in it at all. A messenger on the part of Jupiter, inquired if he was a man, to which he courteously replied in the affirmative, adding that his name was Don Fulano, on the faith of a cavalier. At this, one of the devils laughed, and he was then asked what it was he wanted? To which he replied, that he wanted to be saved. He was delivered over to the demons, whom he entreated to use him gently, lest they should chance to disorder his mustachios and ruff. Behind him, came a man uttering great lamentations, which he himself interrupted by saying, "Though I cry, I am none so badly off, for I have shaken the dust off the saints themselves before now." Every one looked round, thinking to see a hero, or a Diocletian, from his brushing the ears of the saints; but he turned out to be a poor wretch whose highest office was to sweep the pictures, statues, and other ornaments of the church. His cause seemed safe, when all at once he was accused by one of the devils of drinking the oil out of the lamps, but which he

again laid to the charge of an owl; that he had moreover clothed himself out of the church suits, that he drank the wine, eat the bread, and even laid a duty on the fees. He made but a lame defence; and was ordered to take the left hand road in his descent.

He made way for a levy of fine ladies, tricked out in cap and feather, and so full of merriment, that they fell to amuse themselves with the odd figures of the demons themselves. It was stated by their advocate, that they had been excellent devotees; true, retorted their demon, devoted to any thing but chastity and virtue. Yes, certainly, replied one that had taken her full fling in life, and whose trial now came on. She was accused of making religion itself a cloak, and even marrying, the better to conceal the enormities of her conduct. When condemned, she retired, bitterly complaining that had she known the result she would have taken care not to have done any of the charitable things, and said so many masses as she had.

Next, after some delay, appeared Judas, Mahomet, and Martin Luther, of whom a messenger inquired which of the three was Judas? To this, both Mahomet and Luther replied, that he was the man; on which Judas cried out in a rage, that they were both liars; for that he was the true Judas, and that they only affected to be so, in order to escape a worse

fate than his; for though he had indeed sold his Master, the world had been the better of it, while the other rascals, by selling both themselves and his master, had well nigh ruined it. They were all sent to the place they deserved.

An attorney who held the evidence in his hand, now called on the alguazils and runners to answer the accusations brought against them. They cut a woeful figure; and so clear was the case against them, that they were condemned without more ado.

An astrologer now entered with his astrolobes, globes, and other quackery, crying out that there was some mistake, for that that was not the Day of Judgment, as Saturn had not yet completed his course, nor he out of sheer fear his own. But a devil turned round on him, and seeing him loaded with wooden instruments and maps, exclaimed, "Well done, friend, you have brought fire-wood along with you; though it is a hard thing, methinks, after making so many heavens as are here, you should be sent to the wrong place at last for the want of a single one." "I will not go, not I," said the astrologer; "Then carry him," said the devil, and away he went.

The whole court after this broke up; the shadows and clouds withdrew; the air grew refreshing, flowers scented once more the breezes, the sunny sky reappeared, while I methought remained in the valley; and wandering about, heard a good deal of

noise and voices of lamentation, as if rising out of the ground. I pressed forward to enquire what it could be, and I saw in a hollow cavern, (a fit mouth to hell,) a number of persons in pain. Among these was a *Letrado*, but busied not so much with dead laws as with live coals,—and an *Escrivano*, devouring only letters. A miser was there, counting more pangs than pieces; a physician contemplating a dead patient; and an apothecary steeped in his own mixtures.

I laughed so outright at this, that I started wide awake; and was withal more merry than sad to find myself on my bed.

The foregoing indeed are dreams; but such as if your excellency will sleep upon them, it will come to pass, that in order to see the things as I see them, you will pray for them to turn out as I say they are.

THE HISTORY OF

THE LIFE AND ACTIONS OF PAUL,

The Spanish Sharper.

BOOK I.—CHAP. I.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS BIRTH AND COUNTRY.

I was born at Segovia; my father's name was Clement Paul, a native of the same town; I hope his soul is in heaven. I need not speak of his virtues, for those are unknown, but by trade he was a barber, though so high-minded that he took it for an affront to be called by any name but that of a tonsor of beards, or the gentleman's hair-dresser. They say he came of a good stock,—and it must have been a vine-stock,—as all his actions shewed a remarkable affection for the refined blood of that glorious genealogical tree.

He was married to Aldonza Saturna de Revollo, daughter of Octavio de Revollo Codillo, and grandchild to Lepido Zuraconte. The town basely suspected that she was of Jewish extraction, but she

urged the names of her progenitors to prove herself descended from those great men who formed the triumvirate at Rome. She was very handsome; and so famous, that all the ballad rhymers of her day made verses on her, which were sung about the streets. She went through many troubles when first married, and long after, for there were scandalous tongues in the neighbourhood, that did not stick to say my father was willing to wear the horns, provided they were tipped with gold.

It was often proved, that whilst he was lathering the beards of his acquaintance, a little brother of mine, about seven years old, was as busily rifling their pockets. The poor child died of a whipping he had in the gaol; and my father was much concerned at the loss, because he was such a promising, acute boy. He was himself, indeed, in prison for little matters of the same kind; yet he mostly came off so honourably, that cardinals * are known to have followed in his train, and to have stuck close to him in all his misfortunes. When he left the place of his captivity half the town went behind him, huzzaing, and saluting him with turnip-tops and rotten oranges, and the ladies stood at the windows to see him pass; for he always made a good figure, whether

* Cardenales, a sort of Spanish fly, that paid its respects to the scarified back of the barber.

on foot or horseback;—I do not say it out of vanity, for everybody knows I am not guilty of it.

My mother, good woman, had her share of troubles. An old nurse that brought me up, one day said in her commendation, she was of such a taking behaviour, that she bewitched all she had to do with; but they say that by that she meant something concerning her being rather too familiar with the devil. Her reputation here had like to have brought her to the stake, to try if she had really any thing of the nature of the salamander or no, and could play tricks in the fire. It was reported, too, she was an excellent hand at renewing maiden charms, and disguising grey hairs. Some gave her the name of a pleasure-broker, others of a reconciler; but the ruder sort, by way of joke, called her an universal money catcher. It would have made anybody love her to see with what a pleasant countenance she heard all this, from whatever quarter it came. I need not take much time in shewing what a truly penitential life she led; she had a room, into which nobody was admitted besides herself, and sometimes the writer of these memoirs, on account of his tender years. It was surrounded on all sides with dead men's bones; for the skulls, she said, helped to put her in mind of our mortality, though others, out of spite, pretended that she kept them in order to put spells upon the living. Her bed was corded with halters, which she

had borrowed from the public executioner; and she used to say to me, "Do you see these things, child? I show them as mementos to those I have a kindness for, that they may take heed how they live, and avoid coming to such an end."

My parents had much bickering about me, each of them resolving to have me brought up to their trade; but I, from my cradle, had more gentlemanly thoughts, and would apply myself to neither. My father used to say, "Remember, child, this trade of appropriating other's property is no base mechanic trade, but rather a liberal art." Then, pausing and fetching a sigh, he added, "there is no living in this world without stealing. Why do you think the constables and other officers hate us as they do? Why do they sometimes banish, whip us at the cart's-tail, and at last hang us up like so many flitches of bacon? (I cannot refrain from tears when I think of the good old man, who wept himself at his early recollections of the numerous floggings he had received.) The reason is, they would have no other thieves among them but themselves and their gang; but a sharp wit brings us out of all dangers. In my younger days I plied mostly in the churches, not out of any religious zeal, and had been long ago carted, only I would never tell tales, though they put me to the rack; for I never confess, but when our holy mother the church commands us. With this business I have made shift to maintain your mother as decently as I could."

"You maintain me!" answered his spouse in a great rage—for she was vexed I could not learn to be a wizzard—"it was I who maintained you, Sir. I brought you out of prison by my art, and kept you there by my money. You may thank the potions I gave you for not confessing, and not your own courage. Were it not for fear I should be heard in the streets, I would tell all the story—how I got in at the chimney, and brought you out at the top of the house." Her passion was so high, that she would never have done, had not the string of her beads broke, consisting of dead men's teeth, which she preserved for particular uses. For my own part, I declared boldly, that I would apply only to virtue, and persevere in the good path I had prepared for myself. I therefore desired they would put me to school; for nothing was to be done without reading and writing. They approved of my intention, though they both muttered for a time between their teeth. One fell to stringing her dead men's bones, and the other took himself away, as he said, to fleece some one—I know not whether he meant his beard or his purse. They left me alone, praising God that he had given me such ingenious parents, and so zealous for my advancement.

CHAP. II.

HOW I WENT TO SCHOOL, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO ME THERE.

THE next day my primer was bought, and my schoolmaster bespoke; I went to school, and he received me with a pleasant countenance, telling me I had the looks of a sharp lad, and witty. That he might not be mistaken in his judgment, I took care to learn my lesson well that morning. He made me sit down beside him; appointed me a monitor, because I came first and went away last; for I stayed to run some errands for my mistress, and stood well in the good graces of both of them. The favour they showed me made all the other boys jealous. It was my object to keep company with gentlemen's sons, and particularly with a son of Don Alonzo Coronel de Zunniga. I used to eat my afternoon's luncheon with him; went to his house every holiday, and waited upon him on the other days. The other boys, either because I took no notice of them, or they thought me too high-minded, were extremely fond of calling me nick-names relating to my father's trade. Some called me Mr. Scrape; others, Mr. Tickle-beard. One declared that he hated me because my mother had suckled two little sisters of his in the night; another

said my father had been sent to his house to frighten away the vermin. Some, as I passed by, cried out "Cat;" others, "Puss, puss;" to signify my clawing descent. Another would say I threw rotten oranges at his mother when she was carted. Yet for all their back-biting, I praise God my shoulders were broad enough to bear it; and though I was out of countenance, I took no notice, putting up with all, till one day a boy had the impudence to call me a son of a witch, alluding to the reports of her dealing in magic; and as it was spoken plainly, I took up a stone, and as plainly broke his head with it. I then ran for it, as fast as I could, to my mother's, and told her all the story. She said it was very well done, but that I ought to have asked who told him so? On hearing this, I observed, that some of the by-standers had told me that I need not concern myself at what he said, and laughed; which I said vexed me, and I begged to know of my mother whether it was true or not. "Could I have given him the lie with a safe conscience, or am I the son of my own father?" I inquired. She smiled as she answered: "God-a-mercy, lad! art thou so cunning already; you'll be no fool; you did very right to break his head, for such things are not to be said, true or not true." This admission smote me sorely, and I resolved to pack up all I could lay my hands on, and quit my parental abode. How-

ever, I dissembled; my father went and cured the boy; all was made up, and I went to school as usual. My master received me in an angry mood, till, on learning the occasion of the quarrel, and the strong provocation, he acquitted me.

The son of Don Alonzo and I continued great friends; he seemed to have imbibed a natural affection for me; I would exchange tops or toys with him, if mine were of a better quality; I gave him nice things to eat, and never asked for what he had; I bought him caricatures, I taught him to wrestle, play at leap-frog, and was altogether so obliging, that the young gentleman's parents, seeing how fond he was of my company, sent for me almost daily to dine or sup, sometimes to stay the night with him. It so happened, that about Christmas as we were going to school, a certain counsellor, called Pontio de Auguirre, passed by; little Don Diego bid me call him Pontius Pilate, and run away. To please him, I did it; which so incensed the man, that he set after me at full speed, with a knife in his hand; and I was only just in time to take sanctuary in my master's house, crying out for help, most lustily. My master only saved me by promising the man to give me a severe flogging; and he was as good as his word, till my mistress at last, moved to compassion, interceded for me. Every lash he gave me, he accompanied with—"Will you ever call Pontius Pilate again?"—

"No Sir, never;" was my reply. And such was the effect of the warning, that the next day, on being ordered to say our *crede* according to custom, so great was my horror of the sound, that on being asked under whom did the Saviour suffer, I instantly made answer, "And he suffered under Pontio de Auguirre!"—On this my master burst into a loud laugh, to think how well I remembered the castigation; indeed, so much was he amused at my simplicity, that he promised to forgive me the two next whippings I was to have received, for which I thanked him in the most eloquent terms.

Twelfth tide now approached, and our master, to divert the boys and make sport, ordered that there should be a king among us, and we cast lots for that honour, among twelve he had appointed for it. I was the lucky person it fell upon, and spoke to my father and mother to provide me fine clothes. When the day came I was mounted and went abroad upon a starved poor jade of a hack, that fell down upon his knees at every step; his back looked like a saw, his neck like a camel's, but somewhat longer; his head like a pig, only it had but one eye, and that moon-blind,—all which showed the knavery of his keeper, who made him do penance and fast, cheating him of his provender. Thus I went swinging from side to side like a jointed baby, with all the rest of the boys after me, tricked up as fine as so many

puppets, till we came into the market-place, the very name of which scares me. Coming to a herb-woman's stall,—the Lord deliver us from all stalls,—my horse, being half-starved, snapped up a small cabbage, which no sooner touched his teeth than it was down his throat, though from the length of his neck, it reached not his belly for some time afterwards. The herb-woman, like the rest of them, was an impudent jade, and set up a cry which brought the others round her, and among them abundance of the scoundrels of the market.

Considering that the enemy's forces were all on foot, I saw it was unfair to charge them on horseback, and would have alighted, but both king and steed found themselves so terribly annoyed by showers of missiles, rotten carrots, turnips, and oranges, that we wished to sound a retreat. Before this could be effected a shot took my noble charger in the head; he reared desperately, and his strength failing him in the act, down we both came into the kennel. Imagine the condition I was in; my subjects by this time had armed themselves with stones, and attacking the herb-women in turn, soon broke two of their heads.

For my own part, after the fall, I was of little use in the action, unless it were by driving all before me by the strong weapon of stink and nastiness. The officers coming up seized two of the herb-women and

some of the boys, searching them for their weapons, which they took, for some had drawn their short swords and daggers. They came to me, and seeing no arms, for I had sent them to be cleaned with my hat and cloak, they begged to have them. I declared that I certainly bore offensive weapons, but such as applied only to the nose, as they might see from my filthy condition. But I should tell you, good reader, that when they began to pelt me with rotten oranges, &c. &c., my hat being stuck with feathers, as they do the loose women's in Spain when carted through the streets, I imagined that they mistook me for my lady-mother, as they had often before pelted her; and in this persuasion I cried out: "Good women, though I have a feather in my cap, I am none of Aldonza Saturno de Revollo;" as if they could not find that out by my shape and face. The fright I was in, however, may excuse my ignorance, especially as the misfortune fell so heavily and suddenly upon me. The officer would readily have carried me to prison, but fortunately could not find a clean place where to lay hold of me; so some went one way and some another, while I went directly home, saluting all I met with a most infernal perfume. I told my father and mother all my adventures; but they were in such a passion at the sight and smell of me, that they would have chastised, had they dared to touch me. I made the best apology I could, laying the blame on my

charger which they had provided for me; but finding nothing would appease them, I left the house, and went to see my friend Don Diego, whom I found laid up with a broken head, and his parents fully resolved that he should go to school no more. He told me of the fate of my steed; finding himself hard pressed, he had saluted his enemies with his heels, but was so weak, that he put out his hip-joints with the effort, and lay in the mire expiring. Reflecting that all the sport was now spoiled, the mob alarmed, my parents in a rage, my friend's head broken, and my charger dead, I too was resolved to go no more to school, but to stay and wait upon Don Diego, or at least to bear him company, to which his parents consented, on account of the friendship he bore me. I wrote to my father and mother, stating that I had no need to go to school any longer, for though I could not write a good hand, it was more becoming of me, because I intended to be a gentleman; so that from that hour I should renounce all schools, to save them any farther charges on that head. I then informed them where, and what I was, and that they would see no more of me till they gave me special permission for that purpose.

CHAP. III.

HOW I WENT TO A BOARDING SCHOOL TO WAIT ON DON DIEGO CORONEL.

Don Alonzo determined to send his son to a boarding school, both to wean him from his tender treatment at home, and also to ease himself of that care. He was informed there was a master of arts in Segovia, whose name was Cabra, and who made it his business to educate *gentlemen's* sons; thither accordingly he sent his, and me to wait upon him. It was the first Sunday after Lent we were brought into the house of famine, for it is impossible to convey a just idea of the penury of such a place. The master was himself a skeleton, a mere shotten herring, or like a long cane with a little head upon it. He was red-haired, and no more need be said to those who know the proverb, "that neither cat nor dog of that colour are good;" his eyes almost sunk into his head, as if he had looked through a perspective glass, or the deep windows in a linen-draper's shop; his nose turned up and was somewhat flat, the bridge being almost carried away by an inundation of cold rheum, for he never incurred any worse disorder because it would cost money. His beard had lost its colour from fear of his mouth, which being

so near, seemed to threaten to eat it out of mere hunger; his teeth had many of them deserted him from want of employment; his neck was as long as a crane's, with the gullet sticking out so far, that it seemed as if compelled by necessity to start out for sustenance; his arms withered; his hands like a bundle of twigs, each of them, hanging downwards, looking like a fork or a pair of compasses, with long slender legs. His voice was weak and hollow; his beard shaggy, for he never shaved in order to save soap and razor; besides, it was odious, he said, to feel the barber's hands all over his face, and he would rather die than endure it; but he let one of the boys cut his hair. In fair weather he wore a threadbare cap, an inch thick in grease and dirt, made of a thing that was once cloth, and lined with scurf and dandruff. His cassock, some said, was really miraculous, for no man knew what colour it was of; some, seeing no hair on it, concluded it was made of frogs' skins; others that it was a mere shadow; near at hand it looked somewhat black, and at a distance bluish. He wore no girdle, cuffs, or band, so that his long hair and scanty short cassock made him look like the messenger of death. Each shoe might have served for an ordinary coffin. As for his chamber, there was not so much as a cobweb in it, the spiders being all starved to death. He put spells upon the mice, for fear they should gnaw

some scraps of bread he treasured up. His bed was on the floor, and he always lay upon one side, from fear of wearing out the sheets; in short, he was the superlative degree of the word avarice, and the very *ne plus ultra* of want. Into this prodigy's hands I fell, and lived under him along with Don Diego. On the night we came he showed us our room, and made us a short speech,—not longer out of sheer love of economy of words. He told us how we were to behave. The next morning we were engaged till dinner time; we went to it; the masters dined first and the servants waited. The dining-room was as big as a half-peck; five gentlemen eat in it at one table; I looked about for the cat, and seeing none, asked a servant, an old stager, who in his leanness bore the mark of a boarding-school, how it came they had none? The tears stood in his eyes, and he said, "Why do you talk of cats? Pray who told you that cats loved penance and mortification? Ah, your fat sides show you are a new comer." This to me was the augury of sorrow, but I was worse scared when I observed that all those who were before us in the house, looked like so many pictures of death on the white horse. Master Cabra said grace, then sat down, and they eat a meal which had neither beginning nor end. They brought the broth in wooden dishes, but it was so clear that a man might have seen to the bottom had it been

ten fathoms deep. I observed how eagerly they all dived down after a single pea that was in every dish. Every sip he gave, Cabra cried: "By my troth, there is no dainty like the Olla, or boiled meat and broth. Let the world say what it will, all the rest is mere gluttony and extravagancy; this is good for the health, while it sharpens the wits." "A curse on thee and thy wit," thought I, and at the same time I saw a servant, like a walking ghost, bring in a dish of meat, which looked as if he had picked it off his own bones. Among it was one poor stray turnip, at sight of which the master exclaimed: "What, have we turnips to-day; no partridge is in my opinion to compare to them. Eat heartily, for I love to see you eat." He gave every one such a wretched bit of mutton, that it stuck to their nails and in their teeth, so that not a shred of it could reach their stomach. Cabra looked on, and repeated, "Eat heartily, for it is a pleasure to me to see what good stomachs you have." Now just think what a comfort this was for them that were pining with hunger. When dinner was over, there remained some scraps of bread on the table, and a few bits of skin and bones, and the master said; "Let this be left for the servants; they must dine as well as we." "Perdition seize thee, ruthless wretch," thought I, "and may what thou hast eaten stick in thy gizzard for evermore! what a consternation you have thrown

my stomach into!" He next returned thanks, saying, "Come, let us make way for the servants, and you go and exercise until two o'clock, lest your dinner should be too heavy for you" I could no longer forbear laughing aloud for my life, on which he grew very angry, and bade me conduct myself like a modest youth, quoting two or three mouldy old proverbs, and then took himself off. We sat down to this mournful spectacle, and hearing my great guns roar for provender, and as a new comer having more strength than the rest, I seized by force upon two scraps of bread, and bolted them down along with one piece of skin. The others began to mutter, for they were too weak to speak aloud; on which in came Cabra once more, observing, "Come, come, eat quietly together, since God provides for you, be thankful; there is enough for all." Now declare it solemnly, there was one of these servants, a Biscayner, named Surre, who had so completely forgotten the way to his mouth, that he put a small bit of crust that was given him into his eye, as if happy that he was thus saved the trouble of swallowing. I asked for drink; the rest who had hardly broken fast never thought of it, and they gave me a dish with some water, which I no sooner put to my lips, before the sharp-set lad I spoke of snatched it away, as if I had been Tantalus, and that the flitting river he stands in up to the chin. I got up from

table with a sigh, perceiving for truth that I was in a house where they drank to a good appetite, but would not permit it to pledge. It is impossible to express my trouble and concern; and considering how little was likely to go into my belly, I was actually afraid, though hard pressed, of feeling the process of digestion going on.

Thus we passed on till night. Don Diego asked me how he should do to persuade himself that he had dined, for his stomach could not be made to submit, and only grumbled when he alluded to the subject. The house, in short, was a hospital of dizzy heads, proceeding from empty insides,—a different kind of dizziness to that incurred by surfeits.

Supper time came, for afternoon meals were never dreamed of. It was still shorter than the dinner, and consisted of a little roasted goat instead of mutton. Surely the devil could never have contrived a worse little beast. Our starving master Cabra said; "It is very wholesome and beneficial to eat light suppers, that the stomach may not be overwhelmed;" and then he quoted some cursed physician who has been long in h—ll. He extolled spare diet, alleging that it prevented uneasy dreams, though he knew that in his house it was impossible to dream of any thing but eating. Our master and we supped, but in reality we had none of us supped. On going to bed, neither Diego nor I could sleep a wink, for he

lay contriving how to complain to his father, that he might remove him, and I advising him so to do; and at last I said to him; "Pray, Sir, are you sure we are alive; for to tell you the truth, I have a strong fancy we were slain in the battle with the herb-women, and are now souls suffering in purgatory, in which case it will be to no purpose to talk of your father's fetching us away, without he has our souls prayed out of this state of punishment." Having spent the whole night in this discourse, we got a little nap towards morning, till it was time to rise; six o'clock struck, Cabra called, and we all went to school, but when I went to dress me, my doublet was too handfuls too big, and my breeches, which before were close, now hung as loose as if they had been none of my own. In fact, when I was ordered to decline some nouns, such was my hunger that I eat half of my words, for want of more substantial diet. Any man may easily believe this, who hears what Cabra's man told me, which was, that at his first coming he saw two great Flanders geldings brought into the house, and two days after they went out perfect racers, so light, that the very wind would carry them away; that he saw mastiff dogs come in, and in less than three hours they went out converted into greyhounds; that one Lent he saw abundance of men, some thrusting their heads, some their feet, and some their whole body, into the

porch; and this was continued a long time, very many people flocking from all parts to do so; and that he asking one day what could be the meaning of it, Cabra was very angry; but one in the crowd answered, some of those people are troubled with children, others with the itch, and others with lice; all which distempers and vermin disappeared as soon as they came into that house, so that they never felt them more. He assured me this was very true, and I, who was acquainted with the house, believe it, which I am fain to take notice of, lest what I say should be looked upon as an hyperbole.

To return to the school; he set us our lesson, and we conned it; and so we went on in the same course of life, only that our master added bacon in the boiling of his pot, because going abroad one day he was told, that to boil meat without bacon betokened a scandalous race, descended either from Moors or Jews. For this reason he provided a small tin case, all full of holes, like a nutmeg-grater, which he opened, and put in a bit of bacon that filled it; then shutting the box close, hung it with a string in the pot, that some relish might come through the holes, and the bacon remain for the next day. Afterwards he thought this too great an expense, and for the future only dipped the bacon into the pot. It is easy to guess what a life we led with this sort of diet and usage. Don Diego and I were in such a

miserable condition, that since we could find no relief as to eating, we contrived at last not to rise so early in the morning; and for this end we pretended that we were sick, but not feverish, because that cheat we thought would be easily discovered. The head or tooth-ache were inconsiderable distempers; at last we said we had the gripes, believing that rather than be at a penny charge, our master would apply no remedy. The devil ordered worse than we expected; for Cabra had an old receipt, which descended to him by inheritance from his father, who was an apothecary. As soon as he was told our ailment, he prepared a dose, and sending for an old aunt of his, threescore and ten years of age, he ordered her to give each of us a good potion. She began with Don Diego; the poor wretch shrunk up, and the old jade being blind, and her hands shaking, instead of giving him it inwardly, let it fly betwixt his shirt and his back; so that it became an outward ornament, which should have served for a lining within. The young man cried out; in came Cabra, and seeing what had happened, ordered that I should be served next, and they would come again to Don Diego. I was dressing myself very hastily, but all would not do, for Cabra and others held me whilst the old woman gave it me; but I, to requite her kindness, returned it all into her face. Cabra was in a rage with me, and said he would turn me out

of his house, for he plainly saw it was all a cheat; but alas! I was not so fortunate. We complained to Don Alonzo, and Cabra made him believe we did it out of idleness, because we would not mind our book. Thus all our hopes and entreaties came to nothing; our master took the old woman into the house, to dress the meat and look after the boarders, turning away his man, because he spied some crumbs of bread on his coat upon a Friday morning.

God only knows how we were plagued with this old woman. She was so deaf that she heard nothing, but understood by signs, though she was half blind; and so everlasting at her prayers, that one day the string of her beads broke over the pot as it was boiling, and our broth came to table sanctified. Some said these are certainly black Ethiopian pease; others cried they were in mourning, and wondered what relation of theirs was dead. Our master happened to bite one of them, and it pleased God he broke his teeth. On Fridays the old woman would dress us some eggs, but so full of her reverend grey hairs, that they appeared no less aged than herself. It was a common practice with her to dip the fire-shovel into the pot instead of the ladle, and to serve up porrengers of broth stuffed with coals, vermin, chips, and the heads of flax she used to spin, all which she threw in to fill up and cram our bellies with.

In this misery we continued till the next Lent, at the beginning of which one of our companions fell sick; Cabra, to save charges, delayed sending for a physician till the patient was just giving up the ghost, and desired to prepare for another world; then he called a young quack, who felt his pulse, and said hunger had been beforehand with him, and prevented his killing that man. These were his last words; the poor lad died, and was buried meanly, because he was a stranger. This struck a terror into all that lived in the house; the dismal story flew all about the town, and came at last to Don Alsonso Coronel's ears, who having no other son, began to be convinced of Cabra's inhumanity, and to give credit to the words of two mere shadows, for we were no better at that time. He came to take us from the boarding-school, and asked for us, though we stood before him; till at length, seeing us with some difficulty, and in so deplorable a condition, he gave our pinch-gut master some hard words. We were carried away in two chairs, taking leave of our famished companions, who followed us with their eyes and wishes, lamenting like those who remain slaves at Algiers, when their other associates are ransomed.

CHAP. IV.

DON DIEGO AND HIS MAN, RESCUED FROM THE JAWS OF FAMINE, AND RECOVERED, ARE SENT TO THE UNIVERSITY OF ALCALA. THEIR PLEASANT ADVENTURE BY THE WAY.

When we came to Don Alonzo's house, they laid us very gently upon two beds, for fear of rattling our bones, because they were so bare; then with magnifying glasses they began to search all about our faces for our eyes, and were a long time before they could find out mine, from the excess of privation and suffering. Physicians were called in, who ordered the dust to be wiped off our mouths with fox-tails, as if we had been paintings; and indeed we looked like the picture of death; and that we should be nourished with good broths and light meats, for fear of overloading our weak stomachs. How can we express the rejoicing we felt inwardly when we tasted the first good soup, and afterwards when we came to eat some fowl? All these things were to us unknown novelties. The doctor gave order that for nine days nobody should talk in our chamber, because our stomachs were so empty, that the least word returned an echo in them. These precautions tended in some measure to restore us; but our jaws were so shattered and shrivelled up, that there was no stretching them; and care was taken

that they should every day be gently forced out, and, as it were, set upon a last, with the bottom of a pestle.

In a few days we got up to try our limbs; but we still looked like the shadows of other men, and so lean and pale, that we might be taken for lineal descendants from the fathers in the desert. We spent the whole day in praising God for having delivered us out of the clutches of the most inhuman Cabra, and offered up our earnest prayers that no Christian might ever fall into that miserable thraldom. If we ever happened to think of our wretched fare at school, the idea alone would make us devour double the quantity at table; and we used to tell Don Alonzo how Cabra would inveigh against gluttony on saying grace, though he never felt the most remote approach to it in his life. He laughed heartily at our informing him, that, when speaking of the commandment, "Thou shalt do no murder," he made it extend to partridges and capons; indeed, to every thing of which he wished to deprive us, even hunger itself, which he accounted a deadly sin. It took us three months to recover our strength, at the end of which Don Alonzo began to think of sending his son to Alcala to finish his studies. He asked me if I would go; and I, who longed to quit the neighbourhood of so inhuman a monster, a friend only to misery and famine, promised to serve his

son most faithfully. He then appointed a sort of steward to regulate his son's accounts, who let him know his expenses by drawing bills upon one Julian Merluzza.

We now dispatched our effects in a cart belonging to one Diego Monze; there was a small bed for our master, and a truckle bed to run under it for me and the steward, whose name was Aranda; five quilts, four pair of sheets, eight pillows, four hangings, a trunk of linen, and other furniture for a house. We ourselves took a coach in the evening, and towards midnight came to the ever accursed lone inn of Viveros. The inn-keeper was of Moorish race, and an arrant thief; in all my life I never saw cat and dog so peaceable as on that day. He received us very courteously, because he and the carter went snacks, for we travelled so slowly that they were there before us. He hastened to the coach door, and assisting me to alight, asked, "Was I going to the university?" I told him I was. He put me into the house, where two sharpers were with some girls, a curate playing by them, an old covetous shopkeeper trying to save his supper, and two scoundrel shabby scholars contriving how to fill their bellies free of cost. My master, as being the last comer, and but a boy, said: "Landlord, get what you have in the house for me and two servants." "We are all your servants, Sir, and will

wait on you," said the sharpers. "Here, landlord, take notice, this gentleman will satisfy you, so bring out all you have in the larder." Another stepped up to Don Diego, and taking off his cloak, laid it by, saying: "Pray sit down and rest you." All this puffed me up so full of vanity, that the inn was too little to hold me. One of the damsels said: "What a curious-looking gentleman it is; is he going to his studies? are you his servant, Sir?" Fancying that every word was sincere, I answered that I and the others were both his servants. They asked me his name, and it was scarce out of my mouth before one of the scholars went up to him with tears in his eyes, and embracing him as if he had been his brother: "Oh, my dear Don Diego, who would have thought, ten years ago, to have seen you thus! Alas, I am in such a condition that you will not know me."

My master and I, both amazed, swore we had never seen him in our lives before; but the scholar's companion stared Don Diego in the face, and said to his friend: "Is this the gentleman of whose father you told me so many stories? It is very fortunate we have met him; he is grown very tall—God bless him." Saying this, he appeared quite overjoyed, and a stranger would have believed that we had actually been brought up together.

Don Diego paid him many compliments; and as

he was asking him his name, out came the innkeeper, and laid the cloth. Hearing what was going on, he said, "Let that alone, and talk of it after supper, for the meat will be cold." On this one of the sharpers placed an arm-chair for Don Diego, and another brought in a dish. The scholars inquired if he supped? and said they would wait on him, while they were preparing what the house would afford. "God forbid, Sir," replied Don Diego, "you will sit down, if you please." The sharpers, though he did not speak to them, readily answered, "Presently, my good Sir; but all is not ready yet." On seeing this extreme readiness on all sides, my heart was in my mouth, and I foresaw what came to pass. The scholars instantly laid hold of the salad, a good dish-full, and looking at my master, said: "It would be very wrong that these ladies should be left supperless, when a gentleman of such quality is present; pray, Sir, give them leave to eat a bit." My master, like a true novice, invited them all to partake. They sat down, and between them and the scholars, there was only one end of a lettuce left from the whole salad, and this Don Diego himself ate. As the detested student handed it to him, he observed, "Sir, you had a grandfather, who was my father's uncle, that would swoon at the sight of a lettuce, he was a man of such an odd disposition." This said, he bolted down a great roll of bread, and his companion

followed his example. The damsels were not slow to avail themselves of their good fortune; while the poor curate devoured the whole with his eyes, and the sharper was busily bringing in an entire side of a roasted kid. On this they took their places, saying to the priest, "Well, father, what makes you stand there? draw nigh and help yourself, for this excellent Don Diego treats us all." With these words, he too sat down; and my master, finding he had got such a party, began to betray some concern. The marauders divided the spoil, giving my poor master only a few bones to pick, the sharpers observing, "Pray, Señor, do not eat too much supper, lest it should disagree with you:" and the cursed scholar added; "besides, Sir, you must begin to be abstemious, considering the life you are about to lead at Alcala." All this time, I and the other servant were offering hearty prayers that heaven would put it into their hearts to leave something; but alas, when they had devoured every bit, and the curate was picking the bones over again, one of the sharpers turned about and said: "God bless us! we have left nothing for the servants; come hither, my good fellows; and you, landlord, give them all the house affords: here is a pistole to pay for it." Up started, then, my master's pretended kinsman—I mean the scholar—saying: "With your leave, Sir, I must observe, this is not quite decorous; it is a sign you are not ac-

quainted with my cousin; he will provide for his own servants, and for ours too, if we had any." When I heard this piece of dissimulation, I cursed the vile scholar in my heart; but the evil was done; the cloth was removed; the man of charity pocketted his pistole; and they all advised Don Diego to go to bed. He would have paid for the supper, but they assured him it would be time enough in the morning. They stayed awhile chatting together; my master asked the scholar his name, and he answered, Don something Coronel. The devil confound the deceitful dog wheresoever he is. Then perceiving that the griping shopkeeper was asleep, he said; "Will you have a little sport, Sir, to make you laugh? Let us put some trick upon this fellow, who has eaten but one pear upon the road, and is as rich as a Jew." The sharpers cried, "God-a-mercy, master licentiate, do so; it is but right." Thus encouraged, he drew near the sleeping old fellow, and slipped a wallet from under his feet, untied it, and took out a box, all the company flocking around, as if it had been lawful prize taken in war. He opened it, and found it full of lozenges; all which he took out, and supplied their place with stones, chips, and any rubbish that came next to hand.

This done, he shut up the box, and said, "I have not done yet; for he has a leathern bottle;" out of which he poured all the wine, and then stuffed it up

with tow and wool, and stopped it. The scholar put all again into the wallet, and a great stone into the hood of his travelling coat, and then he and all the rest went to bed.

When it was time to set out, all the company awoke, and got up, and still the old man slept; they at last called him, but he could not rise, for the weight of the stone that was in his hood. He looked to see what it was, and the innkeeper pretended to get into a passion, exclaiming, "God-a-mercy, man, could you pick up nothing else to carry away but this stone? A fine affair, Sirs, if I had not discovered it; I value it above a hundred crowns; it is a perfect charm for a pain in the stomach." The old man, on this, vowed and swore that he had put none of it into his hood; while the sharpers reckoned up the bill, which came to six crowns, though the best arithmetician in Christendom could not have made it up to that sum. The scholars asked what service they could do us at Alcala; the bill was paid, we breakfasted, and the old man took up his wallet; but for fear we should see what he had in it, and so have to distribute some, he untied it in the dark, under his great coat, and laid hold of a bit of lime well daubed, which he clapped into his mouth, and attempting to chew, very nearly broke his teeth with it. What with the pain, and the loathsome taste, he began to spit and make faces in a terrible way. The curate

went up, and asked what ailed him? He only cursed and swore, throwing down the wallet, on which the scholar cried out, "Get behind me, Satan; here is the cross." The other opened a breviary, and would persuade him he was possessed; till, quite sick and exhausted, the poor fellow begged to have a little wine to rinse his mouth. We handed him his bottle, and pouring it into a small dish, out came only a few drops of wine, and so dirty as to defy the power of swallowing it. It was then he indeed fell a raving beyond measure; till seeing all the company convulsed with laughter, he was fain to grow cool, and take up a place in the waggon with the gipsy girls and sharpers. The curate and the scholars mounted their asses, and we went into the coach. We were scarcely gone, before one and all set up a laugh at our expense, declaring the wicked trick they had played upon us. The landlord too joined them, saying—"Good master Newcome, give me a scholar for a gull; he will grow wiser after a few specimens like this." The cursed scholar said—"Pray, cousin, next time scratch when it itches, and not afterwards." In short, every one had his say; but we thought it best to take no notice, though heaven knows we were completely chop-fallen.

At length we got to Alcala, and alighted at an inn, where we spent all that day, for we came in at nine in the morning. But in reckoning up the

particulars of our last supper, we could never exactly make out the account; enough, that we had come off with the worst, and smarted for it.

CHAP. V.

ENTRANCE INTO ALCALA; THE RECEPTION WE MET WITH; PAYING FOR OUR FREEDOM; AND WHAT TRICKS WERE PUT UPON ME AS A NEW COMER.

Towards the cool of the evening we left the inn, for the place that had been hired for us without St. James's Gate, in a court full of rascally scholars. There were only three families, however, in our new house. The owner was one of those lukewarm men, who keep up a good outside show, but have no religion in their hearts; they are called Moriscoes from being descended from Moors. They quite abound here, along with your great-nosed Jews, that cannot endure the sight of bacon. Not that I mean to reflect on the people of quality, who are numerous and unspotted in blood.

The landlord received me with a worse grace than if I had been an inquisitor; but it was doubtless the nature of the beast, and quite in keeping with his usual principles and demeanour. However, we made

good our entrance, and disposed our effects in the best order we could. On gettting up next morning, all the scholars came running to us in their shirts, to demand entrance-money of my master. He inquired what it meant, but instead of answering him, I only hid myself under the clothes, with as little body to be seen as that of a tortoise. The wretches required a couple of crowns, and they got them; they then set up an infernal cry of, "Long live our new fellow! let him be a member of the friendly society; he shall have all the privileges of a freeman; let him have the itch, and be as greasy and hungry as we are." They then all tumbled down stairs together, and we hastened to dress ourselves, and set out for the schools. My master, conducted by some collegians, his father's friends, took his place; but I being assigned another place, went all alone, and began to quake for fear. Hardly had I set foot in the great court, before they all faced me, and began to cry, "A novice." The better to get out of the matter, I fell to laughing, as if I did not regard it, but it would not do; they grinned and mowed in my face, ridiculing me by every means in their power. I blushed, and one of the lads coming close to me, put his hand to his nose, then saying, "This is no Lazarus raised from the dead, he smells too strong. Upon this they all joined in stopping their noses, while I declared that they were quite in the right, as there was something peculiar.

They afterwards assembled in a body of about one hundred strong, from which there issued out a great brawny bumpkin of a boy, who, approaching me, said, "I have got a cold," and instantly with most contemptuous gestures he spit in my face. He was followed by all the rest, each of whom exclaimed, "Thus I begin, thus I begin!" Finding myself beyond all hope of redress, I cried out, "Oh Lord! I vow to God you shall pay,"—but my voice was drowned in such a shower, that it was impossible for me to proceed.

I had covered my face with my cloak, and stood such a fair mark that they all shot at me; too well, alas, taking their aim. Pretending that I had suffered quite enough, a sly dog came forward, crying as if in a passion: "Stop, do not murder him." Thinking by their usage that it was now all over, I unwittingly uncovered my face, when at the very moment, the villain who had appeared to be my friend, shot at me worse than any directly between my eyes. The whole posse then raised such a shout at my extreme anguish, as quite astounded me; after which they would have proceeded to neck me as they do rabbits, had they been able to find a clean place by which to hold me. Owing to this I escaped.

I went home, though I scarce knew the way, with only a few clouts from a few more boys I met on

the way. My Moorish landlord laughed aloud at my appearance, making a demonstration as if he too would have spit upon me, on which I cried out: "Hold, my good landlord, I am no representation of our Saviour," a cut at him which had nigh cost me my life. He nearly demolished me with some weights he held in his hand; till at last I got up stairs, and began to try to find a spot where I could lay hold of my cloak; with great difficulty I undrest myself, hung my clothes up in a gallery, and quite overcome laid me down upon my bed.

My master coming in and finding me asleep, fell into a passion, and seizing me by the hair of the head, he would soon have left me bald before my time. I made a dismal outcry, but he went on: "Is this the service I am to expect from you, Paul! I must turn over a new leaf, I see."

This went to my heart, and I answered: "Sir, you are a great—a very great comfort to me; look at the condition I have been in," pointing to my foul clothes; "I have been made the victim of the cruel filthiness of the whole school." I then began to weep, while seeing the state of my cloak, &c., he took pity upon me, and said: "Look out sharply for yourself, Paul, and remember you have no father and mother to care for you here." In short, he behaved so encouragingly, that it revived me, and I soon felt as well as if nothing had happened to me.

But when misfortunes once begin, there seems to be no end to them. The rest of the sizars coming to bed, inquired with much apparent concern what was the matter with me, and when I told them the whole story, they expressed their wonder how people could be so wicked, and that it would not be tolerated among heathens. Others cried that the proctors were to blame for not taking means to prevent it. "Pray should you know them again?" I told them I should not, but was obliged by the sympathy they expressed for me. After this they put out their light, and went to bed; but about twelve, I was waked by one of them roaring out in a most terrific manner: "Lord, Lord, they are killing me! thieves! murder!" At the same time I heard a noise of lashing and flogging. I jumped up, and enquired what was the matter, and in the same moment felt myself seized, and a huge cat and nine tails applied to my skin. I called out on heaven and all the saints for vengeance, and they assisted me, I suppose, to creep under the bed.

Three more now began to give mouth, and hearing the lashes, I concluded that the same strange fiend was employed in scourging us all. While lying shivering under it, some other imp leaped into my bed; and this done, the lashes ceased, while those flagellated leaped up, exclaiming, "It is a great villany, and not to be endured." All this time I lay

whining like a dog, cold and cramped; till at last gaining courage, I crept into bed, inquiring whether my companions in misfortune were much hurt. They said they were horribly hurt; but, in fact, they were only parties to the infernal trick played upon me; and which they followed up by others still more villanous and cruel, as if the incarnal fiend himself had instigated them.

I was so ill I could not move; and in the morning my master came up, and with an angry voice inquired, "Shall I never be able to do any good with you? Why, Paul, it is past eight o'clock; rise, you impudent rascal! your master, Don Diego, shall be informed of this."

Instead of answering, I pretended to be in a swoon, (and I nearly was,) when one of the rascally lads cried out—"Poor boy, he faints; pull him hard by the middle finger, it will recover him; and they pulled me till my joints cracked, and I thought I should have died. They then proposed to cramp my legs, and had already got cords to put me to the torture; I thought it wiser to come to myself, though not in time to prevent the villains pulling so hard as to gripe my flesh, and almost to dislocate my joints. They then left me, observing, "Bless us, what a poor puny creature you are;" and when I wept for anguish and vexation, they only added—"Come, come, it is all done for the good of your health, compose yourself

to rest." Left to my reflections, I felt that what I had endured in one day at Alcala, was worse than all I had undergone under Cabra at the boarding-school. In vain I tried to sleep.

About noon I dressed myself, cleaned my cloak and cassock, and waited for my master; who asked me, as he came in, "How I did?" All the family dined, and so did I, though with a poor stomach enough. After dinner we all met to chat in an open gallery. The other servants, when they had sufficiently bantered me, discovered the trick they had put upon me, and laughed heartily at my expense. I was sadly out of countenance, and mentally exclaimed, "Look better to yourself, Paul, and stand upon your guard." I resolved to begin a new course of life; we all made friends, and from that day lived as peaceably in the house together, as if we had been all one mother's children; not a single soul disturbed me any more, either at school or in public places.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE WICKED OLD HOUSEKEEPER, AND THE FIRST KNAVISH PRANKS I PLAYED AT ALCALA.

When you are at Rome, do as they do at Rome, says the old proverb; and it is well said. I took it

so seriously into consideration, that I fully resolved to play the knave among knaves, and to excel them all if possible. I know not whether I succeeded to my wish, but I am sure I used all my endeavours. In the first place, I made a law that it should be no less than death for any pigs to cross the threshold of our house, or for any of the old housekeeper's chickens to run out of the yard into our room. It happened that one day two of the cleverest porkers that ever my eyes beheld, slipped into our dominions; I was then at play with the other servants, and hearing them grunt, said to one of my companions, "Go see who it is that grunts in our house;" he went, and brought word they were actually two swine.

No sooner did I hear, than off I set in a passion, exclaiming—"It was a great deal of impudence in them to grunt in other people's houses." Then slamming to the door, in sudden heat of blood, I ran my sword into the throats of them both, and we afterwards cut off their heads. To prevent their cries for rescue, we all set up our voices to the highest pitch during the operation, and between us they soon gave up the ghost. We next paunched them, saved the blood, and by the help of our straw bed half roasted them in the yard, so that all was over before our masters came home, except the mere making of the black puddings. Don Diego and our steward were informed of the exploit, and flew into

such a passion, that the other lodgers, highly amused, were fain to take my part.

The Don asked me what I should say for myself when the affair should be found out. I replied that I would plead hunger, the common sanctuary of all scholars; and if that was not enough, I would urge that, seeing them come into the house without knocking, just as if they had been at home, I really thought they were ours. They all laughed, and Don Diego said, "By my faith, Paul, you begin to understand the trade." It was well worth observing the difference between my master and me; he so sober and religious, I so arch and roguish, so that the one was a foil to the other, and served to set off either his virtue or his vice. Our old housekeeper was pleased to the very heart, for we both played our parts, and conspired against the larder. I was caterer, and a mere Judas in my employment, ever since retaining an inclination for cribbing and stealing. The meat always wasted in the old woman's keeping, and she never dressed wedder mutton when she could get ewe or goat. Besides, she picked the flesh off the bones before she boiled them, so that the dishes she served up looked as if the cattle had all died of a consumption. The broth was so clear, that had it been as hard as the bones, it might have passed for crystal; but when she wanted to make it seem a little fat, she clapped in a few candles' ends. When

I was by, she would say to my master, "In truth, sir, Paul is the best servant in Spain, bating his unluckiness, but that may well enough be borne with, because he is so honest." I gave her the same character, and so we put upon the whole house between us. If there was a store of coals, bacon, or oil laid in, we stole half of it, and soon after would say, "Pray, gentlemen, retrench your expenses a little, for if you go on at this rate, you need have a mint of money; the coals or the oil is done, but no wonder, at the rate you live; you had better order in some more. Give Paul the money, he will keep a better account of it." It was given, and we then sold them the other half we had stolen, and half of what we brought; and that was in full.

When I bought any thing at market for the real value, the old body would pretend to fall out and quarrel; and she, seeming to be in a passion, would say, "Do not tell me, Paul, that this is a pennyworth of salad." At this I pretended to cry and make a great noise, beseeching my master that he would please to send the steward, that he might prove the base calumny of the scolding old woman. By such simple means did we both retain our character for honesty; she appearing to look sharp after me, and I being always found out to be trustworthy. Don Diego, highly pleased, would often say, "Would to God, Paul were as virtuous in other ways as he is

honest; I see, my good woman, he is even better than you represent him." It was thus we had leisure and opportunity to feast on them like horse-leeches.

If you ask how much we might cheat them of in the year's round, I can only say, it amounted to a considerable sum; yet the old woman never missed going to church daily, nor did I perceive any scruple of conscience she made of it, though she was so great a saint. She always wore a pair of beads about her neck, so big, that the wood of them might have served to roast a sirloin of beef. It was all hung with medals, crosses, pictures, and other trinkets, on all which, she said, she prayed every night for her benefactors. She would pray longer than any fanatical preacher, always in dog Latin, the sound of which almost made us split our sides with laughter. She had many other excellent qualifications, for she was an extraordinary messenger of love, and a great contriver of pleasure. Her excuse was, that it came to her by descent, as the kings of France had the gift of curing the king's evil. You will imagine that we always lived in unity; but who does not know, that the two best friends, if they are covetous, will endeavour to cheat one another; and I took care to let slip no opportunity.

The old woman kept fowls, and had about a dozen fine grown chickens, which made my mouth water, for they were fit for any gentleman's table. It

happened one day, going to feed them, she called, as is the custom in Spain, very loud: "Pio, Pio, Pio." She repeated it so often, that I cried out in a pretended rage: "'Fore God! nurse, I wish I had seen you kill a man, or clip and coin, for then I might have kept your counsel; but now I must be forced to discover you. The Lord have mercy upon us both, I say." She, seeing me in such disorder, was somewhat alarmed: "Why, Paul," she said, "what have I done? pray do not jest with me." "Jest with you, forsooth, a curse on your iniquity! I cannot avoid giving information to the Inquisition, or I shall be excommunicated." "Oh Lord! the Inquisition; have I committed any crime, then?" "Have you *not?*" I answered; "don't think to trifle with the Inquisitors; own you are in the wrong; eat your own words as fast as you can, and deny not the blasphemy and irreverence." She replied in great consternation: "But, Paul, will they punish me if I recant?" "No," I replied; "they will then only absolve you." "Then I recant," said she; "only tell me what it is I have to recant; for I know nothing of it, as I hope for mercy." "Bless me," replied I; "is it possible you should be so dull; the irreverence was so great I hardly know how to express it. Wretch as you are, did you not call the chickens, Pio, Pio; and Pius is the name of several Popes, who are Christ's vicars upon earth, and heads of the

church. Now do you consider whether that be any trifling sin?" She stood as if she had been thunderstruck, and after a while cried: "'Tis true, I said so, Paul; but may I be burnt if I did it with any ill design. I recant—I do indeed; and try to find some way not to inform of me; for I shall die if they get me into the Inquisition." "Provided you take your oath on the holy altar that you meant it not for blasphemy; but then you must give me the two chickens you called in that unsanctified way, by the names of the Popes, that they may be burnt by the officers of the Inquisition. This you must do now, or I shall otherwise be compelled to lay an information against you as quick as possible."

She was glad to escape so easily, and instantly consented, giving me three instead of two, which I took to a neighbouring cook, had them drest, and eat with my companions. Don Diego came to hear of the trick, and made excellent sport of it in the family. The old woman had nearly fretted herself to death for mere vexation, and was a thousand times in the mind of taking revenge, and discovering all my schemes. She was, however, too deeply implicated; and having once quarrelled with me, there was no end to the tricks I played her. In short, I became a great authority in all that the scholars called snatching and shop-lifting, at which I had many pleasant adventures.

One evening, about nine o'clock, as I was passing through the great street, I spied a confectioner's shop open, and in it a frail of raisins upon the counter. I whipped in, took hold of it, and set a running; the confectioner scoured after me, and so did several neighbours and servants. Being loaded, I perceived, that though I had the start, they would overtake me, and so, turning the corner of a street, I clapped the frail upon the ground, and sat down upon it, and wrapping my cloak about my leg, began to cry out, "God forgive him, he has trod upon me, and crippled me." When they came up I began to cry, "For God's sake pity the lame; I pray God you may never be lame!" "Friend!" they exclaimed, "did you see a man run this way?" "He is before you," was my answer, "for he trod upon me." I boasted of this exploit, and with some reason: I even invited them to come and see me steal a box of sweetmeats another night. They came, and observing that all the boxes were so far within the shop, that there was no reaching them, they concluded the thing was impracticable. Drawing my sword, however, about a dozen paces from the shop, I ran on, and crying out at the door, "You are a dead man!" I made a strong pass just before the confectioner's breast, who dropt down, calling for help; and my sword running clean through a box of sweetmeats, I drew it, box and all, and took to my heels. They

were all amazed at the contrivance, and ready to burst with laughing on hearing him bid the people search him, for that he was badly wounded: even when he found out the cheat he continued to bless himself, while I was employed in eating the fruits of my exploit. My comrades used to say, that I could easily maintain my family upon nothing; as much as to say, by my wits and slight-of-hand. This had the effect of encouraging me to commit more. I used to bring home my girdle, hung all round with little pitchers, which I stole from nuns, begging some water to drink of them; and when they turned it out in their wheel, I went off with the mugs, they being shut up, and not able to help themselves.

After this, I promised Don Diego and his companions, that I would one night disarm the round. The time was fixed, and we set out. I went foremost with another servant of our family; and as soon as I discovered the watch, went up, as if I had been in a great fright, saying, "Is it the round?" They answered: "It was." "Then," said I "is the governor here?" They replied he was; I then knelt down, and said, "Sir, it is in your power to do me right, and to do the public a great piece of service; please to hear me in private, if you wish to catch some notorious criminals."

He stepped aside, and some of his officers were

laying hands on their swords, and others taking out their rods of authority, whilst I said, " Sir, I am come from Seville, in pursuit of six of the most notorious malefactors; they are all thieves and murderers, and among them is one that killed my mother, and a brother of mine, without any provocation, but to exercise his barbarity. This is proved upon him, and they all came, as I heard them say, with a French spy; and by what I can farther guess from their words, he is sent (then I lowered my voice) by Antony Perez." At these words the governor gave a skip, and cried: " Where are they?" " They are in a bad house, Sir," said I; " do not stay, good Sir; the souls of my mother and brother will requite you with their prayers, and the king will reward you." He then said: " Good God, let us lose no time, then; follow me all of you, and give me a target." I took him aside again, and added, " Sir, the whole business will be spoiled if you do so; the only way to do it, is for them all to go in without swords, and one by one, for they are above in the rooms, and have pistols, and as soon as they see any come with swords, they will be sure to fire. It is better to go in with your daggers, and then you may secure them behind, for we are enough of us."

The governor, being eager to secure them at any rate, approved of my contrivance. By this time we were come near the place, and the governor, thus

instructed by me, ordered them all to hide their swords in a field there is just before the house, under the grass. They did so, and went on. I had already instructed my companion, that as soon as ever they should lay them down, he should seize them, and make the best of his way home. He did so, and when they were all going into the house, I stayed out the last, and as soon as they were entered, being followed by several people they picked up in the way, I gave them the slip, and turned short into a narrow lane, that comes out near La Victoria, running all the way as swift as a greyhound. When the round was all in the house, and found none there but scholars and scoundrels—all one, they began to look about for me, and not finding me, suspected it was some trick put upon them. Being thus disappointed, they went to take their swords, but there was no sign of them.

It is impossible to express what pains the governor, attended by the vice-chancellor of the university, took that night. They searched all the town to the very beds, and when they came to ours, I was in bed with a night cap on, and close covered for fear of being known, a candle lighted in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, with a sham priest praying by me, and all the rest of my companions on their knees about the bed. The vice-chancellor, with all his officers, came in, and seeing that spectacle went

out again, supposing no such prank could be played by any there. They made no search, but the vice-chancellor prayed by me, and asked whether I was speechless; they answered I was, and so away they went, in despair of making any discovery.

The vice-chancellor swore he would deliver up the offender if he could find him, and the governor vowed he would hang him though he were the son of a grandee of Spain. I got up; and this prank makes sport at Alcala to this day, To avoid being tedious, I omit giving an account of my robbing in the open market, as if it had been on a mountain; not a box or case escaped me, but I had it home, and kept the house in fuel all the year; and as for the apple women, nothing was ever safe in their standings, for I had declared perpetual war against them, on account of the affront put upon me when I was king at Segovia. I pass by the contributions I raised on the fields of beans, vineyards, and orchards, all about that part of the country. These, and the like practices, gained me the reputation of a sharp and lucky fellow among all people. The young gentlemen were so fond of me, that I had scarce leisure to wait upon Don Diego, whom I honoured as he deserved, for the great kindness he bore me.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW I RECEIVED NEWS OF MY FATHER'S DEATH, AND WHAT COURSE OF LIFE I RESOLVED ON FOR THE FUTURE.

At length Don Diego received a letter from his father, and with it one for me, from an uncle of mine, whose name was Alonso Ramplon, a man of a virtuous disposition, and very well known at Segovia, as being the finisher of the law; and, for the last four years, the execution of all its determinations went through his hands. In short, he was hangman; but such a clever fellow at his business, it would hardly vex a man to be hanged by him, he did it so neatly. This worthy person wrote to me from Segovia to Alcala, as follows:

"My Dear Paul,

"The responsible office, and pressing affairs, in which it has pleased his Majesty to place me, have been the occasion of my not writing to you before; for if there be any thing to find fault with in the king's service, it is the great trouble and attendance it requires; which, however, is in measure requited by the honour of being his servant. It troubles me to be forced to send you disagreeable news; but your father died eight days ago,

with as much bravery and resolution as ever man did; I speak of my own knowledge as having trussed him up myself. The cart became him as well as if it had been a chariot, and all that saw the rope round his neck, concluded he was as clever a fellow as ever was hanged. He looked up all the way he went at the windows very much unconcerned, bowing to all the tradesmen who had left their shops, and turning up his whiskers several times. He desired the priest, that went to prepare him for death, not to be too eager; but to rest and take a breathing, extolling any fine expressions that he used. Being come to the triple tree, he presently set his foot on the ladder, and went up it nimbly, not creeping on all fours as others do; and perceiving that one of the rounds of it was cracked through, he turned to the officers attending, and bade them get it mended for the next that came, because all men had not his spirit. I cannot express how much his person and carriage was applauded.

"At the top of the ladder he sat down, set his clothes handsomely about him, took the rope, and clapped the noose to his ear, and then perceiving the Jesuit was going to preach to him, he turned to him and said, 'Father, I accept the will for the deed; let us have a few staves of a psalm, and have done quickly, for I hate to be tedious.' He charged me to put on his cap a little to one side; and then he

swung, without shrinking up his legs, or making ugly faces, but preserved such a gravity that it was a pleasure to behold him. I next quartered him, and fixed the several parts on the highways. God knows what a trouble it is to me, to see him there daily treating the crows and ravens; but I suppose the pastry cooks hereabouts will soon ease us of that sad spectacle, burying him in their minced pies. I cannot give you a much better account of your mother, for though still living, she is a prisoner in the Inquisition at Toledo, because she would not let the dead rest in their graves. In her house were found as many arms, legs, and skulls, as would have stocked a charnel-house; they say she would fly up a chimney, and ride faster upon a broom-staff than another can upon the best Andalusian horse. I am sorry she disgraces us all, and me more particularly as being the King's officer, which kindred does not become my post. Dear child, here are some goods of your father's that have been concealed, to the value of four hundred ducats; I am your uncle, and all that I have is yours. Upon sight hereof, you may come away hither, for your knowledge in Latin and rhetoric will qualify you to make you an excellent hangman. Let me have your answer speedily, and till then God keep you, &c."

I must confess I was much troubled at this fresh

disgrace, and yet in some measure I was glad of it, for the scandalous lives of parents make their greatest misfortunes a comfort to their children. I went to Don Diego, who was then reading his father's letter, in which he ordered him to leave the University and return home, but not to take me with him, because of the account he had received of my unluckiness. He told me he must be gone, and how his father commanded him to part with me, which he was sorry for; and I was so much more.

He added, he would recommend me to another gentleman, his friend, to serve him. I smiled, and answered: "Sir, the case is altered; I have other designs in my head, and aim at greater matters, so that I must take another course; for though hitherto I was at the foot of the ladder, in order to mount, you must understand that my father has got up to the top of it." With this I told how bravely he had died, at his full stretch; how he was carved out, and served up as a feast to the birds of the air. That my good uncle, the executioner, had sent me the whole account, and acquainted him with every thing, because he knew all my pedigree. He seemed to be much concerned, and asked me how I intended to bestow myself. I informed him of all my resolutions; and so the very next day he went away to Segovia, very melancholy, and I stayed in the house, without taking the least notice of my misfortune.

I burned the letter, for fear it might be dropped, and somebody should read it, and began to provide for my journey to Segovia, designing to take possession of what was my due, and know my kindred, that I might shun them.*

BOOK II.—CHAP. I.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ME AT MY FIRST COMING TO MADRID, UNTIL NIGHT.

We got to Madrid at ten o'clock in the morning, and went lovingly together by consent to the house where Don Toribio's friends lived. A very old woman, miserably clad, opened the door; he inquired for his friends, and she answered, they were gone out a seeking. We continued by ourselves until noon, diverting the time, he encouraging me to follow the sponging course of life, and I listening carefully to his advice. Half an hour after twelve, in came a phantom clad in black baize, down to his heels, and so bare, that a louse would not stick upon it; they talked to one another in cant, the result

* Several chapters of the work belonging to Book I. have been here omitted, as well in reference to want of space, as to the less interesting character of the adventures.—Ed.

whereof was his embracing me, and offering his service. We discoursed a while, and then he pulled out a glove, in which were sixteen royals, and a letter, by virtue of which he had collected that money, pretending it was a license to beg for a woman in distress. He took the money out of the glove, drew another to it out of his pocket, and folded them together as physicians do. I asked him why he did not wear them? and he answered, because they were both for one hand, and that way they served as well as if they had been fellows. All this while I observed he did not let go his cloak, which was wrapped about him; and being but a novice, for my better information, I took the liberty to inquire, why he still hugged himself up so close in his cloak? He replied, "My friend, there is a great rent down my back, made up with a patch of old stuff, besides a great spot of oil; this piece of a cloak hides all, and thus I can appear abroad." At length he unwrapped himself, and under his cassock I perceived a great bulk sticking out, which I took to have been trunk-breeches, for it looked like them, until he, going in to louse himself, tucked up his coats, and I perceived there were only two hoops of pasteboard tied to his waist, and joining to his thighs, which stuck out under his mourning, for he wore neither shirt nor breeches, but was so naked, that he had scarce any thing to loose. He went into the lousing-room, and

turned a little board that hung at the door, on which was written, "One is lousing," that no other might go in, until he had done. I blessed God with all my heart, to see how he had provided for men, giving them ingenuity if they wanted riches. "For my part," said my friend, "I am sick of the breeches with travelling, and therefore must withdraw to mend." He asked, whether there were any rags? The old woman, who gathered them twice a-week about the streets, as the rag-women do for the paper-mills, to cure the incurable diseases of those gentlemen, answered, there were none; and that Don Lorenzo Ynignez del Pedroso had kept his bed a fortnight for want of them, being sick of his coat. At this time, in came one booted, in a travelling garb, a grey suit, and a hat bridled up on both sides. The others acquainted him who I was, and he saluted me very lovingly, laid down his cloak; and it appeared—who would imagine it?—that the forepart of his coat was of grey cloth, and the back part of white linen, saturated with sweat. I could not forbear laughing, and he very demurely said, "You'll come into our row, and then you won't laugh; I'll lay a wager you don't know why I wear my hat with the brims bridled up." I answered, "To look big, and remove all obstacles from your sight." "That's your mistake," said he, "I do it to hinder the sight; it is because I have no hat-band, and this hides it."

This said, he pulled out about twenty letters, and as many royals, saying he could not deliver those. Every one was marked a royal postage, and they were all folded alike. He signed any name that came into his head; writ news of his own making, and delivered them in that habit to people of fashion, receiving the postage, which he practised once a month, all which to me was very amazing.

Next came two others, one of them with a cloth coat, reaching but half way down his wide kneed breeches, and a cloak of the same sort, with his band ruffled up, to hide the rents in it. The wide breeches were of camblet, but only as far as appeared, for all the rest was of red baize. This man was jangling and brawling with the other, who wore a ruff for want of a band, a hanging coat for want of a cloak, and went upon a crutch, with one leg bound up in rags and furs, because he had but one stocking. He pretended to be a soldier, and had been so, but a scurvy one; and by the privilege of a soldier intruded into any house. He in the coat and half-breeches, cried, "The one half, or at least a considerable part, is due to me; and if you do not give it me, I vow to God—" "Do not vow to God," replied the other, "for I am not lame at home, and if you prate, I'll lay this crutch about your ears." This threat inflamed both parties; they came to high words, and gave one another the lie; then falling to

blows, in a moment the clothes flew all about in rags at the first handling. We parted them, and inquiring into the cause of the quarrel, the soldier cried, "Put tricks upon me! you shall not have the value of a cross. You must understand, gentlemen, that being at St. Saviour's church, there came a child to this poor fellow, and asked him whether I was the ensign John de Lorenzana? who answered, I was, because he saw he had something in his hand. With this he brought the child to me, and calling me ensign, said, 'Here, Sir, see what this child would have with you.' I understood the trick, and said, I was the man, took his message, and with it a dozen of handkerchiefs, returning an answer to his mother, who sent them to some person of that name. Now he demands half, and I'll be torn in pieces before I'll part with them; my own nose shall have the wearing of them all out."

The cause was adjudged on his side, only he was forbid blowing his nose in them, and ordered to deliver them up to the old woman, to make ruffles and hand-wrists to appear in sight, and represent shirt-sleeves, for blowing the nose was absolutely prohibited. When night came, we all went to bed, and lay as close together as herrings in a barrel, or tools in a tweezer-case. As for supper, there was not so much as a thought of it; most of the gang never stripped, for they were naked enough to go to bed as they went all day.

CHAP. II.

THE SAME SUBJECT OF THE FOREGOING CHAPTER CONTINUED, WITH OTHER STRANGE ADVENTURES.

DAY came, and we all roused. I was as well acquainted with them already, as if we had been one mother's children; for there is ever an easiness and satisfaction in what is not good. It was very pleasant to see one put on his shirt at ten several times, because it consisted of as many several clouts; and say a prayer at every one, like a priest that is vesting to go to the altar. One could not find his way into his breeches; another called out for help to put on his doublet, for none of them knew the right side from the wrong, or the head from the heels. When this was over, which afforded no little pleasure, they all laid hold of their needles and thread, and began to darn, stitch, and patch. One fixed an arm against the wall, to draw together the rents in a sleeve; another kneeled down to botch up the holes in his hose. No Dutch landscape afforded such variety of strange figures as I saw there; they botched, and the old woman supplied them with materials, as rags and clouts of all the colours of the rainbow, which she had picked up on Saturday night.

When the mending time was over, as they called it, they all viewed one another narrowly, to see what was amiss, in order to go abroad a-shifting. I told them I would have them order my dress, for I designed to lay out the hundred royals I had on a suit of clothes, and leave off my cassock. "That must not be," said they, "let the money be put into the common stock, we will clothe him immediately out of our wardrobe, and appoint him his walk in the town, where he alone shall range and seek out." I consented, deposited the money, and, in a trice, they made me a mourning cloth coat out of my cassock, cut my long cloak into a short one, and trucked the remains of it for an old hat new dressed, making a hat-band, very neatly, of some cotton picked out of inkhorns. They took off my band and wide-kneed breeches, and, instead of these, put me on a pair of close hose, slashed only before, for the sides and the back part were nothing but sheepskins. The silk stockings they gave me were not half stockings, for they reached but four fingers below the knees, the rest being covered with a tight pair of boots over my own red hose. The band they gave me was all in rags, and when they had put it on they said, "The band is somewhat decayed on the sides and behind; if any body looks at you, Sir, you must be sure to turn about as they do, like the sun flower which still moves as he does. If there happen to be

two at once observing you on both sides, fall back; and to prevent being observed behind, let your hat hang down on your neck, so that the brim may cover the band, leaving all your forehead bare, and if any body asks why you wear it so, tell him it is because you dare show your face in any part of the world." Next they gave me a box, containing black and white thread, sewing silk, packthread, a needle, a thimble, bits of cloth, linen and silk, with other shreds and snaps, and a knife. To my girdle they fastened a tinder box, with a steel and flint in a little pouch, saying, "This box will carry you through the world, without the help of friends or relations; this contains all we stand in need of; take and keep it." They appointed the ward of St. Louis for my walk, and so I entered upon my employment. We all went out together, but because I was a novice, they ordered him that brought and converted me, to be my instructor in the trade of sharping.

We set out very gravely, walking in state with our beads in our hands, and made towards my precinct. We paid respect to all we met, taking off our hats to the men, though we had rather have taken their cloaks; to the women we bowed low, because they are fond of respect, and proud of being honoured. My worthy governor, as he went along, would say to one creditor, "I shall receive money to-morrow;" to another, "Have patience for a day or two, the

bankers put me off." One asked him for his cloak, another for his girdle, by which I perceived he was such a true friend to his friend, that he had nothing which was his own. We went in and out from one side of the street to another, like drunken men, that find it too narrow for them, to avoid duns. Here one whipped out to demand his house rent, there another the hire of his sword, presently a third the lent of his sheets and shirts, so that it appeared he was a hireling gentleman, like a hired horse.

We went on, and at the corner of a street took two slices of gingerbread, and as many drams of brandy, of a wench who gave it us for nothing, after wishing my director welcome to town, who said, "This puts a man in a condition to make shift without a dinner for this day, for at worst he is sure of so much." It went to my very heart to think it was dubious whether we should have any dinner, and answered him very disconsolately in behalf of my stomach, to which he replied, "You are a man of a small faith, and repose little confidence in our mumping profession. God Almighty provides for the crows and jackdaws, and even for scriveners, and should he fail poor pinch-guts? You have but a poor soul." "You are in the right," quoth I; "but still I fear I shall make it poorer, for the belly is the life of the soul."

As we were talking after this manner a clock

struck twelve, and being yet a stranger to that profession, my stomach took no notice of the gingerbread, but I was as if I had eaten no such thing. Being thus put in mind again of that want, I turned to my conductor, and said, "My friend, this business of starving is very hard to be learned at first; I was used to feed like a farmer, and am now brought to fast like an anchorite. It is no wonder you are not hungry, who have been bred to it from your infancy, like King Mithridates with poison, so that it is now familiar and habitual to you. I do not perceive that you take any diligent care to provide, and therefore I am resolved to shift as well as I can." "God is my life," quoth he, "what a pleasant spark you are; it is but just now struck twelve, and are you in such a mighty haste already? Your stomach is very exact to its hours, and immediately cries out cupboard; but it must practice patience, and learn to be in arrears at times. What, would you be cramming all day? the very beasts can do no more. I told you already that God provides for all men, yet if you are in such haste, I am going to receive the alms at the monastery of St. Jerome, where there are most delicious friars; if you will go along with me, well and good, if not, every one take his own course." "Farewell," said I, "my wants are not so small as to be satisfied with the leavings of others; every man shift for himself."

My friend walked very upright, now and then

looking upon his feet, and took out a few crumbs of bread, which he carried for that purpose in a little box; these he strewed about his beard and clothes, so that he looked as if he had dined. I coughed and hawked to conceal my weakness, wiping my whiskers, muffled up with my cloak upon the left shoulder, playing with my tens, for I had but ten beads upon my string. All that saw me believed I had dined, and had they thought the vermin were then dining upon me, they had guessed right. All my confidence was in the crowns I had sunk, though I had a scruple of conscience that it was against the rules of our profession to pay for a dinner, being obliged to feed upon the public; but I was resolved to break the fast, and transgress the ordinances. By this time I was come to the corner of St. Lewis's Street, where a pastry-cook lived. On the bulk lay a curious mutton pie, delicately baked, and piping hot out of the oven; my nose stumbled at it, and I made a full set like a dog at a partridge, fixing my eyes and gazing so stedfastly, that it shrunk up as if it had been blasted. It had been pleasant enough to know how many ways I cast about to steal it, and then again resolved to buy it. By this time it struck one, which put such a damp upon me, that I resolved to launch into the next cook's shop. As I was steering towards one, it pleased God that I met with a friend of mine, called the Licentiate Flechilla, who came swinging

his cassock down the street, his face all dusty, and his long robes full of doglocks. As soon as he spied me, he ran to embrace me, and yet I wonder he should know me in that condition. I returned his embrace; he asked how I did? and I answered, "I have abundance of stories to tell you, Mr. Licentiate; all that troubles me is, that I must be gone to-night." "I am sorry for that," quoth he, "and were it not late, and that I am going in haste to dinner, I would stay with you; but I have a sister that is married, and her husband expects me." "Is Mrs. Anne here?" said I; "whatever becomes of my business, I'll go and wait upon her; that is a duty I cannot dispense with."

Hearing him say he had not dined, made me sharp; away I went with him, and, by the way, told him, that a wench he had been very fond of at Alcala was then in town, and I could get him admittance into her house. He was mightily pleased at this notion, for I purposely contrived to talk of such things as might be pleasing to him. This discourse held us till we came to his sister's house; in we went; I made very great tenders of service to both husband and wife, and they believing all I said to be true, and that I might be out of countenance for coming at that time of day, began to excuse themselves, saying, that they would have made some provision, had they thought of such a guest. I laid hold of the opportunity, and invited

myself, telling them I was no stranger, but an old friend; and should take it unkindly to be treated with ceremony. They sat down, I did so to; and the better to stop the other's mouth, who had not invited me, nor ever thought of any such thing, every now and then I gave him a remembrance of the wench, saying she had asked for, and was infinitely fond of him, with many more lies to that purpose; which made him bear the more patiently with my cramming, for such havoc as I made in the first course was never seen. The boiled meat was served up, and I tumbled the best part of it down my throat in a moment, without nicety, but in such a hurry, as if I had not thought it safe enough betwixt my teeth. As I hope for mercy, I laid about me at such a rate, as if my life had depended on it, and was so expeditious, that every thing seemed to vanish in my presence. No doubt but they observed how I poured down the soup, how soon I drained the dish, how clean I picked the bones, and how cleverly I dispatched the meat; and to say the truth, at every turn I clapped a good hunch of bread into my pocket, till it could hold no more.

When the table was taken away, the licentiate and I stepped aside, to talk about our going to the aforesaid wench's house, which I represented to him as a very easy matter; but as we were talking at the window, I pretended somebody had called to me from

the street, and answering, "Sir, I come this moment," asked leave of my friend, promising to return immediately. I left him waiting for me, and so he might have done to this day, for I slipped away, and my belly being full, I had no more occasion for him. I met him several times after, and excused myself, telling a thousand lies, which are not to our purpose. Rambling thence about the streets at random, I came to the Guadelajara gate, and sat down on one of the benches that are at the mercer's door. As God would have it, there came two of those creatures that borrow money upon their handsome faces to the shop; they were both close veiled, with only one eye bare to see their way, and attended by an old woman, and a boy, half footman, half page. They asked for some very rich, new fashion, wrought velvet. To commence a discourse, I began to play and pun upon the velvet, turning and winding, till I brought it to all the waggish meanings I had a mind to. I perceived my freedom had put them in hopes they might carry off some present from the shop, and knowing I could be no loser, I offered them whatsoever they pleased. They stood out a little, pretending they did not use to accept of any from persons they were not acquainted with. I laid hold of that opportunity, telling them, I owned it was a presumption in me to offer them any thing there; but that I desired them to accept of a parcel of rich

silks sent me from Milan, which that page of mine should carry them at night; pointing to one that stood over the way bareheaded, waiting for his master, who was in a shop. And that they might take me for some man of quality, and well known, I pulled off my hat to all the judges, privy-counsellors, and peers, that went by, bowing as if we had been very well acquainted, though I knew none of them. These outward shows, and my taking out a piece or two of gold of my hidden treasure, on pretence of giving an alms to a poor body that begged of me, made them conclude I was some gentleman of note. They thought fit to go home because it grew late, and took their leave, charging me to be sure the page should go as privately as might be. I begged of them only as a favour and token of their good will, a pair of beads, all set and linked in gold, which the handsomest of them had in her hand, as a pledge for me to visit them the next day without fail. They made some difficulty to part with it, till I offered them a hundred crowns in pawn for it, which they refused, hoping by that means to draw me in for a better penny; asked where I lodged, and told me their quarters, desiring me to observe, that they could not receive messages at all times, because they were persons of quality. I led them through the high street, and before we turned out of it, made choice of the largest and fairest house I

could find, which had a coach without horses standing at the door, telling them it was mine, and at their service, as were the horses and master of them. My name I told them was Don Alvaro de Cordova, and in I went before their faces. At our coming out of the shop, I remember I called over one of the pages from the other side of the way, beckoning to him very statelily with my hand, and pretending to order him and the rest of them to wait there till I came; but in reality only asked whether he did not belong to my uncle the privy-counsellor; he answered me he did not, and so I dismissed him, setting myself off with borrowed feathers.

When it was dark at night, we all went home, and coming in, I showed them the beads, and told them the story; they applauded my ingenuity, and the old woman took them into her custody to sell them, and went about saying they belonged to a poor maiden gentlewoman, who was fain to sell them for bread, having her story ready for every occasion. The old jade wept whenever she pleased, wrung her hands, and sighed most bitterly; she called all people children; and over a good smock, jerkin, gown, and petticoats, wore a tattered long robe of sackloth, given her by an anchorite, her friend, who lived on the mountains by Alcala. Her business was to manage all the goods, to direct and conceal; but the devil, who is always kind to his servants, so ordered

it, that going one day to a house to sell some clothes and other things, somebody there knew their own goods, sent for an officer, secured the old hag, whom we called Mother Lebrusca, and she presently discovered all the plot, told how we all lived, and that we were gentlemen of prey. The officer left her in the gaol, and came to our house, where he found me and all my companions. He had half-a-dozen under-catchpoles along with him, and removed the whole of our sharping congregation to the prison, where our gentility availed us very little.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRISON DESCRIBED; WITH AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAPPENED TO US IN IT, TILL THE OLD WOMAN WAS WHIPPED, MY COMPANIONS EXPOSED TO PUBLIC SHAME, AND I CAME OUT UPON BAIL.

As soon as we came into the gaol, we were loaded with irons, and going altogether to be clapped into the dungeon; but I made use of the money I had to prevent falling into that hell, pulling out a pistole, and making it glitter in the gaoler's eyes, saying, "Pray, Sir, be pleased to hear me a word in private." He, having seen a glimpse of the gold, took me aside,

and I went on, "I beseech you, Sir, pray take pity on an unfortunate man." Then I took him lovingly by the hand, and clapped in the piece, which he greedily grasped, being used to such ceremonies, and answered, "I will examine into your distemper, and if it is dangerous, you shall not go down into the hole." I understood, and submitted myself peaceably, so that he left me out, and turned down my companions. I will not take up time in relating what sport we made in the prison, and as we went along the streets; for being hunched along, bound, some of us without cloaks, and others with them, dragging along, it was comical to see such a parcel of ragamuffins, all patches, and parti-coloured black and white, like magpies.

The officers knew not how to take fast hold of them, they were all in such tatters; some they thought to grasp by the flesh, and finding none, for it was starved all away, they feared to be answerable for disjointing the bones. Others lost their coats and breeches, by the rough handling of those unmerciful fellows. When they unbound the rope they led them all in, the rags and clouts dropped off with it. At night I was carried to the common side, where I had a little bed allotted me. It was odd to see some lie down in their whole case, without taking off the least rag they wore in the day. Others, at one motion, put off all the clothes they

had; others played, but at last we were all made fast, and the light put out. We all forgot our irons, and took our rest very favourably. When it was day, we all came out of the dungeon, saw one another's faces, and presently our companions demanded the usual garnish money, on pain of a good liquoring. I presently disbursed six royals, but my companions having nothing to give, their cause was referred till night. When it came, we were put into the dismal vault; they put out the light, and I presently secured myself under my bed: two of them began to whistle, and a third to lay about him with a rope's end. The sparks perceiving it was like to go ill with them, crowded themselves up so close together, all the flesh of their bones being before devoured by the mange and lice, that they found room enough in a cranny between the boards, lying like so many fleas in a seam, or bugs in a bedstead. The lashes sounded on the boards, but the parties they were designed for lay close, without saying a word. The whipsters observing they did not complain, laid aside their discipline, and began to pelt them with stones, bricks, and rubbish, they had gathered to that effect. This project succeeded better, for a stone hit Don Toribio on the neck, and raised a bump as thick as his fist. He cried out murder, and the knaves, that he might not be heard, fell a singing all together, and rattled their chains. Don Toribio struggled with his

companions to get undermost, and in the scuffle their bones rattled like castanets, their coats fell all in tatters, and not a rag was left upon them. The stones flew about so thick, that in a short space poor Don Toribio had as many knobs on his head as there are on a pine apple. Finding there was no manner of protection against that dreadful shower of hail that fell upon us, but that there he was like to die a martyr without being guilty of the least piety or religion, he cried out, begging they would let him get out of that place, and he would pay immediately, delivering up his clothes in pawn. The persecutors consented, and though his companions would have held him because he sheltered them, he got up the best he could, all battered, and came over to my side. The rest were not so quick at promising the same, but that they had as many knocks as hairs on their heads, yet offered up their clothes towards paying the garnish, thinking it was better to lie abed for want of clothes than for broken bones. Accordingly, they were discharged for that night, but in the morning had orders to strip ; they did so, and it appeared that all their clothes put together would not bring one halfpenny loaf. They lay abed, that is, wrapped up in a blanket belonging to the public, on which all the prisoners used to louse themselves. As soon as they were warm, they began to feel their friends about them, for the lice had kept a long Lent, some of them

had not broke their fast for a week before, and yet were as big as nutmegs, and laid in their teeth as close as a sharp bull-dog. They expected nothing but to be devoured that morning for a breakfast; threw away the blanket, cursing their fate, and clawing the very skin off their bones with their hands.

I slipped out of the dungeon, desiring them to excuse me for not bearing them company, because it was not convenient. I greased the gaoler over again with three pieces of eight, and being informed who the clerk was that had the charge of prosecuting us, sent for him by a young running thief. He came; I got into a room with him, and after some discourse concerning our business in general, I told him I had some little money, which I desired him to keep for me; and that as far as might be done with safety, he would favour an unfortunate young gentleman, who had been unadvisedly drawn into that offence. "Believe me, Sir," said he, when he had grasped the ready, "the whole matter depends upon us; and he that has a mind to be a knave, may do a great deal of mischief; I have sent more men to the gallows without any cause but for my pleasure, than there are words in an indictment. Leave it to me, and do not question but I'll bring you off safe and sound." This said, he made as if he was going away, but came back again from the door, to ask something for honest James Garzia, the constable, for it was convenient

to stop his mouth with a silver gag; something more he hinted at concerning the clerk of the court, saying; "It is in this clerk's power, Sir, to undo a man by turning up the white of his eyes, raising his voice, making a noise to rouse a lord mayor or recorder when they are asleep, as it often happens, and many other such dangerous actions." I apprehended him, and lugged out fifty royals more, in return for which he bid me set my cloak right, taught me two cures for a cold I had got in the prison; and to conclude, said, "Make yourself easy, the goaler will be kind to you if you give him but a piece of eight, for these sort of people do nothing out of good nature, but all for interest." I could not but smile at his observation: he went his way, and I gave the goaler a crown; he knocked off my irons, and gave me leave to go to his house.

In short, I managed this tack so well, that he kept me at bed and board in his house, and then the honest clerk, what at the gaoler's request, and what for the bribe I gave him, ordered the business so well, that the old woman went out foremost upon a dapple grey ass, instead of the cart used in England, with a crier before her, making proclamation that she was a thief, and close at her heels the hangman, laying on her as he had been directed by the gentlemen of the long robe. Then followed all my companions upon braying palfries, bareheaded and faced,

thus to be exposed to public shame, like standing on the pillory, and so ragged that they could not hide their nakedness. After this solemnity they were banished for six years. For my part I was bailed out with the assistance of the clerk: and the other at the court played his part, for he changed his tone, spoke low, skipped over his words, and swallowed whole sentences.

CHAP. IV.

HOW I TOOK A LODGING, AND OTHER ADVENTURES.

Being out of prison, I went away to a lodging, where I contrived to alter my dress into the genteel fashion, to put on small breeches and a great band, and got a scoundrel by the name of a page, and two rakes as footmen, as the mode then was. One Licentiate Brandalogas, of the town of Hornillos, and two friends of his, encouraged me to do so, shewing how I might make myself at once by that means, getting a wife with a great fortune, by making such a figure, which frequently happened at Madrid, adding, that they would put me in the way, finding out one for my turn, and contriving how I might gain admittance.

Covetousness prevailing, and the desire of a wife, I consented; searched all the brokers' shops, bought my wedding clothes, hired a horse, and mounted in great state that very day, but could not light on a footman. Away I made to the high street, and stopped at a saddler's shop, as if I were buying some furniture. Two gentlemen on horseback accosted me, "Whether I was about buying a rich embroidered saddle and housing I had in my hand?" I laid it down immediately, saying, "It was at their service, if they liked it;" and kept them awhile with a thousand compliments. At length they said they would go and divert themselves in the prado, where the ladies go in their carriages, and the gentlemen on horseback, to take the air. I told them I would wait on them, if they would give me leave; and left word with the saddler, that in case my pages and footmen came thither, he should send them after me, describing the livery to him; which said, I clapped in between the two gentlemen, and away we went. By the way I considered with myself, that none who saw us could possibly guess or decide to which of us the pages and footmen belonged, or which of us had none. I began to talk very loud of the tilting and other sports on horseback at Talavera, and of a piebald horse I had, highly commending a lusty stallion I expected from Cordova.

When we came to the prado, I took my feet out of the stirrups, turning my heels out, and walked easily, with my cloak hanging upon one shoulder, and my hat in my hand. Every body gazed at me; one said, "I have seen that spark walk on foot;" another, "The scoundrel makes a pretty figure." I made as if I did not hear them, and walked on. The two gentlemen went up to a coach full of ladies, and desired me to banter awhile. I left the side where the young ones where, and went to the other, where there was a mother and an aunt, two pleasant old jades, the one about fifty years of age, the other a little less. I told them a thousand amorous lies, and they listened to them; for there is no woman, though never so old, but has a good conceit of herself; offered to treat them, and asked, whether the other ladies were married? they replied, they were maids; and it was easy enough to guess at it by their talk. Then I made the usual compliment, wishing they might see them well preferred to their mind, and they were much taken with it. Next they asked how I spent my time at court? To which I answered, that I kept out of the way from a father and mother, who would fain marry me against my will, to a woman that was ugly, foolish, and of a mean family, only because she had a vast portion; "and for my part, ladies, I would rather have a wife well born, in her smock, than the wealthiest

Jew that is; for, God be praised, my patrimony is worth about forty thousand ducats a year; and if I succeed in a law-suit, which goes hitherto well on my side, I shall want no more." The aunt hearing this account, very hastily cried, "Lord, Sir, I admire you for that humour; do not marry without you like, and with a woman of good family; for I do assure you, that though I am not very rich, I have refused to marry off my neice, who has had very rich pretenders, because they were not of quality. She is poor, it is true, for her portion is but six thousand ducats, but as for birth, she is inferior to none."

"I do not question that, Madam," said I.

By this time the damsels had ended their discourse with the gentleman, asking a collation. The two gazed upon one another, and began to shrink for fear; but I, laying hold of the opportunity, told them I was sorry my pages were out of the way, because I had nobody to send home for some boxes of sweetmeats. They returned thanks, and I desired them to be the next day at the summer-house in the Prado, and I would send them a cold treat. They accepted of the invitation, told me where they lived, and inquired after my quarters; so the coach went off, and my companions and I made towards our homes. They observing that I was so generous in offering the treat, began to take a fancy to me;

and the more to oblige me, desired I would sup with them that night. I stood off a little, but not too long, and supped with them, sending out several times to seek my servants, and swearing I would turn them away. When it struck ten, I told them that was the appointed time for an intrigue, and therefore begged they would excuse me for that time; and so went away, first engaging them to meet the next day at the summer-house. From them I went to deliver the hired horse to the owner, and thence home, where I found my companions playing at all fours; told them what had happened, the engagement I had made; we resolved to send the collation without fail, and to lay out two hundred royals on it. Having thus ordered affairs, we went to bed, where I own I could not sleep all night, for thinking how I should bestow the portion; for I could not resolve whether it were better with it to build a good house, or to put it out to interest, not knowing which would be most advantageous.

CHAP. V.

HOW THE COLLATION WAS MANAGED, WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS AND NOTABLE MISFORTUNES.

In the morning we got up to provide the plate, servants, and collation; and there being nothing in

this world but money can command, as being a thing worshipped by all men, I found a nobleman's butler that furnished plate, and undertook to wait himself, with three of his fellow-servants. The forenoon was spent in disposing affairs; and after dinner I hired a nag, and at the appointed time set out for the summer-house. I had abundance of papers sticking out of my pockets; besides that, my coat being unbuttoned, some peeped out of my bosom, as if I had been a man of mighty business. When I came to the place, the ladies and gentlemen were there. The former received me with much show of love, and the latter talked to me by plain *thee* and *thou*, in token of familiarity. I had told them my name was Don Philip Tristian, and nothing was to be heard in all their mouths but Don Philip and Don Philip; but I told them I had been so entirely taken up with some business of the king's, and the accounts of my estate, that I had much ado to be as good as my word; and therefore they must expect a collation provided in a hurry. By this time the butler came with all his tackle, plate, and servants; the gentlemen and ladies looked at me and held their peace. I ordered him to go into the eating room and lay the cloth, whilst we went to divert ourselves at the fish ponds. The old women drew near to fawn and flatter, and I was glad to see the young girls barefaced; for since I was born, I never

saw so delicate a creature as that was I designed for my wife. A skin as white as alabaster, delicate fair hair, a curious fresh colour in her cheeks, a little mouth, fine small teeth standing close together, a well-shaped nose, large black eyes, tall of stature, charming hands, and she lisped a little. The other was not amiss, but more wanton. We went to the fish ponds, saw all that could be seen, and by her talk I found that my intended bride would have been in danger, in Herod's days, of being taken in among the innocents. In short, she had not a grain of sense.

We went towards the banqueting house, and as I passed along, some twig of the hedge got hold of the lace of my band, and tore it a little; the young lady stopped and pinned it with a silver pin, and her mother bid me send it to her house the next day, and Donna Anna, so was the maiden called, would mend it. All the treat was in excellent order, hot and cold, fruit and sweetmeats. When the cloth was taken away, I spied a gentleman coming along the garden with two servants after him; and who should this be but my old master, Don Diego Coronel. He drew near, and seeing me in this habit, could not take his eyes off me; talked to the women, calling them cousins, and all the time turned to look again and again. I kept talking to the butler, and the other two gentlemen, being my master's friends,

were in deep discourse with him. He asked them, as afterwards appeared, my name, and they answered it was Don Philip Tristian, a very honest gentleman, of a great estate. I saw him bless himself, and at length he came up to me before them all, and said, "Sir, will you pardon me? for by the Lord, till I heard your name, I took you for a different person than you are; in my life I never saw anything so like a servant I had at Segovia, called Paul, the son of a barber in that town." They all laughed heartily, and I used all the art I could to forbear betraying myself by blushing, and said, "I long mightily to see that man, because abundance of people had told me I was extremely like him." "Good God!" cried Don Diego, "like him, I never saw such resemblance; his very shape, voice, and mien. I declare to you, Sir, it is prodigious, and I never beheld any thing so exactly alike."

The old women, mother and aunt, asked how it was possible that a gentleman of such quality should be so like that mean scoundrel? and that I might conceive no jealousy of them, one said, "I know Don Philip very well, it was he that entertained us at Ocanna, by my husband's order." I took the cue, and answered, "I should always be ready to do them all the service I could, in all parts." Don Diego offered his service, and begged pardon for the affront of taking me for the barber's son, adding, "Sir, you

will scarce believe it, but his mother was a witch, his father a thief, his uncle the hangman, and he himself the wickedest base fellow in the world." It is easy to guess what I felt, hearing such scandalous things said of me to my face; I sat upon thorns, though I did all I could to dissemble my uneasiness. My two new acquaintance and I took our leaves, and Don Diego went into the coach with the ladies. Then he asked them what was the meaning of the treat, and their being with me? The mother and aunt told him I was heir to so many thousand ducats a year, and had a mind to marry Nancy; that he might inquire into the matter, and he would see how convenient it was, and how advantageous to their family. This discourse held them home, which was near the church of St. Philip. My comrades and I went together to their house, as we had done the night before, and they having a mind to fleece me, asked me whether I would play. I guessed at their meaning, and set to it; the cards were brought, I let them win at first, but soon fetched it about, won about three hundred royals, took my leave, and went home.

There I found my two companions, the Licentiate Brandalagas, and Peter Lopez, who were practising new cheats upon the dice. As soon as they saw me, they left off to inquire how I sped. I only told them that I had been in great danger; how I had

met with Don Diego, and how I came off. They comforted and encouraged me to proceed, and not to desist from the enterprise by any means. We had now notice given us that they used to play at lanskenet at an apothecary's house close by. I understood the game at that time tolerably well; had cards made for the purpose, and knew all sorts of cheats; so we resolved to go and put in for the plate among them. I sent my friends before me, who coming, asked them whether they would please to play with a monk of the order of St. Benedict, who was just come to town to be cured of a tedious distemper among his relations and friends, and was well stocked with crowns and ducats? This set them all agog, and they cried, "Let the friar come, in God's name." "He is a man of note in the order," added Peter Lopez, "and being of the monastery, has a mind to divert a few hours, and does it only for company's sake." "Let him come," quoth they, "we do not care what his motive is." "We tell you so much in regard to the privacy it requires," answered Brandalagas. "Enough," said the man of the house, "you need say no more."

This satisfied them that the thing was so, and the lie went down glib. My two supporters came for me, and I was dressed with my night-cap on, in a Benedictine habit, which I had got by the wheel of fortune in my rambles, a pair of spectacles on my nose,

and short brushy beard, to show as if it were grown since my sickness. I walked in very demurely, sat down, and we began to play; they all combined to put upon me, but I swept all before me, being much sharper at it than they; so that in about three hours' time I won upwards of a thousand three hundred royals. I scattered some small bounty, and took my leave with the usual compliment of "The Lord be praised," charging them not to be scandalised to see me play, for it was mere diversion and nothing else. They who had lost their money, cursed themselves to the pit of —. I took my leave again, away we went, got to our lodging, about an hour after one, parted our booty, and so to bed.

This was some satisfaction to me for the unlucky accident before it. I got up in the morning to hire a horse, but they were all let, by which I perceived there were more in my circumstances besides myself. To walk the streets afoot did not look well, especially at that time. Not knowing how to mend myself, I went towards St. Philip's church, where I found a lawyer's footman with a horse in his hand, waiting for his master, who had just alighted to hear mass in that church. I clapt four royals in his hand to let me ride two or three turns along the next street, where my mistress lived. He consented; I mounted, rode twice up and down the street without seeing any body, but the third turn Donna Anna looked

out. When I saw her, thinking to gallant her, showing my horsemanship, and being but an indifferent jockey and unacquainted with the horse's qualities, I gave him two lashes, reining him at the same time; he reared first, then struck out behind, set a running full speed, so that I came clear over his head into a puddle. I had no other recourse in this pitiful plight, all beset with boys and in the presence of my mistress, but to cry out, "A cursed dog, my sorrel would never have done so; I shall pay for these mad pranks one time or other. They told me he was unlucky, and yet I would needs be trying tricks with him." By this time the footman brought me the horse again, for he stopped as soon as he had thrown me; I mounted again, and Don Diego Coronel, who lived in the same house with his kinswoman, hearing the noise, looked out. The sight of me startled him very much; he asked whether I had any hurt? I answered, no, though at the same time one of my legs was almost crippled. The footman pressed me hard to give him his horse, for fear his master should come out of the church and see me, for he was going to court. It was my misfortune, that as he was calling me to be gone, the lawyer came behind us, and knowing his steed, ran at the footman, laying him about the head and face with his fist, and asking him, as loud as he could cry, how he durst have the impudence to let any body ride his horse? and what was

worst of all, he turned to me, and in a very angry manner bid me get down, in the name of God.

All this was in full view of my mistress, and Don Diego Coronel, which put me as much out of countenance as if I had been whipped at the cart's tail. I was wonderfully cast down and melancholy, and with good cause, to have two such misfortunes befall me upon so small a spot of ground. In fine, I was fain to alight, the lawyer mounted and went his way; and I, the better to palliate the business, staid in the street, talking to Don Diego, and said, "I never mounted such an unlucky jade in all my days. My cream-coloured horse is yonder by St. Philip's church, and is very hard-mouthed when he sets a running. I was telling some there how I used to ride him at full speed, and take him off at one check. They told me I could not do it with a horse that stood there, which was the lawyer's you saw; I resolved to try; you cannot imagine what a restive jade it is, and has such a base saddle, that it was a wonder he did not kill me." "It was so," answered Don Diego; "and yet, Sir, you seem to feel some hurt in that leg." "I do so," replied I, "and therefore I'll go take my own horse, and get home." The young lady was fully satisfied that all I said was true, for I could perceive she was much concerned at my fall; but Don Diego, who saw farther, grew mistrustful upon what had happened with the lawyer in the street.

This proved the cause of my ruin, besides many other unlucky accidents that befel me; and the greatest of all, that when I went home, and came to a chest, where in a portmanteau I had left all the remains of my inheritance, and what I won at play, except only an hundred royals I had about me, I found my good friends, the Licentiate Brandalagas and Peter Lopez, had seized it, and were fled. This was a mortal stroke, and I stood amazed, not knowing which way to turn myself. At last, for fear of spoiling my marriage, which I looked upon as secure, and that it would make amends for all losses, I resolved to stay and push it on vigorously. I dined, after dinner hired a horse, went away towards my mistress's street, and having no footman, because it was not decent to be seen without one, I waited at the corner of the street until some man passed by that looked like one, and away I went after him, making him a footman though he was none. At the other end of the street I did the like, standing out of sight, until another went by like the former, and then rode down again.

I know not whether it was the certainty of the truth that I was the very scoundrel Don Diego suspected, or the fresh cause of jealousy on account of the lawyer's horse and footman, or what else that did it, but Don Diego took care to inquire who I was, what I lived on, and observed all my actions. At

last he took so much pains, he discovered the whole intrigue the strangest way that could be imagined, for I pressed on the business of matrimony very hotly, plying the ladies continually with letters; and Don Diego being as eagerly importuned by them, who were in haste to conclude it, as he was upon the scent after me, met the Licentiate Flechilla, the man I invited myself to dine with when first I entered myself among the sharping gang at Madrid, before my imprisonment. This man, taking it ill that I had not gone to see him again according to promise, happening to talk with Don Diego, and knowing I had been his servant, told him how I met him when I went to dine with him; and that but two days ago he had met me on horseback, and that I informed him I was going to be married to a great fortune. This was enough for Don Diego, who, returning home immediately, met with the two knights I had made myself so familiar with, gave them an account of the whole affair, and desired them to be ready at night to give me a good thrashing in his street, where he would contrive I should be, and they might know me by his cloak, which he would take care I should have on. They agreed, met me immediately in the street, and all of them carried it so fair at that time, that I never thought myself so secure of their friendship as then. We continued talking together how to divert ourselves

at night, till towards the close of the evening the two knights took their leave, and went down the street. Don Diego and I being left to ourselves, turned towards the church of St. Philip. When we came to the next turning, Don Diego said to me, "Let me beg the favour of you, Don Philip, to change cloaks with me, for I have occasion to go this way, and would not be known. "With all my heart," answered I; took his cloak very innocently, and gave him mine in an unhappy hour, offering to go along, and stand by him if need were; but he having projected to stand by me to break my bones, replied he was obliged to go alone, and therefore desired me to leave him. No sooner had I parted from him, but the devil contrived, that two who waited to thrash me on account of a wench, thinking by the cloak that I was Don Diego, fell on a cudgelling me as thick as hail; I cried out, and by my voice and face they discovered I was the wrong man, at which they ran away, and I was left with my beating, put up three or four good bumps they had raised, and made a halt, not daring to go into my mistress's street for fear. At last, about twelve, which was the time when I talked with her, I came up to the door, where one of Don Diego's friends that waited for me, being ready with a good cudgel, gave me two blows across the shins which laid me flat on the ground; as soon as I was down the other

played his part, giving me a slash across the face from ear to ear. They then took away my cloak, and left me on the ground, saying: "This is the reward of false, deceitful, base scoundrels."

I cried out for help, not knowing to whom I was beholden for that usuage, for to say the truth, I expected that cut from so many places, that I could not be positive from whom it might come. Don Diego was the person I least suspected, and I was farthest from the mark; but still cried out, "Thieves! thieves!" which at length brought the watch, who took me up, and spying a gash a quarter long on my face, and that I had no cloak, nor could tell how that misfortune came, they carried me away to a surgeon's house, where I was dressed; then they asked me where I lived, and thither they conducted me. I went to bed, and lay all night awake, full of remorse and confusion, my face being cut in two, my body bruised, and my legs so crippled with the cudgelling, that I could not stand, nor had scarce any feeling in them. In fine, I was wounded, robbed, and in such a condition, that I could neither follow my friends, nor proceed towards matrimony, nor stay in Madrid, nor get away.

CHAP. VI.

MY TEDIOUS CURE; WHAT PASSED BETWEEN MY LANDLADY AND ME; HOW I TURNED BEGGAR, PICKED UP A CONSIDERABLE SUM OF MONEY, AND WENT TO TOLEDO.

The next morning, by break of day, my landlady appeared at my bed side. She was a choice old woman, at the years of discretion, past fifty-five, a great pair of beads in her hand, and a face like a chitterlin, or a walnut shell, it was so full of furrows. She was always very fond of proverbs, and began her speech after this manner; "A drop of water, continually falling on a stone, makes a hole in time; as you sow, so will you reap; if you walk barefoot among thorns, you must expect to be scratched. My child, Don Philip, to deal plainly, I do not understand you, nor can I conceive how you live. You are young, and it is no wonder you should be somewhat wild, without considering, that even whilst we sleep, we are travelling to our end. I, who have now one foot in the grave, have the privilege to tell you so much. It is very odd I should be told that you spent so much money, and nobody knows how;

that you have, since you came to town, sometimes appeared like a scholar, sometimes a sharper, and sometimes like a gentleman. All this comes of keeping company, for, my child, tell me where you herd, and I'll tell you what you are, and birds of a feather flock together, and many a good bit is lost between the lip and the dish. Go, you fool, if you had a hankering after women, did you not know that I had always a good stock of that commodity by me, and that I have them ready at my beck. What occasion have you to be drawn away by one scoundrel to-day, and by another rascal to-morrow; picking up a dirty drab here, and a pickled jade there, who fleece you to keep another. By my father's soul, and as I hope for mercy, I would not have asked you now for what is due for lodging, but that I want it for some private uses, and to make a little ointment." Perceiving that all her discourse and long speech ended in a dun, for though that was her text, she did not begin with it as others do, but made it her conclusion; when I found that I was not at all to seek for the occasion of her loving visit, which was the first she had made me whilst I lodged in her house, excepting only one day, when she came to answer for herself, because she heard that I had been told some story about her witchcraft, and that when the officers came to seize her she had cast such a mist before their eyes, that they could neither find the house nor the street;

she came then to tell me it was all a mistake, for they meant another of her name, and no wonder, for there were more of the name and profession,—I paid her down the money, and as I was telling it out, ill fortune, which always attends me, and the devil, who never forgets to plague me, so ordered it, that the officers came to seize her for a scandalous liver, and had information that her gallant was in the house. They came directly into my room, and seeing me, and her by me, they laid hold of us both, gave me half a score good bangs, and dragged me out of bed. Two others held her fast, saluting her with all kind of ill titles. Who would have thought of it, a woman that lived as I have said. The noise the constables made, and my cries, gave the alarm to the gallant, who was a fruiterer, and lay in the next room within; he set a running; they observing it, and being informed by another lodger in the house that I was not the man, scoured after, and laid hold of him, leaving me well beaten, and my hair torn off; yet, for all I had endured, I could not forbear laughing, to hear how the dogs complimented the old woman. One cried, "How gracefully you will look in a cart, mother; by my troth, it will be a great satisfaction to me, to see a thousand or two rotten oranges and turnip tops fly after you." Another said, "There is care taken that you shall make a good shew, and be well attended." At last

they catched her bully, bound them both, begged my pardon, and left me to myself.

I lay eight days in the house under the surgeon's hands, and was scarce able to go abroad at the end of them, for they were fain to stitch up my face, and I could not go without crutches. By this time my money was spent, for the hundred royals all went in lodging, diet, and cure; so that to avoid further expenses, when my treasure was gone I resolved to go abroad upon crutches, and sell my linen and clothes, which were very good. I did so, and with part of the money bought an old leather jerkin, a canvass waistcoat, a patched beggar's great coat down to my ancles, gamashes on my legs, and great clouted shoes, the hood of the great coat on my head, a large brass crucifix about my neck, and a pair of beads in my hand. A mumper, who was a master at his trade, taught me the doleful tone and proper phrases for begging, so I began immediately to practise it about the streets. Sixty royals I had left I sewed up in my doublet, and so set up for a beggar, much confiding in my cant. I went about the streets for a whole week, howling in a dismal tone, and repeating my lesson after this manner:—"Merciful Christians of the Lord, take pity on a poor, distressed, miserable, wounded, and maimed creature, that has no comfort of his life." This was my working day note; but on Sundays and holidays I altered my voice, and said,

"Good charitable people, for Christ Jesus' sake, give one farthing or a halfpenny to the poor cripple whom the Lord has visited." Then I stood a little, which does good service, and went on again, "See my poor limbs were blasted, unhappy wretch that I am, as I was working in a vineyard; I lost the use of all my precious limbs, for I was as strong and as sound as any of you are, the Lord be for ever praised, and preserve your health and limbs." Thus the farthings came dropping in by shoals; I got abundance of money, and was in a way of getting much more, had I not been thwarted by an ill looking lusty young fellow, lame of both arms, and with but one leg, who plied my very walks in a wheelbarrow, and picked up more pence than I did, though he begged not half so genteelly; for he had a hoarse voice which ended in a squeak, and said, "Faithful servants of Jesus Christ, behold how the Lord hath afflicted me for my sins; give one farthing to the poor, and God will reward you:" and then he added, "For the sweet Jesu's sake." This brought him a mighty revenue, and I observed, and for the future I cut off the *s*, and said only *Jesu*, because I perceived that it took with the simple people. In short, I altered my phrases as occasion served, and there was no end of my gettings; I had both my legs bound up in a leather bag, and lay in a surgeon's porch, with a beggar that plied at the corner of a street, one of the arrantest knaves

that ever God put life into, and who was, as it were, our superior, and earned as much as all of us. He was broken bellied, and it hung out in a bunch; besides, he bound up his arm hard with a rope above the shoulder, which made his hand look as if it were lame, swelled, and had an inflammation. He lay flat on his back, with all the rupture naked, which was as big as his head, and cried, "Behold my misery, see how the Lord chastises his servants." If a woman happened to pass by, "Sweet beautiful lady, the Lord bless your dear soul." Most of them would give him an alms for calling them handsome, and would make that their way to their visits, though never so much about. If any ragged soldier came by, he called him, "Noble captain;" if any other sort of man, "Good worthy gentleman;" if he saw any body in a coach, "Right honourable Lord," and if a clergyman on a mule, "Most reverend archdeacon." In short, he was a most intolerable flatterer, and had particular ways for begging on holidays. I contracted such intimacy with him, that he acquainted me with a secret, which in a few days made us rich; which was, that he kept three little boys who begged about the streets, stole every thing that came in their way, brought it to him, and he was the receiver; besides, he had two small children that learned to pick pockets, and he went halves with them. Being so well instructed by such an able master, I took to the same

courses, and he provided me with fit instruments for my purpose. In less than a month's time, I had got above forty crowns clear, besides all extravagant expenses; and at last designing that we should go away together, he disclosed to me the greatest secret and cunningest design that ever beggar had in his head, which we both joined in; and was, that between us we every day stole four or five children, which being cried, we presently appeared, inquired what marks they had to be known by, and said, "Good God, Sir, I found this child at such a time, and had I not come as I did, a cart had run over it, but I have taken care of it." They readily paid us the reward, and it throve so well that I got above fifty crowns more, and by this time my legs were well, though I still wore them wrapped in clouts. I resolved to leave Madrid and go away to Toledo, where I knew nobody, and nobody knew me. Having made this resolution, I bought an old suit of grey clothes, a sword and bands, took leave of Valcazar, the beggar I last mentioned, and went about the inns to find some conveniency to go to Toledo.

CHAP. VII.

HOW I TURNED PLAYER, POET, AND GALLANT. THE MISFORTUNES THAT ENSUED, TILL I QUITTED THE EMPLOYMENT.

At an inn, I met with a company of strolling players, who were going to Toledo, and had three carts. It pleased God that, among the gang, I found one who had been my companion at Alcala, left the school, and was turned actor. I told him what a mind I had to go to Toledo, and he had much ado to know me, the scar across my face had so altered me, and he could not forbear blessing himself, standing in admiration. In conclusion, for a small spill of money, he was so much my friend, as to prevail with the rest to let me go with them. We were all higgledy-piggledy, men and women together; and I was mightily taken with one of the crew, who was the chief dancer, and acted the queens and other great parts in plays, for she was a notable jilt. She asked me whither I was going, and some questions concerning my life and circumstances: and in conclusion, after much talk, referred it to Toledo to act there.

We diverted ourselves by the way the best we could; and I happened to act a piece of a play that I had borne a part in when I was a boy; which I did

so well, that they took a liking to me: and being informed by my friend who was in the company, of all my misfortunes and hard circumstances, which I had made him acquainted with, she asked me whether I would make one among them? They so highly extolled their strolling course of life, and I was then in such want of some support, and so fond of the wench, that I agreed with the head of them for two years. Writings were signed between us, to oblige me to stay with them; so they gave me my allowance and allotted my parts, and thus we came to Toledo. They gave me two or three prologues to get by heart, and some other grave parts, which suited well with my voice. I applied myself to it, and spoke the first prologue in the town, where we had a simile of a ship in distress, and wanting provisions, which put into that port: I called them noble audience, begging their attention, pardon for all faults, and so went off. There was great clapping of hands, and I was liked on the stage. We acted a play, written by one of our actors, and I admired how they should come to be poets, for I thought it belonged only to very learned and ingenious men, and not to persons so extremely ignorant. But it is now come to such a pass, that every head of them writes plays, and every actor makes drolls and farces; though formerly I remember no plays would go down, but what were written by the greatest wits in

Spain. In short, the play was acted the first day, and no soul could make anything of it. The second day we began it again, and, as God would have it, there was some warlike exploit to begin with; and I came on the stage in armour, and with a target on my arm, which was a great mercy, or else I had infallibly been pelted to death with oranges, quinces, and all things that came next to hand. Such a storm of hail was never seen, and the play deserved it, for it represented a king of Normandy in a hermit's habit, without any sense or reason; had two scoundrel footmen to make sport, and when they came to unravel the plot, there was nothing but marrying of all the company, and there was an end: so that to say the truth, we had but what we deserved.

By that time we had been a month at Toledo, acting several new plays, and endeavouring to retrieve our first fault; I was grown famous, and had given out that my name was Alonzo, to which the generality added the title of the Cruel, because I had acted a part of that nature, to the great liking of the mob and upper galleries. I had now got several new suits of clothes, and some heads of other strollers endeavoured to enveigle me away from my company; but I pretended to criticise upon plays, and railed at the most celebrated actors; finding fault with one man's gestures, censuring another's gravity,

and allowing another to be a tolerable actor. My advice was always taken in contriving the scenes, and adorning the stage; and if any play came to be offered, it was left to me to examine. Being encouraged by this applause, I launched out as a poet in a song, and then wrote a small farce, which was well approved of. Next I ventured at a play; and that it might gain respect, made it all of devotion, and full of the blessed Virgin. It began with music, had fine shows of souls departed, and devils appearing, as was the fashion then, with old gibberish when they appeard, and strange shrieks when they vanished. The mob was mightily pleased with my rhyming to Satan, and my long discourses about his falling or not falling from heaven. In short, the play was acted, and well liked. I had more business than I could turn my hands to, for all sorts of lovers flocked to me; some would have songs on their mistresses' eyes; others on their foreheads; others on their white hands; others on their golden locks. There were set rates of all sorts; but I sold cheap to draw the more custom, because there were other shops besides mine. As for godly ballads, I supplied all the country clerks, and runners of monasteries; and the blind men were my best friends, for they never allowed less than eighty royals; and I always took care that they should be bombastic, and stuffed with cramp words, which neither they nor I under-

stood. I brought up many new fashions in verse, as tailors do in clothes, and was the first that concluded my songs like sermons, praying for grace in this world and glory in the next.

It happened, as it frequently does to that sort of people, that the chief of our company being known to have got considerably in debt at Toledo, was arrested for some old debts, and thrown into goal, which broke up our gang, and every one went a several way. As for my part, though my comrades would have introduced me into other companies, having no great inclination to that calling, for I had followed it out of mere necessity, I thought of nothing but taking my pleasure, being then well dressed, and in no want of money. I took my leave of them all; they went their ways; and I, who had proposed to quit an ill course of life, by desisting from being a stroller, to mend the matter, dropped out of the frying-pan into the fire, for I fell into much worse, making it my whole business to gallant grates, and aim at impossibilities by courting nuns. The encouragement I had to commit this madness, was, that I understood there was a most charming nun, at whose request I had written abundance of little devout pastorals, and she had taken some liking to me on that account, and seeing me act St. John the Evangelist in a holiday spiritual sort of play. The good lady had made very much of me, and had told me, there was

nothing troubled her so much as my being a player; for I had pretended to her that I was the son of a gentlemen of quality, and therefore she pitied me; and I at last resolved to send her the following lines:—

"I have quitted the company of players, rather to comply with your desires, than because it was otherwise convenient for me to do so; but to me all the company in the world without yours is solitude. I shall now have the more opportunity of being yours, as being absolutely my own master. Let me know when there will be admittance to the grate, and that will inform me when I may be happy, &c."

The runner carried the note, the good nun was wonderfully pleased to hear of my change of life, and answered me as follows:

"I rather expect to be congratulated, than to congratulate you on your good fortune, for my wishes and your prosperity are inseparable. You may be looked upon as recovered out of a desperate estate; it only remains that you persevere as I shall do. I question whether there will be any liberty at the grate to-day, but do not fail to come at evensong, for there at least we shall see one another, and perphaps I may find means to put some trick upon the Lady Abbess. Farewell."

I liked the note, for the woman was really witty, and very handsome. After dinner I put on the best

suit I used to act the gallant in on the stage, went to the church, pretended to pray, and then began to examine every inch of the grate and veil before the choir, to see if I could discover her. At length it pleased God I had the good fortune, or rather the devil contrived me the ill luck, that I heard the old sign; I began to cough, she answered, and there was an imitation of a cold, or as if the church had been full of lily of the valley. I was quite weary of coughing, when a phthisical old woman appeared at the grate, and I discovered my mistake; for this is a very uncertain sign in a monastery; because as it serves for a sign among young ones, it is habitual with old ones, and when a man thinks it a call to catch a nightingale, he finds nothing but an owl. I stayed a long time in the church, till even-song began, which I heard out, for the admirers of nuns have this madness, besides all the rest, that they must play the hypocrite, and pray against their will, besides that they never go beyond the eve, being ever in expectation, but the day of enjoyment never comes. I never failed being at even-song, and stretched out my neck a handful longer than it was, to endeavour to see into the choir. The clerks were my constant companions, and I was well received by the priest, who was a pleasant man, and walked as stiff and upright as if a spit had been run through him. I went betimes to take my place in a court

the nuns' windows looked into; it was comical to see the strange postures of others as mad pretenders as myself. One gazed without ever so much as winking; another stood with one hand on his sword, and his beads on the other, like a statue upon a tomb; another with his arms stretched out as if he were flying; some gaping as if they would have had their hearts fly out of their mouths; some leaning against the walls, as if they had been to support them; some walking as if to be bought for their pacing like horses; and others with *billets doux* in their hands, like falconers bringing the hawk to the lure. The jealous lovers were some laughing in rings, and looking up; others reading verses and showing them. All this was below, where we were; but above the place for the nuns was a little old tower, all full of cracks, chinks, and peeping holes, where appeared nothing but a confusion, here a hand, there a foot, in another place a head, in another a handkerchief, a glove, or the like; some walked, others coughed, and so every one had her particular way. In summer it is pleasant enough to see the men parch themselves in the sun, whilst the women are little concerned at their sufferings. In winter some of us stay so long in the wet that we become mouldy, and the moss grows upon us; neither snow nor rain can drive us away, and all this is only to see a woman through a grate and a glass, like some holy relic, or

curious piece of workmanship, for that is all we can ever expect. It is just like falling in love with a blackbird in a cage, if ever she talks, or with a fine picture if she doth not. The greatest favour ever to be attained is to touch the ends of her fingers. They lean their heads against the double grates, and shoot volleys of fine conceits through those loopholes. This is perfect love at hide and seek, and yet for this we study to talk fine and whisper, must endure every old woman that chides, every door-keeper that commands, and every one at the wheel that gives what answer she pleases.

I had followed this cruel employment so long, that I was well looked upon by the lady abbess, civilly treated by the good priest, and a familiar with the clerk, for we hide our folly from them, and this is all the happiness such madmen can aspire to. I began to be weary of the door-keepers turning me away, and of the nuns begging, and considered how dear I endeavoured to purchase a place in hell, which others have at so easy a rate, and that I even anticipated to take share of it in this world, by such extravagant means. It was plain that I rode post to perdition, and threw away my soul for a few looks. When I talked to her, for fear of being overheard by the rest, I used to thrust my head so close to the grate, that the print of it would not come out in two days, and at the same time spoke so low, that she

could not understand one word without a trumpet at her ear. Everybody that saw me, cried, "A curse on thee, thou wicked nun-hunting dog," besides many other worse compliments. All these things brought me to my senses, and I resolved to quit my nun, and to this purpose got of her the value of fifty crowns of her work, in silk stockings, rich purses and sweetmeats, pretending to have them raffled for; but as soon as I had them in possession, I set out for Seville, to try my fortune there, as the greater city. The reader may guess how much the nun was concerned, not for me, but of what I cheated her.

CHAP. VIII.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ME AT SEVILLE, TILL I TOOK SHIPPING TO THE WEST INDIES.

I HAD a good journey from Toledo to Seville, for I was sharp at play, had loaded dice both high and low, and could palm a dice, hold four, and throw out three; besides, I had false cards, and knew how to pack any, and turn up what I pleased, and abundance of other fine arts and sleights of hand, which I pass by as tedious, and for fear they might rather serve

to teach others evil practices than for warnings of what they are to shun; but perhaps some few words of advice may be of use to such as are not skilled in those practices; and they who read my book, if they are cheated, may thank themselves. Never think yourself safe because you find the cards, for they will change them upon you whilst the candle is snuffing. Take care they make no scratches or other impressions on the cards; and if my reader is a poor scoundrel, he must observe, that among that gang of rake-hells, they prick the cards they would know with a pin, or fold them to leave a crease. If you happen to play among a better sort of people, take heed of cards which are originally falsified, and have private marks on the pasteboard. Never trust to a clean card, nor think yourself safe with a foul one, for the cheat is equal in both. I will not let you further into this secret; this is enough to make you always stand upon your guard; for you may be assured that I do not tell the hundreth part of the cheats.

Being master of these arts, I got to Seville, at my fellow travellers' expense, winning all the hire of the mules, my other charges and money to boot, of them, and my landlords at the inns. I alighted at what they call the Moor's Inn, where I was found out by one of my schoolfellows at Alcala, whose name was Mata, but he thinking it did not make

noise enough, changed it to Matorral. He dealt in men's lives, and sold cuts and slashes, which throve well with him; he carried the sign of his trade on his face, where he had received his share. He always made his bargain to a nicety for length and depth, when he was to bestow any, and said, "No man is so absolute a master, as he who has been well hacked and hewed himself." And he was in the right, for his face was all over seams, and he was a downright drunken bully. He told me I must go sup with him and his comrades, and they would bring me back to the inn. I went with him, and when we were in his lodging, he said, "Come, spark, lay by your cloak, and look like a man, for this night you shall see all the brave fellows in Seville; and that they may not look upon you as a cully, tumble your band, thrust out your back, and let your cloak hang loose, as if it were dropping off, for we hate to see any man's cloak set fast upon his back. Wind about your chops, and make faces with both sides of your mouth, then talk big, swear, and be very rude." I learned his lesson, and he lent me a dagger, broad enough to have been a scimitar, and for length it wanted nothing of a sword but the name. "Now drink off this quart of wine," said he, "for without you blunder you will not look like a true bully." We had gone so far in my instructions, and I was half seas over with what I had drank, when in came

four of the gang, with four vizards instead of faces, bound about the middle like monkeys, with their cloaks instead of ropes, their hats standing a tiptoe on their heads, and cocked up, as if the brims were nailed to the crowns; a whole smith's shop about their swords and daggers, and the points of them beating against their right heels. Their eyes stared, their whiskers turned up, and their beards like brushes. They made their compliment with their mouths, and then, in a hoarse tone, and clipping their words, saluted my companion, who returned in like manner. They sat down, and spoke not one word to ask who I was; but one of them looking at Matorral, and opening his mouth, thrust out his under lip, by way of pointing at me. My introducer answered in the same language, laying hold of his beard and looking down, after which, they all got up, embraced, and expressed a great deal of kindness for me. I returned the same compliments, which were like smelling to so many hogsheads of wine. When it was supper time, in came a parcel of strapping scoundrels, to wait at table, whom the topping bullies called under-spur-leathers. We all sat down together at table, and the first they served up was a dish of pickles, which, as soon as they had tasted, they all fell a drinking to my honour, by way of welcome; and till I saw them drink it, I must confess I never knew I had any. Next came fish and flesh, all of it high seasoned, to

promote drinking. There was a great bowl full of wine, like a half tub, on the ground, and he that was to pledge lay all along to drink by wholesale. I was taken with the contrivance; but by that time a few healths had gone about, we none of us knew one another. They fell to talk of warlike affairs; oaths flew as thick as hail, a matter of twenty or thirty persons were cut out for destruction; amidst their cups, the mayor of the city was adjudged to be cut in pieces; then they reaped up the heroic actions of several famous cut-throats and murderers, and drank to the souls of some that were hanged. Some that were maudlin wept bitterly, calling to mind the untimely end of Alonzo Alvarez, one of their brethren, whose body was exposed on a gibbet for the crows to feast on. By this time my companion's brains were turned topsy-turvy, and laying hold of a loaf, and looking earnestly on the candle, he said with a hoarse voice: "By this, which is the face of God, and by that light, which came out of the angel's mouth, if you think fit, gentlemen, we will this very night maul the serjeant's man that pursued our poor one-eyed friend."

They all set up a dismal cry, ratifying the proposal made by an oath after this manner. They drew their daggers, laid their hands on the edge of the bowl, and lying along with their chops to it, said, "As we drink this wine, so will we suck the

blood of every informing catchpole." "Who was this Alonzo Alvarez?" said I, "whose death is so much regretted?" "He was," answered one of them, "a brave fighting lad, a man of spirit, full of mettle, and a good companion. Let us go, for the devil begins to be strong in me." This said, we all went out a catchpole hunting. Being quite overcome with wine, and all my reason drowned, I never reflected on the danger I was running myself into. We came to the strand, where we met the round, which no sooner appeared, but our swords were drawn and we attacked them. I did like the rest, and at the first charge we made way for the filthy souls of two catchpoles to fly out of their bodies. The constable took to his heels, and ran up the street crying out for help. We could not pursue because he had too much the start, but took sanctuary in the cathedral, where we were sheltered against justice, and slept as much as was requisite to discharge the fumes of the wine we had drank. When we came to our senses I could not but admire, that two catchpoles should be killed by, and a constable fly from, a parcel of mere hogsheads of wine, for we were no better at that time. We fared well in our sanctuary, for the termagant damsels of the town flocked to, and spent all they had upon us. A strapping jade called Grajales, took a fancy to, and clothed me from head to foot after her own humour.

I liked this sort of living better than any I had yet tried, and therefore resolved to stick to my trusty Grajales till death. I learnt all the cant, and in a short time was absolute master among the ruffians. The officers of justice took all possible care to observe us, and kept rounds about the sanctuary; yet for all that we took our rambles after midnight in disguise. Perceiving this was like to be a tedious business, and that ill fate pursued me every where, though it made me never the wiser to take warning for the future, yet it tired me out like a true obstinate sinner; and therefore, with the advice of Grajales, I resolved to go to the West Indies, taking her along with me, to try whether I could meet with better fortune in another country; but it proved worse, for they never mend their condition who only change places without mending their life and manners.

MONTALVAN.

DOCTOR DON JUAN PEREZ DE MONTALVAN

Was a native of Madrid, and the son of a bookseller, whose resources, though not great, were sufficient to enable him to give a liberal education to his son, who early discovered a remarkable attachment to letters. At the age of seventeen, young Montalvan had already composed several comedies, which for some time disputed the popular favour and admiration with those of Lope de Vega; with whom, at the same time, he lived on such terms of intimacy, as to be honoured by that celebrated man with the title of his pupil and his friend. In one of the frequent pieces in which his name was extolled in the theatres of the court, Montalvan had the misfortune to be cruelly hissed; and to this disgrace was added the mortifying ridicule heaped upon him by the caustic genius of Quevedo, who even published a very piquant letter upon the subject. Incited by these strictures at once to emulation and revenge, he vindicated his dramatic honour by pro-

ducing his comedy, entitled, *No has vidā como lu honra;* and he contrived to have it represented on the same day, and at the same hour, at both the Madrid theatres; when, in spite of the exertions of his rivals, of his past condemnation, and the satiric traits of the caustic Quevedo, the author had the delight to find that it made its way with the public. It received the most marked applause, which continued during many nights at both theatres; where, it is a remarkable fact, that it was repeated, with emulative spirit, for a considerable period; an extremely rare occurrence in the annals of the drama. Were such a comedy, indeed, revived at the present period, it could not fail, we think, to elicit some portion of the same interest and applause.

Notwithstanding his engagements in the clerical profession, Montalvan was one of the most assiduous and strenuous co-operators in getting up those *improvised farces*, and sacramental autos, with other light, and often fine, compositions of the same class, in which the wits of that age, and during the capricious era of Philip IV., seemed to take so much delight. Indeed, that monarch himself is known not unfrequently to have played a conspicuous part in these singular dramatic representations, within the precincts of the royal palace.

The well known Quevedo and Montalvan were at one period the bitterest rivals in the display of

these serio-comic performances; and it sometimes happened that they entered into rather close and personal controversy.

Upon one occasion, it is related, that the two poets being one day in the presence of the king, surrounded by a number of courtiers, all engaged in admiring a picture representing a St. Jerome in the act of being scourged by the angels, for the sin of having yielded to the perusal of profane books, the monarch requested Montalvan to make some *improvised* verses on the subject. The complacent poet, drawing as promptly as he could upon the resources of his wit, forthwith uttered the following curious lines:

Los angeles a porfia
Al santo azotes le dan
Porque a Ciceron leia.....

When here, without permitting his rival to take breath, Quevedo interrupted him, completing for him the quintaine in a style highly amusing to all but Montalvan:

Cuerpo de dios! qué seria
Si lejera à Montalvan?

MONTALVAN.

With pious zeal the angels plied
The lash on Jerome's back
Because he would read Tully.

QUEVEDO.

Ye gods! what death had the saint died!
What tortures suffered on the rack,
Had he read Doctor Juan's folly!

On this keen and sudden stroke at his companion, the monarch and his court could not restrain their mirth, which so disconcerted the unfortunate Montalvan, that it was in vain he attempted to stand on the defensive, and resume the subject. Apart, however, from the satirical sallies of his witty adversary —weapons at which he had no equal—it is only fair to observe, that Montalvan justly assumes a high rank in Spanish literature, as a writer of comedies and novels. In the year 1624, he published a volume, entitled, "*Novelas, o Fabulas ingeniosas i elegantes;*" and it was translated into French by Pedro Recollet, in 1644. There was a reprint of the same work at Seville, in 1633, under the title of *Sucesos i Prodigios de amor*. Montalvan was also the author of *La Vida i Purgatorio de san Patrisco;* "*Los Elogios a Lope de Vega, o Fama Postuma;*" and of two volumes of comedies. He also published another work, called *Para Todos*, for every body. While engaged in preparing a second volume of the same, he was attacked by an access of fever, which, depriving him of his intellects, left him in a state of incurable derangement, in which he survived during six years, and died at the early age of thirty-six. His fate was sincerely lamented by numerous friends and contemporaries, whose united suffrages and poetical eulogies have handed down his name with honourable regard to posterity.

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

A YOUNG gentleman of Toledo, of the name of Felesardo, having involved himself in an adventure which threatened serious consequences, was compelled to leave the place of his birth with as much expedition as possible. He was proceeding on his journey, accompanied only by his servant, and had arrived within a few leagues of the city of Valencia, when, on entering a wood, he suddenly encountered a lady, who was in the act of descending in the utmost haste from her carriage. In her agitation she had neglected to veil herself, and discovered a countenance so lovely, and at the same time so full of affliction, that the cavalier resolved at once to offer her all the protection and assistance which she might require, and place at her disposal his well tried courage and his sword. This generous determination was gratefully acknowledged by the lady, who did not reject the seasonable interposition of the stranger. "Heaven itself," she exclaimed, "seems to have sent you hither to save me from the misery that hangs over

me. Let me beseech you to follow me. Hasten with me to separate two combatants, who have arranged to meet in this wood, and who have entered it, as I myself saw, but a few moments since. They are already engaged." As she uttered these words she rushed into the wood, and the Toledan, leaving his horse in his servant's hands, hastily followed her footsteps.

They had advanced but a few paces, when they heard the clashing of swords, at the sound of which they redoubled their speed, and soon arrived at the spot where two men were fighting with the utmost fury. The Toledan, running forward, exerted himself to separate them, in which, partly by entreaty, and partly by force, he at length succeeded. When tranquillity was in some measure restored, he enquired into the origin of their quarrel. "Don Fabrique de Mendoza," answered one of the combatants, "has the honour of replying to your question, and the name of my enemy is Don Alvaro Ponce.

"The cause of our dispute has accompanied you hither. The lady who stands here—this cruel Donna Rosaura—is the object of our love; but all our devotion has not produced any return of affection, nor could the most assiduous attentions on our part soften the austerity of her manner. Notwithstanding this cold indifference, I had intended to persist peacefully in my solicitations, but my rival has adopted

another course; he has compelled me to meet him here." "Which, interrupted Don Alvar, "is the only step I could take. If I had no competitor in Donna Rosaura's affections, she might be induced to listen to me; my object, therefore, is, by his death, if by no other means, to remove the obstacle to my happiness." In reply to this statement, the Toledan did not hesitate to express his disapprobation of their conduct. He represented it as injurious to the character of the lady, whose reputation ought to be dearer to them than their own happiness or lives, but which might be implicated, when it was known throughout the kingdom of Valencia that they had fought on her account. Besides," continued he, "what results can the conqueror expect from his victory? Can he imagine that after he has made her name the topic of public scandal, she will regard him with a more favourable eye? Impossible! Listen to me. I would entreat you jointly to make an effort more worthy of the noble names you bear. Restrain your furious passions, and consent to bind yourselves by an oath to abide by the arrangement which suggests itself to me. I see a mode by which your differences may be adjusted, without the shedding of blood. It is this,—let the lady declare that her choice has fallen on one of the two, and let the unsuccessful lover, renouncing all hostile measures, take his departure in peace." "With all my heart,"

exclaimed Don Alvar, "I swear by every thing that is sacred that I will conform to your proposal. Only let Donna Rosaura take her resolution; if it is to be so, let her prefer my rival to myself. Even this misfortune would be more tolerable than my present state of uncertainty." "And I call Heaven to witness," said Don Fabrique, "that if the dear object of all my adoration does not pronounce in my favour, I will banish myself at once from her presence, and though I may not able to forget her charms, at least I will never see them more."

"Now, Madam," said the Toledan, turning to Donna Rosaura, "The rest depends upon you; with a single word you can disarm these enraged rivals. You have only to name the happy man who is to reap the reward of his constancy." The lady hesitated—"I should prefer," she said at last, "some other mode of accommodation. Why am I to be made the price of their reconciliation? I do not refuse my esteem to either of these gentlemen, nor for either of them do I feel any livelier sentiment. Is it reasonable that I should be called upon to encourage hopes which my heart does not sanction, in order to protect myself from the injurious surmises to which their quarrels may give rise?"

"Madam," replied the Toledan, "this is no longer a time for evasion; you must, if I may be allowed to say so, speak your sentiments explicitly. These

gentlemen appear to have equal merit, but I feel assured that one of them has a preponderating influence over your heart; of that fact I am sufficiently apprised, by the overwhelming terror which possessed you on our first meeting." "On that terror," replied the lady, "you put a wrong construction. I do not deny that the loss of either of these gentlemen would affect me deeply, and that, innocent as I might be of his fate, I should yet reproach myself with being the cause of it; but I must say, that if I exhibited any symptoms of terror, it was from a consideration of my own situation, and a regard for my own honour, that they sprung."

The disposition of Don Alvaro Ponce was naturally impetuous, and his patience at these words was exhausted. "This is too much," he exclaimed passionately; "since the lady declines the proposal, and we cannot settle the matter peaceably, let the chance of arms decide it." As he spoke, he assumed an offensive attitude, and prepared to attack his enemy, who, on his part, put himself into a position of defence.

At this demonstration all the lady's terrors revived; and influenced more perhaps by these than by any secret partiality, she exclaimed in the utmost distress: "Hold your hands, gentlemen! your demand shall be complied with, since no other method can be found to prevent a conflict which so immedi-

ately affects my reputation, I declare that Don Fabrique de Mendoza is the object of my preference." No sooner had she pronounced these words, than the disappointed suitor, darting a furious glance at his mistress and his happy rival, ran to his horse, which he had tied to a tree, and disappeared without uttering a syllable. On the other hand, the joy of the fortunate Mendoza was at its height. He cast himself at the feet of Donna Rosaura; he embraced the Toledan again and again; and could not find expressions sufficiently strong to convey the full force of his gratitude and joy.

When the lady, however, had somewhat recovered her serenity, and perceived that Don Alvar had departed, she began to reflect with some concern that she had consented to admit the addresses of a lover, whose good qualities she certainly esteemed, but to whom her heart was yet indifferent. She addressed herself to Don Fabrique, and appealed to his sense of honour, not to make an ungenerous use of the preference she had declared in his favour, which only proceeded from the absolute necessity of making a choice between him and Don Alvar. "Not," said she, "that I have not always distinguished your superior claims to my regard; I know very well that you possess many good qualities to which he cannot pretend. I will do you the justice to say, that I believe all Valencia cannot produce a

more accomplished gentleman than yourself. I will even go further, and will admit, that the attentions of a man like you might gratify the vanity of any woman; but whatever reason I might have to enjoy such a triumph, I must candidly confess that it has so few charms for me, that I regret exceedingly to see the marks of attachment you show to me. It is possible that this insensibility may have its source in the grief I yet feel for the loss I sustained a year ago, when my husband, Don Andrea de Cifuentes, died. Our union was but of short duration, and he was already advanced in age, when my parents, influenced by his great wealth, compelled me to marry him; but, notwithstanding these circumstances, I was much afflicted by his death, and mourn for him every day. And was he not worthy of regret?" continued she; "he in no respect resembled those ill-natured and jealous husbands, who make their age a plea for watching, either in person or by their deputies, every step of a wife who happens to be younger than themselves. The confidence which he reposed in my virtue could not have been exceeded by a husband whose youth and passion might have been a guarantee for my fidelity. There were no bounds to his indulgence, and his only study appeared to be to anticipate all my wishes. Such was Don Andrea de Cifuentes; and you will readily conceive, Don Fabrique, that it is not easy to forget a

man endowed with such a disposition. His image is ever present to my mind; and it cannot be doubted, that this circumstance contributes in no small degree to draw my attention from the efforts which others may make to attract my regard."

Unable to control his feelings, Don Fabrique here interrupted the beautiful widow.—"With what delight," he exclaimed, "do I hear from your own mouth, the admission that the indifference you have shown to my advances does not arise from any personal dislike. My persevering constancy will, I trust, at last prove me to be worthy of your love." "I shall throw no impediments in the way," replied the lady; "you have my permission to visit me; nor do I restrict you from speaking to me of your love, and endeavouring to establish an interest in my heart. Should any success attend your efforts, I will not disguise my sentiments; but if, notwithstanding the opportunity thus afforded, you should happen to fail in your object, I must entreat you to recollect, that it will not be of any conduct of mine that you will have a right to complain."

At these words, without permitting Don Fabrique to utter the reply which was upon his lips, the lady took the hand of the Toledan, and returned abruptly by the way she came. The disconcerted lover followed her, leading his horse by the bridle, until arriving at the spot where her equipage awaited her, she

re-seated herself with as much agitation as she had shown on her arrival; though from a very different cause. The two cavaliers accompanied the carriage to the gates of Valencia, where the parties separated. The widow took the road to her own mansion, and Don Fabrique entertained the Toledan as his guest. When their spirits were sufficiently recruited with repose, and an excellent repast, their conversation turned on the object of the stranger in visiting Valencia, and the stay that he proposed to make in that city. "I shall leave it," observed the Toledan, "as soon as I possibly can. I am merely passing through it, in my way to the nearest seaport, where I propose to take my passage in the first vessel which may be leaving the coast of Spain. I care little in what part of the world I terminate my unfortunate career, provided it be far enough from this ill-fated land." "You surprise me," returned Don Fabrique; "what calamity can have excited feelings like these, and caused you to abhor the great object of our natural affection—our native land?" "After what I have undergone," replied the Toledan, "my country is hateful to my sight, and my only desire is to quit it for ever." The sympathy of Don Fabrique was roused by this avowal, and he expressed much impatience to be made acquainted with the cause of his companion's grief. "If I cannot soothe your pangs," said he, "I can, at least, share them with you. At

our first interview, your countenance prepossessed me in your favour. Your manners have added to the charm, and I cannot refrain from taking a lively interest in every thing that concerns you."

"The sentiments you express," returned the Toledan, "form the only consolation I can now receive. As some acknowledgment of the kindness you have shown me, I will, on my part, confess, that when I first saw you in company with Don Alvara Ponce, I felt a partial inclination for you, which I do not recollect to have before experienced on my first meeting with any one, and which made me very uneasy, lest Donna Rosaura should prefer your rival to yourself. My joy, therefore, was great when she determined in your favour. This first impression has been since so fully confirmed, that, so far from designing to conceal my sorrows from you, I promise myself some degree of pleasure in laying before you all my feelings. My unhappy story will be soon told.

"My name is Don Juan de Zarata; my family resides in Toledo, where I first saw the light. In my infancy, I had the misfortune to lose both my parents, from whom I inherited a considerable property. When I had arrived at an age which entitled me to the absolute control of my estates, finding myself free from engagements, and sufficiently wealthy to consult only my own wishes in the disposal of my hand,

I married a young lady of great beauty, in whose small fortune and inferior condition I saw no obstacles to our union. Intoxicated with my happiness, and anxious to secure the complete possession of the object of my love, I conducted her, a few days after our marriage, to one of my estates at a little distance from Toledo. Here we resided for some time in the enjoyment of perfect happiness, until the Duke de Naxera, who possesses a mansion in the neighbourhood of my property, called one day to refresh himself after the fatigues of the chace. The sight of my wife inspired him with a licentious passion. This, at least, was my impression; and I was more fully persuaded of the fact, when he began to court my society with an eagerness which he had not before shown. He invited me to join his hunting excursions, loaded me with presents, and made abundant professions of his desire to serve me.

"I was at first alarmed at these indications, and resolved to return with my wife to Toledo, a resolution which my better angel certainly suggested to me. In fact, if I had deprived the Duke of all opportunities of seeing my wife, I should have escaped all the evils which have fallen upon me; but my confidence revived when I reflected on the virtues of my wife. I flattered myself, too, that a person whom I had married without a fortune, and whom I had raised from an inferior station in society, could

not possibly repay my benefits with ingratitude. Alas! little did I know her heart. The two great vices of the sex, ambition and vanity, exercised their full empire there.

"As soon as the Duke had found an opportunity of apprising her of his sentiments, she seems to have congratulated herself on having made so brilliant a conquest. To be worshipped by His Excellence, was an exquisite gratification to her pride. Her head was filled with the dreams of inflated consequence. She valued herself more, and loved me less. Nay, all that I had done for her, instead of exciting her gratitude, now called forth only her contempt. She began to think that her beauty might have won a worthier husband; and she did not doubt, but that if this distinguished nobleman had seen her before her marriage, he would have shared with her his rank and fortune. Carried away by these silly ideas, and influenced by his prodigal presents, she abandoned herself to the criminal pursuit of the Duke. A secret correspondence was carried on by them, of which I had not the least suspicion; but it unfortunately happened that my eyes were at length opened to my situation. Returning one day from the chace at an earlier hour than usual, I entered the apartment of my wife when I was least expected. She had just received a letter from her lover, to which she was preparing to reply. Her

embarrassment at my sudden appearance was sufficiently evident to fill me with the greatest uneasiness, and seeing the pen in her hand, I desired her to let me see what she had been writing. Her refusal led me to conclude that I was betrayed; and it was only to actual force that I was indebted for the satisfaction of my jealous curiosity. In spite of her opposition, I plucked from her bosom a letter, of the contents of which I have but too faithful a recollection.

"'How long am I doomed to languish in the expectation of a second delightful interview? How long will you persist in permitting me to nourish the sweetest hopes, which you cruelly delay to realise? Don Juan is absent every day in the city, or at the chase, and why should we not avail ourselves of these opportunities? Show some commiseration for the ardent passion which is destroying me. Grant me at least your pity. If it is the greatest of pleasures to obtain the object of our wishes, think what a torture it must be to wait long for its possession.'

"Transports of rage overpowered me when I had perused this production. My hand was already on my dagger, and the first impulse of my frenzy was to lay dead at my feet the faithless woman who had dared to sport with my honour. A moment's reflection convinced me that this would be an imperfect revenge, to the full satisfaction of which another

victim was required. I suppressed my rising fury; I assumed a tranquil air, and addressed my wife with as little appearance of emotion as possible:—'You have been to blame,' I said, 'to listen for a moment to the Duke's solicitations. The splendour of his rank ought not to have made any impression on you; but I am aware that youth is dazzled by these vanities, and that, I trust, is the extent of your offence. I therefore look upon your indiscretion as not unpardonable, provided you listen henceforward to the dictates of your duty, and endeavour to prove yourself worthy of my affection, and of the lenity I have now shown to you.'

"With these words I left her apartment, and endeavoured in solitude to subdue the violent transports of my passion. If I could not regain my peace of mind, I at least succeeded in affecting an air of tranquillity for several days, at the end of which I pretended that business of importance required my presence in Toledo. Having informed my wife that I was under the necessity of quitting her for some time, and besought her to regulate her conduct carefully during my absence, I took my departure.

"Instead, however, of continuing my journey to Toledo, I took advantage of the night to return secretly to my house, where I concealed myself in the chamber of one of my domestics, in whom I could confide. From this station I could see every

body that entered the house. I fully expected that the Duke would be informed of my departure, and that he would not fail to profit by such a favourable opportunity. I then proposed to surprise them together, and to enjoy a signal revenge. It so happened, however, that I was deceived in all these anticipations; I could not perceive any indications of the expected arrival of my enemy. Every thing, on the contrary, proceeded with the greatest regularity; and when three days had elapsed without the Duke or any of his retainers making their appearance, I began to believe that my wife had really repented of her error, and had broken off all correspondence with her lover.

" Under this revulsion of feeling, I dismissed all further thoughts of revenge, and yielding to the dictates of love, which returned with increased force after the exhaustion of my indignation, I proceeded to my wife's apartment; I embraced her with transport, assuring her that she was fully restored to my esteem and love. I acknowledged that I had not been at Toledo; that the journey was only pretended, that I might prove her fidelity. ' But,' I continued, ' you must forgive me for employing this stratagem. My jealousy had some foundation; I doubted whether you had strength of mind to throw off those false ideas to which you had given way; but, heaven be thanked, I find that you have seen your error, and

henceforward we will hope for undisturbed tranquillity.'

"These words appeared to affect my wife, who could not refrain from tears. 'It was an unhappy hour for me, indeed,' she replied, 'when I gave you the slightest reason to suspect my fidelity. The misconduct which so justly raised your displeasure, appears detestable in my eyes. The tears I have shed might suffice to wash away the traces of my folly; but all my sorrow, all my remorse, cannot restore me to the place I once held in your heart!' 'It is all forgiven,' I exclaimed; 'every thing is forgotten; your sincere repentance makes amends for all!' I was, in fact, much moved by her apparent contrition, and from that moment began to regard her with as much affection as formerly. We resumed our usual habits of life, and enjoyed again the happiness which had been so cruelly disturbed. It seemed indeed to be my wife's wish to efface every vestige of doubt from my mind; and she took more pains to please me than she had ever done before. Her affection displayed itself with increased vivacity, and I almost congratulated myself on the misunderstanding which had produced such pleasing results.

"At this period I was attacked by a distemper, which, though not very formidable, alarmed my wife much. You can hardly conceive the terror she displayed. She spent the whole day in my chamber,

and though I slept in a separate apartment, she insisted on coming two or three times in the course of the night, to learn in person how I was going on. With the most earnest attention she anticipated all my wants. One would have thought her existence had depended on mine. For my part, I was so struck with the marks of tenderness which she lavished on me, that I was never weary of assuring her how sensible I was of her cares. It will soon appear what sincerity there was in all this display.

"My health was now pretty well re-established, when one night I was awakened by my valet, who seemed much agitated. 'I am sorry, Sir,' he said, 'to interrupt your repose; but I think it my duty not to conceal a fact that has come to my knowledge. The Duke de Naxera is at this moment with your lady.'

"This intelligence came upon me like a thunderbolt. I looked at my valet for some time in silence; in fact, I could not speak. The more I reflected on the account he gave me, the less I was inclined to credit it. 'It is utterly impossible,' I cried, 'that my wife can be guilty of such monstrous perfidy. You know not what you say.' My valet assured me that there was no doubt of the facts, and that he had not relied on questionable grounds. He had suspected that, since my illness, the Duke had been introduced every night into my wife's chamber,

and having concealed himself for the purpose of ascertaining the truth, he had obtained but too certain evidence of my dishonour.

"I sprung from my bed like a madman, seized my sword, and rushed to my wife's apartment, followed by my servant. The Duke was in fact there, and rising from the bed, as we approached, he seized a pistol, advanced towards me, and fired. In his hurry and confusion he missed his aim; and in another moment I sprung upon him, and plunged my sword into his heart. I then turned to my wife, who lay more dead than alive. 'Infamous wretch!' I exclaimed, 'take the reward thy treachery deserves!' and with these words, I buried in her bosom the weapon still reeking with the blood of her admirer.

"I am far from justifying my violence, Don Fabrique; and I must confess, that I might have sufficiently punished that unhappy woman, without having her blood upon my hands; but what man can, under such circumstances, continue master of his reason? Recollect all the attentions she had bestowed on me during my illness; all the exaggerated demonstrations of affection; all the enormity of her treachery and deceit; and then say if a husband, animated with such just indignation, is not worthy, at least, of pardon.

"A few words more will complete this tragic story. When I had satiated my revenge, I was well aware

that I had no time to lose. I knew that the family of the Duke would pursue me, wherever I might be in Spain; and that as the influence I could exert was very far inferior to theirs, I could only find safety in a foreign land. Before daybreak, I left my house, attended only by my valet, taking with me two of my best horses, and all the money and jewels I could collect. I took the road to Valencia, with the design of embarking in the first vessel which might sail for Italy. I have only further to say, that as I was passing near the wood where you were, I met Donna Rosaura, and complying with her request, followed her, and assisted her in putting a stop to your combat."

When the Toledan had finished his story, Don Fabrique assured him that he had taken a just revenge upon the Duke de Naxera. "Dismiss all uneasiness," said he, "as to any pursuit which his relations may institute. Make my house your abode, till you find a convenient opportunity of passing into Italy. My uncle is the governor of Valencia; you will find a safer refuge here than elsewhere, and you will have for your host, one who henceforward binds himself to you by the ties of the sincerest friendship."

Don Juan made a suitable reply to these generous professions, and accepted the asylum which had so opportunely presented itself. They frequently went

in company to the house of Donna Rosaura, by whom the assiduous attentions of Don Fabrique were received with the same indifference. He felt greatly mortified at his ill success, and sometimes complained to his friend, who endeavoured to encourage him, by representing to him that the most insensible heart must yield to continued marks of devotion; that it was a lover's duty to wait with patience for this favourable change; that he had only to persevere, and, sooner or later, his mistress would reward his constancy. Such topics as these, though well supported by the lessons of experience, could convey no confidence to the apprehensive lover; he despaired of ever being able to touch the heart of the lovely widow, and this fear threw him into a state of languor and despondency, which excited the pity of Don Juan. The latter, however, soon became an object of much greater commiseration.

Notwithstanding the very sufficient reasons which this gentleman had to hold the fair sex in eternal odium, after the notable treachery he had experienced, he could not protect his heart against the charms of Donna Rosaura. At the same time, he was far from abandoning himself to a passion so injurious to the duty he owed his friend; he contended vigorously against it, and feeling assured that he could only overcome it by absenting himself from the object which had excited it, he resolved to see that lady

no more. Conformably with this determination, he always excused himself from accompanying his friend in his frequent visits to her house. On those occasions the lady remarked his absence, and never failed to inquire why Don Juan had ceased to visit her. At length, when she was one day urging her customary inquiries, Don Fabrique informed her, with a smile, that his friend had his own reasons for his conduct. "Reasons for avoiding me!" exclaimed the lady, "and what can they be?" "Madam," replied Mendoza, "when I urged him to accompany me to-day, and showed some surprise at his refusal, he informed me in confidence—and to explain his conduct I must make the same communication to you—that he has formed a tender attachment, and that the short stay he is making in this city renders every moment of consequence to him." "This is a very unsatisfactory reason," replied the widow, with a heightened complexion. "Because he is a lover, is he to be permitted to forsake his friends?" Don Fabrique remarked the rising colour of his mistress, but he attributed it simply to her wounded vanity, and imagined that the mortification of seeing herself neglected had excited her blush. In that supposition he was mistaken; a more lively sentiment than vanity occasioned the emotion which she could not repress; but, anxious to dissimulate her feelings, she gave a turn to the conversation, and during the remain-

der of the interview affected a cheerfulness, which might have baffled the penetration of Mendoza, even if he had not been, as he was, wholly without suspicion.

When Donna Rosaura found herself alone, she abandoned herself to a train of new and unpleasant ideas. She now felt for the first time all the force of the inclination she had conceived for Don Juan, and thinking that she had more cause to complain of his insensibility than was really the case, she could not suppress a sigh. "What unjust and barbarous power," said she, "delights in exciting love which cannot be returned? I am indifferent to Don Fabrique, who adores me, and Don Juan, to whom my heart inclines but too strongly, has attached himself to another. Ah, Mendoza! reproach me no longer for my coldness—thou art amply revenged by thy friend!"

This mingled pang of grief and jealousy found some relief in a shower of tears; but hope, which seldom fails to mitigate the lover's pain, soon began to present brighter prospects to her view. She conjectured that her rival might perhaps not be very formidable; that Don Juan had probably yielded less to her charms than to her complaisance, and that such feeble bonds might not be very difficult to break asunder. To enable herself to form some opinion on this subject, she resolved to have an

interview with him, and conveyed to him an intimation of her wishes. Don Juan obeyed the summons, and when they were alone, the lady commenced her investigation.

"I could not readily have believed," said she, "that love could make any cavalier forget what he owes to the fair sex; yet they tell me, Don Juan, that you have yielded up your heart, and that for this reason you have withdrawn from my society. I think I have grounds for complaining of your conduct; yet I cannot believe that in taking this step you have acted without compulsion. Confess at once that your mistress has forbidden you to see me; that may be some excuse. I know very well that lovers are not masters of their own actions, and that they dare not disobey the commands of their mistresses."

"Madam," answered the Toledan, "I candidly own that you have reason to be surprised at my conduct, but I must beseech you not to call upon me to justify it. Be satisfied when I inform you that I have substantial grounds for what I have done." "Whatever these may be," replied the lady, with emotion, "I insist upon your explaining yourself fully." "Well, Madam," rejoined Don Juan, "you shall be obeyed; but do not throw the blame on me, if you are thus made acquainted with more than you would wish to know."

" You have heard from Don Fabrique the particulars of the transaction which drove me from Castile. I fled from Toledo with my heart full of indignation against all the sex, whom I defied ever to ensnare me more. In this stubborn temper I approached Valencia, and sustained your first glances, which is more, perhaps, than any man ever did before, without being vanquished; I even saw you again and again with impunity, but dearly, alas! have I since atoned for my temerity. Your beauty, your intelligence, your united charms, at last obtained a complete victory. I am conquered--I am the victim of the most intense passion that you are capable of inspiring. You now know why I have shunned you. The amour in which I was said to be engaged is wholly imaginary. I suggested this, as a confidential communication, to Don Fabrique, that I might not, by my continued refusal to visit you, excite in him any suspicion of the real cause."

This information, which was wholly unexpected by Donna Rosaura, delighted her so much, that she could not disguise her feelings. Indeed, she did not exert herself greatly to repress them, and instead of assuming a severe air, she cast a tender glance on the Toledan, and replied: " Well, Don Juan, since you have unbosomed yourself to me, I will be as sincere with you. Listen to me.

" Utterly indifferent to the attentions of Don

Alvaro Ponce, and little regarding the attachment of Mendoza, my time was passing pleasantly and tranquilly away, when we chanced to meet for the first time on that unhappy day. Notwithstanding my agitation at the moment, my attention was attracted by the grace with which your services were proffered; and the manner in which you separated the two incensed rivals, gave me a high opinion of your courage and address. The expedient which you suggested for the termination of their dispute, displeased me. I could not, without much pain, come to the resolution of deciding in favour of one or the other. To tell you the plain truth, I believe that some part of my repugnance might be attributed to yourself; for at the very moment, when yielding to necessity, my tongue pronounced in favour of Don Fabrique, I felt my heart give its suffrage to the stranger. Since that day, which, after the avowal you have made, I will call a happy one, the knowledge of your merit has added to the partiality I then conceived for you."

"You see," she continued, "that I do not affect to conceal my sentiments. I divulge them to you with the same frank sincerity that actuated me when I told Mendoza he had no place in my affections. A woman who has the misfortune to entertain a passion for a person who can never return it, has good reason for putting a strong constraint upon

herself, and punishing her weakness by at least imposing on it an eternal silence; but it appears to me that she may, without hesitation, disclose an innocent attachment to a man whose intentions are honourable. I am, I confess, delighted to hear you own your love, and I return thanks to heaven, which has, no doubt, destined us for each other."

At these words the lady paused, in the hope of hearing from the lips of Don Juan a full expression of all the rapturous joy and gratitude with which she believed he was inspired; but instead of exhibiting any symptoms of pleasure at the information he had received, he preserved a gloomy and thoughtful silence.

"What is the meaning of this, Don Juan?" she resumed. "When I forget the proud reserve of my sex, and lay open my heart to you, a condescension for which any other man would perhaps have felt some gratitude, you repress the feelings which such a declaration must surely have excited. You are silent, you are sad; your eyes betray your melancholy. Ah, Don Juan, what an unexpected effect has my weak confession produced!"

"What other effect, Madam," replied the Toledan, gloomily, "could it possibly produce upon a heart like mine? The more you demonstrate the partiality you have conceived for me, the more miserable I become. You know as well as I, all that

Mendoza has done for me. You are aware of the intimate friendship which unites us. Can I build my happiness upon the ruin of his dearest hopes?"

"As to that," replied the lady, "you are much too scrupulous. I have promised nothing to Don Fabrique. I am at liberty to bestow my hand upon you without incurring his just reproach, and you may receive it without subjecting yourself to the imputation of having stolen it from him. The idea of your friend's unhappiness must unquestionably give you some pain, but is that consideration of sufficient weight, Don Juan, to counterbalance the happiness which is before us?"

"It is, Madam," replied the Toledan, with a firm voice. "A friend like Mendoza has greater power over my feelings than you imagine. If you could possibly estimate all the tenderness, all the force of our friendship, how worthy would you find me of your pity! Nothing that concerns Don Fabrique is concealed from me; my interests and his are the same. The slightest matter in which I am interested cannot escape his attention; and to say all in one word, I share his heart with you. Alas, to have enabled me to reap the benefit of your kindness, I ought to have been aware of its existence before I had formed so firm and intimate a friendship. Enraptured with the honour of pleasing you, I should then have regarded Mendoza only as a rival.

My heart, put upon its guard against the approaches of his partiality, would have made no return to it, and I should not have incurred the obligations under which I at present lie. That time, Madam, is, unfortunately, past. I have received every possible assistance from his hands. I have yielded to the attachment I felt for him. Compelled as much by gratitude as by my own inclinations, I am reduced to the painful necessity of declining the happy fortune that might otherwise have awaited me."

As he finished these words, the tears rose in Donna Rosaura's eyes, which she attempted to wipe away. This gesture deeply affected the Toledan, whose firmness began to give way; he could no longer answer for his resolution. "Farewell, Madam," he continued, in a voice broken with sighs—"farewell! I must fly from your presence if I mean to preserve my honour. I cannot bear your tears; they arm you with too much persuasion. I must take an eternal leave of you, and weep over the loss of those charms which I am bound to offer up at the shrine of an inexorable friendship." He then exerted the little firmness which he yet possessed, and hastily withdrew.

The widow of Cifuentes, after his departure, was agitated by a thousand confused sensations. Amongst these predominated the shame of having declared her sentiments to a man who had been able to

throw off her charms. She could not, however, doubt that he was strongly attached to her, and that a regard for his friend's interest had alone induced him to reject the hand she had offered. She was reasonable enough to admire so singular an effort of friendship, instead of being offended at it. Nevertheless, under the influence of the mortification which always attends the frustration of our favourite designs, she resolved to set off the next morning for the country, in order to soothe her grief, or, it might rather be said, to augment it; since solitude is better adapted to reinforce, than to diminish, the violence of love.

Don Juan, on his part, not having met with Mendoza on his return home, shut himself up in his apartment, and gave himself up to his grief. After the effort he had made for the sake of his friend, he thought he might at least be allowed to breathe a sigh without reproach. Don Fabrique, who shortly after returned, interrupted his meditations, and apprehending from his appearance that he was unwell, he exhibited so much anxiety, that Don Juan was obliged to relieve him, by assuring him that he stood in need only of repose. On this representation, Mendoza withdrew, that his friend might retire to rest, but with so dejected an air, that the Toledan felt still more acutely his very unfortunate position. "Good heavens! why should the tenderest of

friendships be thus converted into the greatest affliction of my life?" was the reflection that passed through his mind.

On the following day, Don Fabrique had not yet risen, when he was informed that Donna Rosaura had departed with all her establishment for her country seat at Villa Real, where it would appear that she intended to remain for some time. He was more chagrined at the secrecy which had been observed in taking this step, than afflicted by the absence of the object of his love. Without knowing in what way to account for her conduct, he could not help thinking that it was a very unfavourable omen. He soon arose with the intention of visiting his friend, as well to learn the state of his health, as to converse with him on the subject of his alarm. But as he was on the point of leaving his chamber, he was prevented by the entrance of Don Juan, who came to relieve his uneasiness, and to inform him that his health was perfectly restored. "This good news," replied Mendoza, "in some measure indemnifies me for the unpleasant intelligence that I have received." The Toledan requested him to explain himself; and Don Fabrique, after his domestics had left the room, proceeded; "Donna Rosaura has set off this morning for the country, where she is expected to remain some time. This departure surprises me. Why has it been concealed from me?—

what think you, Don Juan, have I not reason to be alarmed?"

But Don Juan took care not to acquaint Mendoza with his real opinion on this affair, endeavouring, on the contrary, to persuade him that Donna Rosaura might be allowed to visit the country, without giving him cause for unhappiness. Mendoza, however, was not to be so amused, and interrupted his arguments, which he treated very lightly. "All this talk," said he, "cannot dispel the suspicions which agitate me. It is possible that I may unconsciously have done something which has offended Donna Rosaura, and to punish me, she may have quitted me without condescending even to explain the nature of my crime. However this may be, I am determined to remain no longer in suspense. Come, my friend, let us follow her. I will give orders to have our horses in readiness." "My advice," replied the Toledan, "is to take no person with you. There ought to be no witnesses of such an explanation." "Your presence cannot be objected to," said Don Fabrqiue; "Donna Rosaura is well aware that you are informed of all that passes in my breast. She has a regard for you, and far from causing me any embarrassment, you will be of great service to me in effecting a reconciliation." Don Juan still persisted in his refusal—"My presence, Don Fabrique," he urged, "cannot possibly be of any use. I beseech

you to depart alone." "My dear friend," answered Don Fabrique, with equal obstinacy, "we will go together. I must rely upon your friendship to indulge me in this." "This is downright tyranny," exclaimed the Toledan, with an air of vexation; "why do you exact from my friendship a concession which I ought not to make?"

The abrupt manner in which Don Juan uttered these words, and the words themselves, which Don Fabrique could not understand, filled him with amazement. He fixed his eyes for some time upon his friend. "Don Juan," said he, "what is the meaning of the words I have just heard? What a frightful suspicion has suggested itself to me. Put an end to this hateful state of constraint on your part, and anxiety on mine. Tell me at once the real cause of your evident repugnance to accompany me."

"It was my earnest wish," replied the Toledan, "to conceal it from you; but since you have yourself compelled me to disclose it, I will no longer make a mystery of it. We must cease, my dear friend, to think the uniformity of our sentiments a subject for congratulation: it is, unfortunately, only too perfect. The attractions which subdued you, have not had less influence on your friend; and Donna Rosaura —" "Is it possible you can be my rival?" exclaimed Don Fabrique, turning pale as

he spoke. "As soon as I perceived my attachment," proceeded Don Juan, "I struggled to repress it. I constantly avoided Donna Rosaura, as you well know. You have even reproached me with my obstinacy in that respect. I at least obtained the victory over my passion, if I could not wholly destroy it. Yesterday, however, the lady intimated to me that she wished to see me at her own house. I waited upon her; she inquired why I appeared to avoid her with such care? I alleged some fictitious excuses, which she rejected. At length I was compelled to acknowledge the real cause; and on making this declaration, I expected that she would approve the resolution I had made to fly from her presence; but, such is my singular destiny—how shall I explain it to you, and yet, Mendoza, you must be told—that I found Donna Rosaura entertained a preference for me!"

No man possessed a more rational mind, or milder manners, than Don Fabrique; but at these words he gave way to an impulse of fury, and indignantly interrupted his friend—"Stop, Don Juan," he cried, "stab me at once, rather than proceed with this fatal narrative. Not content with avowing yourself my rival, you even tell me that you are successful in your love! Good heavens! to dare to make a confidential disclosure like this to me! This is too rude a trial of our friendship.—Our friendship! It

exists no longer. It ceased from the time when you conceived the perfidious sentiments you have now declared. What an error was mine! Generous, magnanimous as I thought you, you hesitate not to nourish an affection which is inconsistent with my happiness. You are a false friend. This unexpected blow overwhelms me: its force is aggravated by the hand which deals it." "Do me more justice," interrupted the Toledan, in his turn, "than to think and speak of me thus. Be patient for a few moments. Whatever I am, I am not a treacherous friend. Listen to me, and you will soon regret that you have applied that odious appellation to me."

He then narrated to him all that had passed between the widow of Don Andrea de Cifuentes and himself, the tender confession which she had made to him, and the attempts she had made to induce him to abandon himself to his passion. He repeated also the answer which he had made to these propositions; and as he made more and more apparent the firmness with which he had acted, Don Fabrique felt his indignation gradually subside. "At length," continued Don Juan, "friendship obtained the victory over love. I refused the offered heart of Donna Rosaura. She wept. I saw her tears, and heaven can witness the agony I endured at the sight. I cannot yet, without trembling, reflect upon the danger to which I was exposed. I began to feel as

if I was acting too barbarous a part, and for a few moments, Mendoza, my fidelity to you was shaken. But I did not give myself up to this weakness, and, by a sudden departure, I released myself from that dangerous thraldom. It is not enough, however, that I have hitherto escaped without dishonour, I must provide against the future. I will remain here no longer, nor again expose myself to the glances of Donna Rosaura. Will Don Fabrique, after this explanation, persist in charging me with ingratitude and perfidy?"

"No!" replied Mendoza, embracing him with warmth; "No! I esteem you wholly blameless. I now see the whole affair in a proper light. Pardon those unjust reproaches, which you must ascribe to the frenzy of a lover, from whom all his hopes are torn at once. Alas! how could I believe that Donna Rosaura would see you often without loving you—without feeling the force of those attractions, which have acquired such influence over me. But you are a faithful friend. I impute all my unhappiness to my evil fortune alone; and so far from hating you as its cause, I feel more strongly attached to you than ever. Is it possible, that for my sake you renounce the possession of Donna Rosaura? Can you make this great sacrifice to our friendship, and shall I not be deeply sensible of its value?—Can you vanquish your passion, and shall I not make an

effort to subdue mine? I ought not to yield to you in generosity. Follow, my dear friend, the inclination of your heart. Marry the widow of Cifuentes. My heart may mourn in secret, but it shall not prevent me from contributing to make you happy."

"Not upon these terms," replied Zarata; "my passion for her, I confess, is violent, but I value your repose more than my own gratification." "And ought the repose of Donna Rosaura," answered Don Fabrique, "to be a matter of indifference to you? The affection she entertains for you has decided my fate. I should be in no respect benefitted if you should absent yourself from her, and in some distant land drag on a miserable existence, with the intention of surrendering to me the object of our love. If I have hitherto failed to please her, I am very certain that I am destined never to succeed. Heaven has reserved that happiness for you. She loved you from the first moment she saw you. She has a natural predilection for you. In one word, you alone can make her happy. Accept, then, the hand which she extends to you. Let your mutual bliss be complete. Abandon me to my misery, and be not weak enough to make three persons wretched, when all the severity of fate can be directed against one alone."

This generous contention was maintained for some time with equal warmth, but neither of the friends

consenting to avail himself of the generosity of the other, they remained for some days in a state of painful suspense. They ceased to speak of Donna Rosaura; they no longer ventured to pronounce her name. But whilst, in the city of Valencia, friendship was thus effecting a victory over love, the latter was governing elsewhere with despotic sway; and, as if he intended to take a full revenge, would permit no opposition to his authority.

Withdrawn to her country seat at Villa Real, situated near the sea, Donna Rosaura abandoned herself to her sorrowful and tender reflections. All her thoughts were devoted to Don Juan, and she could not prevail on herself to abandon all hope, although, after so remarkable a demonstration of the strength of his friendship for Don Fabrique, there appeared little reason to encourage such an expectation.

One evening, about sunset, whilst she was enjoying on the sea shore the coolness of the breeze, in company with one of her women, her attention was attracted by a small boat which had just reached the land. It carried seven or eight men, of a very suspicious appearance, whom, after surveying them more narrowly, and scrutinising them with some curiosity, she concluded to be masked. This was, in fact, the case, and they were moreover completely armed. She felt some alarm at this sight, and anticipating

nothing good from their visit to these shores, she immediately turned, and hastened to regain her home. She occasionally looked behind her as she went, and observing that the crew had landed, and were beginning to follow her, she began to run as fast as possible; but as she by no means rivalled Atalanta in this exercise, and as the masked pursuers were active and strong, she was overtaken and stopped by them, just as she had reached her own door.

The cries of the lady and her attendant soon drew together some of the servants, who spread a general alarm; and all the retinue of Donna Rosaura ran to the scene of action, having armed themselves in the best way they could, some with pitchforks and some with clubs. In the mean time, two of the most robust of the assailers had laid hands upon the mistress and her maid, and in spite of all their resistance carried them towards the skiff; while the remainder of the band made head against the people of Donna Rosaura, by whom they were now vigorously attacked. The conflict lasted some time; but the ravishers at length succeeded in effecting the object of their enterprize, and regained their vessel, fighting as they retreated. And indeed they had no time to lose; for they had not yet all reimbarked, when they perceived a troop of horsemen advancing on the road which led to Valencia, riding at full speed, and apparently with the intention of assisting Donna Ro-

saura. On seeing this, the strangers lost no time in putting out to sea, and thus disappointed all the hopes which the near approach of the cavaliers had excited. These were no other than Don Fabrique and his friend Don Juan. The former had that morning received a letter, informing him that it had been ascertained that Don Alvaro Ponce was in the island of Majorca, where he had equipped a small vessel, and engaged the services of a band of desperadoes, by whose assistance he proposed to carry off Donna Rosaura, when she should afford an opportunity by visiting her country seat. Acting upon this information, Don Juan and himself, with their attendants, left Valencia without loss of time, for the purpose of putting the lady on her guard against the meditated abduction. While yet at some distance, they had observed a crowd of persons assembled on the shore, who seemed to be in a state of conflict; and suspecting that this tumult might turn out to be the realization of their fears, they had urged their horses to their utmost speed, to baffle, if possible, the project of Don Alvaro. Notwithstanding all their exertion, however, they arrived only in time to witness the very catastrophe which it had been their object to prevent.

Proud of the success of his expedition, Don Alvaro Ponce in the mean time pushed from the shore with his beautiful prize, and directed the course of

his skiff towards a small armed vessel which was standing out at sea, awaiting their return. Never was any grief more heartfelt and impassioned than that of Mendoza and Don Juan; they loaded Don Alvaro with execrations, and made all the shore resound with complaints, equally affecting and useless. The example set by the masters was not lost upon the attendants and the household of the injured lady, who showed no disposition to economise their lamentations; that luckless coast seemed to have become the haunt of fury, desolation, and despair. It may be questioned whether the court of Sparta exhibited such symptoms of consternation, when it was first discovered that the fair Helen had eloped with her gallant Phrygian guest.

Although the servants of Donna Rosaura had not been able to prevent the outrage upon their lady, they had at least shown great courage in opposing it; and some of the people of Don Alvaro Ponce had experienced the effects of their zeal. One of these, in particular, had received so severe a wound, as to be incapacitated from following his comrades, who, on their retreat, left him stretched on the ground with little appearance of life. This man was recognised as having been in the service of Don Alvaro, and as he still breathed, he was conveyed to the house, where every means was employed to restore him to his senses. This object was at last accomplished,

although the great quantity of blood he had lost left him in a state of extreme weakness. To prevail on him to reveal what he knew, promises were made to him that his recovery should be carefully attended to, and that he should not be delivered up to justice, if he would discover the place to which it was his employer's intention to carry Donna Rosaura.

Although there was little prospect of his ever reaping the benefit of these indulgences, he was not the less influenced by them. He collected the little strength he had left, and in a feeble voice confirmed the intelligence which had been transmitted to Don Fabrique; to this he added, that Don Alvaro designed to conduct the lady to Lapari in the island of Sardinia, where he had a relation possessed of sufficient authority to ensure him a safe asylum.

This communication somewhat alleviated the despair of Don Fabrique and his friend. They left the wounded man in the house of Donna Rosaura, where he soon after died, and returned to Valencia to consider the steps which they ought to take; nor were they long in coming to the resolution to pursue their common enemy, and attack him in his chosen retreat. They soon after embarked together at Denia, without attendants, and sailed for Port Mahon, in the expectation of there finding an opportunity to proceed to Sardinia. In fact, they had no sooner

reached Port Mahon, than they found a vessel about to weigh anchor for Cagliari, in which they immediately secured their passage.

They set sail with a very favourable breeze; but when they had proceeded a few leagues on their voyage, they were becalmed, and the wind having changed in the night, they were obliged to tack, in the hope of its moving into a more friendly quarter. In this manner they sailed on for three days; on the fourth, early in the afternoon, they discovered a vessel, which approached in full sail. They at first supposed it to be a merchant-vessel, but seeing that it approached almost within cannon-shot without hoisting colours, they no longer had any doubt that it was a corsair, in which opinion they were not mistaken. It was a pirate vessel, belonging to Tunis. At first the infidels imagined that their intended prey would surrender without a struggle; but when they saw the cannon pointed, and every preparation made for battle, they concluded that they had a serious business on hand. They furled their sails, and cleared their deck for action.

The battle began with a brisk cannonade, in which the Christians seemed to have the advantage, till an Algerine ship, larger and better armed than either of the combatants, made her appearance, and approaching the Spanish vessel in full sail, placed her between two fires. At this unexpected attack, the

crew of the latter lost all hope ; and not venturing to continue so unequal a contest, ceased their fire. The Algerine then hailed them, by the mouth of a slave, who shouted to them in Spanish, that if they wished for quarter, they must strike to the Algerine flag. The Turkish flag, of green silk, sprinkled with silver crescents, was then hoisted. Considering all further resistance as useless, the Christians no longer attempted a defence. They abandoned themselves to all the grief which the prospect of slavery must excite in the breast of freemen ; and the commander, apprehending that a longer delay might irritate their barbarian conquerors, lowered his colours, and threw himself with some of his crew into a boat, to yield himself prisoner to the Algerine captain. On the other hand, the latter dispatched a party of his crew to board the Spanish vessel, or, in other words, to pillage it thoroughly. The Tunisian corsair showed no less alacrity in pursuing the same course, so that the passengers in this unlucky vessel were disarmed and stripped in a moment. They were then removed into the Algerine ship, where they were divided by lot between the two conquerors.

It would have been some consolation to Mendoza and his friend, if fortune had delivered them into the hands of the same master. The weight of their chains would have been more endurable, if they could have borne them together. But, as if they

were doomed to all the aggravation of which their condition was susceptible, Don Fabrique became the slave of the Tunisian rover, and Don Juan fell to the share of the Algerine. It would be difficult to describe the despair of these friends, when they were compelled to part. They threw themselves at the feet of the pirates, conjuring them not to tear them asunder. But these Turks, whose barbarian cruelty was proof against the most affecting scenes, were not to be persuaded. On the contrary, as they had reason to believe that these two captives were persons of some consequence, and might pay a considerable ransom, they resolved that one should be assigned to each of the victors.

The unfortunate cavaliers, perceiving that they were endeavouring to make an impression on hearts wholly destitute of feeling, looked mournfully at each other, and expressed in their countenances the depth of their affliction. But when the partition of the spoil was completed, and the Tunisian pirate prepared to return to his vessel with the share of plunder allotted to him, it seemed as if the two friends would have died in the paroxysm of their grief; Mendoza ran to the Toledan, locked him in his arms, and exclaimed, "Must we then be separated? What a dreadful necessity! The audacity of that infamous ravisher must escape with impunity, and we are even forbidden to unite our sorrow and

despair. Ah, Don Juan, how have we so offended, that the vengeance of heaven should fall so heavily upon us ?" "We need not seek far for the cause of our misfortunes," replied Don Juan; "the death of the two culprits whom I sacrificed to my revenge, however excusable in the eyes of men, has, no doubt, excited the Divine indignation, which pursues you also, as guilty of entertaining a friendly feeling towards a wretch, for whose punishment justice loudly calls."

Whilst they thus conversed, they wept so profusely, and were so violently agitated, that the other slaves were scarcely less affected by the sight, than by their own peculiar sufferings. But the Tunisian sailors, more barbarous, if possible, than their masters, finding that Mendoza was tardy in leaving the ship, dragged him brutally from the arms of the Toledan, and hurried him along, loading him all the while with blows. "Adieu, my dear friend," he cried, "I shall never see you more; Donna Rosaura is not avenged ! The evils which these wretches can inflict upon me will be the lightest portion of my slavery."

Don Juan could make no reply. The manner in which he saw his friend treated had such an effect upon him, as to deprive him of the power of speech. As the order of our history requires us to follow the fortunes of the Toledan, we shall for the present

leave Don Fabrique, proceeding on his way to Tunis.

The Algerine robber steered for his own harbour, where, immediately on his arrival, he carried his new slaves to the Pacha, and thence to the market-place, where it is the custom to offer them for sale. An officer of the Dey Mezomorto purchased Don Juan for his master, by whom he was sent to work in the gardens of the seraglio. Although this occupation was laborious enough to a man of his rank and habits, yet Don Juan found some consolation in the solitude which his work required, and in which he delighted. In the situation he was placed in, nothing could be more agreeable to him than the liberty of brooding over his misfortunes. Upon these his mind dwelt without intermission; and far from making any effort to detach itself from melancholy reflections, seemed to take increasing pleasure in recalling them again and again.

As he happened one day to be working in the garden, singing all the while a melancholy song, the Dey, unseen by him, passed near, and paused to listen. He was pleased with his voice, and from a momentary impulse of curiosity, approached and inquired his name. The Toledan informed him that he was called Alvaro. When he became the slave of the Dey, he had, according to the custom of persons in those circumstances, assumed a feigned name,

and had selected this, because from the impression which the abduction of his mistress by Don Alvaro Ponce had made upon his mind, it occurred to him sooner than any other. Mezomorto, who understood the Spanish language tolerably well, put several questions to him respecting the manners of that country, and particularly as to the mode in which lovers endeavoured to make their addresses agreeable to the objects of their affection. To these inquiries Don Juan replied in a manner which was very satisfactory to the Dey.

"Alvaro," said the latter to him, "you seem to me to possess an intelligent mind, and to belong to a superior rank; but whoever you may really be, you have had the good fortune to please your master, and I wish to honour you with a mark of my confidence." At these words Don Juan threw himself at the feet of the Dey, and having kissed the hem of his garment, and pressed it to his eyes and his head, rose and awaited his commands. "As a commencement of the trust I mean to repose in you," said the Dey, "I must first inform you, that I have in my seraglio some of the handsomest women in Europe. Amongst the rest, there is one who surpasses all her competitors. I do not believe that the Grand Signor himself possesses so perfect a beauty, although his vessels bring him every day new contributions from every quarter of the world. Her

countenance is like a reflection of the sun, and her mien reminds the spectator of the stem of the rose planted in the garden of Eram. You see that I am enchanted with her charms. But this miracle of nature, possessed of all these attractions, is buried in a deep melancholy, which neither time nor my attentions can dispel. Although fortune has placed her in my power, I have put no force upon her inclinations. I have restrained my passion, and, contrary to the custom of princes in such circumstances, who seek only for sensual gratifications, I have applied myself to win her love by the greatest indulgence, and by a profound respect which the meanest Mussulman would scorn to show to a Christian slave. Yet all my efforts tend only to aggravate her despair, and I begin to be weary of the contest. The idea of slavery makes no such deep impression on the mind of others; my favour has always succeeded in effacing it. This obstinate depression exhausts my patience. Yet before I determine to adopt another course, I wish to make one effort more, and with that view to avail myself of your mediation. As she is of the Christian faith, and a native of your country, she may perhaps repose confidence in you, and thus enable you to exercise a beneficial influence over her. Set before her the splendour of my rank and wealth. Inform her that I will raise her far above my other slaves.' If every

thing else fails, lead her to hope that she may one day even aspire to be the wife of Mezomorto; and assure her that I shall hold her in greater esteem, than if she were a Sultana bestowed upon me by the hand of the Grand Signor himself."

Don Juan prostrated himself a second time at the feet of his master, and although inwardly annoyed at the duty that was required from him, assured him that he would use every exertion to bring the matter to a successful issue. "It is enough," said Mezomorto; "leave your work and follow me. Though contrary to our customs, I shall admit you to an interview with this beautiful captive. But beware how you abuse my confidence. Torments unknown even to the Turks, would be the reward of such temerity. Endeavour to dissipate her gloom, and remember that your liberty is gained when I am relieved from this perplexity." Don Juan quitted his work and followed the Dey, who had gone before to prepare the afflicted captive to receive his new intercessor.

He found his beautiful prisoner attended only by two female slaves, and these disappeared as soon as they saw the Dey approach. She received him with every mark of respect, but could not refrain from shuddering, which indeed was the case whenever he came into her presence. He perceived her emotion, and addressed her in an encouraging tone: "Amiable

captive," said he, "I visit you for the purpose of informing you, that I find amongst my slaves a person of your nation, with whom, perhaps, it would give you pleasure to have an interview. If you have any desire to see him, I will give him permission to attend you, when you can converse with him if you please, even without the presence of witnesses." Being assured by the beautiful slave that his offer was received with gratitude, "I will immediately send him to you," said the Dey; "I shall be delighted if your melancholy should find any relief in his company." With these words he left the room, and meeting the Toledan, who had just arrived, he said to him in a low voice, "You may go in, and after your interview, you will come to my apartment, and give me an account of what passes between you."

Zarata accordingly advanced, and opening the door, saluted the lady, without raising his eyes from the ground; and she, on the other hand, received his salutation without observing him very attentively; but when after a few moments they looked at each other more earnestly, they simultaneously uttered a cry of surprise and of joy. "O heavens!" cried the Toledan, "is it not an empty vision that deceives my eyes? Is it in truth Donna Rosaura that I see?" "Ah! Don Juan," replied the fair captive, "can it be you who speak to me?" "Yes,"

replied he, tenderly kissing her hand, "it is himself. Recognise me and my love in these tears, which my eyes, overjoyed at the sight of you, cannot refrain from shedding. In these transports of pleasure, which your presence alone is capable of exciting, I no longer exclaim against fortune, since she has restored you to my arms. But whither is this excess of joy hurrying my thoughts? I forget that you are in chains. Through what new caprice of fate are you placed in this situation? How were you enabled to extricate yourself from the power of the rash Don Alvaro? What anxiety have I suffered! How I tremble to hear that virtue may not have found timely aid from heaven!" "Heaven," replied Donna Rosaura, "has amply avenged me upon Don Alvaro Ponce. If I had time to inform you—" "You have sufficient leisure," interrupted Don Juan. The Dey permits me to remain with you, and, what you will be surprised to hear, to converse with you without restraint. Let us avail ourselves of these fortunate moments; tell me all that has occurred from the time of your abduction to the present moment." "How have you learned," replied she, "that Don Alvaro was the person who carried me off?" "I am but too well informed on that point," rejoined Don Juan; and he then related in a few words the way in which that fact came to his knowledge, and how Mendoza and himself, having embarked for the

purpose of rescuing her, and punishing the ravisher, had been made prisoners by the corsairs. When his narrative was finished, Donna Rosaura pursued her story in the following words:—

"I need not tell you that my surprise was great indeed when I found myself in the power of a troop of masked ruffians. I fainted away in the arms of the man who was carrying me, and when I recovered my senses, which did not happen for a considerable time, I found myself alone with Inez, one of my women, far out at sea, in the cabin of a vessel, which was pursuing her voyage in full sail.

"My attendant began to exhort me to be patient under this calamity; and from the drift of her conversation, I had reason to suspect that she was in league with my enemy. He dared to introduce himself to me, and throwing himself at my feet, 'I beseech you, Madam,' he cried, 'to forgive Don Alvaro for employing the only means in his power to possess himself of you. You know the devotion I have paid to you, and with what a perfect attachment I contended with Don Fabrique for the prize of your approbation, up to the day when you declared your preference of him. If my passion for you had been of an ordinary description, I might have subdued it, and consoled myself elsewhere for my ill fortune; but fate has destined me to admire only your charms. Despised as I am, I am unable to

emancipate myself from their influence. Yet fear nothing from the violence of my love. I have not been guilty of this attempt upon your liberty to subject your virtue to more unworthy outrage; and it is my ardent hope, that in the retirement to which I am now conducting you, an eternal and sacred bond may unite our fate for ever.' To this he added many other speeches, which I cannot now recal to mind; but from what he said, he seemed to think, that to compel me to marry him was by no means a tyrannical act, and that I ought rather to regard him as an impassioned lover, than as an insolent ravisher.

"During this address, I did nothing but weep and abandon myself to my grief. He therefore left me to myself, without losing further time in vain persuasions; but, as he retired, I saw a sign of intelligence pass between him and Inez, from which I collected that he desired her to support with all her dexterity the arguments which he had been addressing to me.

"Inez did not fail to obey her instructions; she represented to me how necessary it was, after the publicity of my departure with him, to bestow my hand upon him, and sacrifice, to the preservation of my reputation, the feelings of my heart. To set before my eyes the prospect of such a detestable alliance, was not the way to assuage my grief, which

I consequently indulged without restraint. Inez no longer knew what topics of consolation to suggest; but at this moment we heard a great uproar on deck, which attracted all our attention.

"This tumult amongst the retainers of Don Alvaro was occasioned by the appearance of a large vessel, which was approaching us in full sail; escape was impossible, as the stranger far outsailed us. As he drew near he hailed us, and ordered us to send a boat on board, but Don Alvaro and his, people preferring death to submission, desperately resolved on fighting. The contest was furious; without describing it more particularly, it will suffice to say that it terminated in the destruction of Don Alvaro and all his crew, after every effort of desperate courage had been exerted in vain. We found that the large vessel, into which we were now transported, belonged to Mezomorto, and was commanded by Aby Aly Osman, one of his officers.

"Aby Aly, on his first interview with me, surveyed me for some time with attention, and perceiving that I was a Spaniard, he addressed me in the Castilian language:—'Moderate your grief,' he said, 'be not too much afflicted by the unfortunate occurrence which has made you a slave. Unfortunate do I call it? I should say that it is a happy incident, on which you should congratulate yourself. Beauty like yours was not intended to exercise a narrow empire

over the Christian world alone. Heaven did not form you for the pleasure of that contemptible race. You are worthy of the love of the masters of the world; the Mussulmans alone are worthy of you. I shall without delay turn my course towards Algiers, for although I have not taken any other prize, I am convinced that the Dey, my master, will be satisfied with my conduct. He will unquestionably applaud the eagerness I shall have shown to place in his hands a beauty, who will be the delight of his heart, and the great ornament of his harem.'

"At this address, which explained to me all the wretchedness of my situation, I redoubled my lamentations; but Aby Aly, who looked upon the subject of my fears in a very different light, only laughed at my cries, and steered for Algiers, while I indulged my grief without any restraint. At one time I addressed my passionate supplications to heaven, and implored its aid; at another, I wished and hoped that we might be overtaken by some Christian vessel, or that the waves would swallow us up. Vain expectations! we arrived without any accident at the port, and I was conducted to this palace, where I was presented to Mezomorto.

"As they spoke in the Turkish language, I could not understand the address of Aby Aly to his master on introducing me to him, nor the reply of the latter; but I collected from the gestures and looks of the

Dey, that I was so unfortunate as to please him, and the discourse which he afterwards addressed to me in Spanish, confirmed my suspicions and completed my wretchedness.

"I threw myself at his feet, and offered any ransom he would name, but in vain. The offer of all my property could not tempt his avarice; he valued my person, he said, above all the riches of the earth. This apartment, the most magnificent in the palace, was prepared for me, and from that time to the present, the Dey has tried every means to dispel the melancholy which overwhelms me. He brings to me all the slaves of both sexes, who excel in singing or playing on any instrument. He has removed Inez, under the impression that she encouraged my gloomy thoughts, and I am waited upon by old slaves, who continually talk to me about the love their master entertains for me, and the endless pleasures that are reserved for me.

"All these attempts to divert my grief have produced only a contrary effect; nothing can afford me any consolation. A prisoner in this detestable palace, which never ceases to re-echo the cries of injured innocence, I suffer less from the loss of my liberty, than from the odious tenderness which the Dey professes for me. It is true that I have hitherto found in him only a submissive and respectful lover; but this does not divest me of an apprehension that,

tired of a constraint to which he is unaccustomed, he may at last abuse his power. I am incessantly haunted by this dreadful fear, and every instant of my life brings with it a new pang."

Donna Rosaura could not finish her recital, without giving way to her tears. Don Juan was deeply moved. "It is not without reason, Madam," said he, "that your fancy represents to you the future in such frighful shapes. I am as much terrified as yourself. The assumed delicacy of the Dey is likely to be dismissed sooner than you might suppose. The gentle adorer will soon throw aside his pretended mildness. I am well assured of this, and see all the danger to which you are exposed. But," he continued, with an altered voice, "I shall not be a quiet witness. Slave as I am, my despair is to be dreaded. Before you shall suffer any indignity from Mezomorto, I will plunge my dagger into his bosom." "Ah, Don Juan," interrupted the lady, "what design do you meditate? I implore you not to yield to such rash thoughts. With what barbarities would his death be avenged! with what frightful torments! I shudder to think of them. And, after all, you would only expose yourself to a useless danger. By taking away the life of the Dey, would you restore me to liberty? Alas! I should perhaps be sold to some brutal master, who would treat me with less consideration than Mezomorto has shown.

Oh! heaven, it is thy justice that I implore; the wickedness of the tyrant's heart is known to thee. Thy word forbids me to release myself by my own hand, and it becomes thy province to prevent a crime which is hateful to thee."

"Yes," replied Zarata, "and heaven will prevent it. I already feel its inspirations. The project which at this moment suggests itself to me, is no doubt prompted by a superior power. The Dey has permitted me to speak to you, in order that I might persuade you to return his love. I must give him an account of what passes between us. In such an emergency, I must have recourse to dissimulation. I shall report to him that you are not inconsolable; that the treatment you have met with from him begins to soothe your affliction, and that if he perseveres, he may hope for the most favourable result. You, on your part, will second my endeavours. When he next waits upon you, you will let him find you looking more than usually cheerful, and you will appear to take some degree of interest in his conversation."

"What constraint," interrupted Donna Rosaura. "How can a mind like mine, simple and sincere, succeed in such an attempt? And what benefit can we expect from such hateful deceit?" "The Dey," replied he, "will be delighted with the change, and will wish to complete his conquest. In the mean time, I will use every exertion to effect your deliver-

ance. The task, I own, is difficult, but I am acquainted with an ingenious fellow-slave, whose assistance will, I hope, be of the greatest use to us." "It is enough," replied Rosaura; "I will do all that you desire, since my misfortunes leave me no alternative. Go, Don Juan, exert all your faculties in rescuing me from this dreadful situation. It will be an additional happiness to me, to owe my liberty to you."

Pursuant to the orders of Mezomorto, the Toledan repaired to him to give him an account of his embassy. "Sir," said he to him, "you will not be compelled to have recourse to violence for the gratification of your desires. It appears to me, that this haughty Spaniard will soon, like others, be reconciled to her situation. I may even say, that her fetters have already begun to press lightly upon her. All that is necessary is, that you should cultivate this favourable temper. If you continue to demonstrate the same affectionate respect for your beautiful captive, I have no doubt that in a short time she will yield to your wishes, and forget in your arms the liberty she once desired."

"You delight me with this intelligence," cried the Dey; "but are you not deceiving me, or are you not yourself mistaken? I will see her immediately, and learn whether her eyes confirm the flattering indications which you have remarked." He went

accordingly to visit Donna Rosaura ; and the Toledan returned to the garden, where he found the gardener, whom he had mentioned to her as the slave whose services might prove effectual in restoring her to liberty. The name of this man was Francisco. He was well acquainted with Algiers, having served several masters before he passed into the hands of the Dey. "Francisco, my friend," said Don Juan, "you see me greatly afflicted. I find there is in the palace a Valencian lady of the first quality. She has requested Mezomorto to name himself the amount of her ransom, but he is enamoured of her, and will not allow her to be set at liberty." "And why should that give you so much concern?" replied Francisco. "Because we are natives of the same city," answered Don Juan; "her parents and mine are intimate friends, and there is nothing I would not do to contribute to her escape." "That would be no easy matter," observed Francisco, "but I would venture to say I could accomplish it, if the relations of the lady were disposed to reward the service well." "There is no doubt of that," replied Don Juan; "I will answer for their gratitude, and, above all, for her own. She is named Rosaura, and is the widow of a gentlemen who has left her great wealth, nor is she less generous than rich. In one word, I am a Spaniard and a nobleman, and my assurance ought to satisfy you."

"Well," said the gardener, "on the strength of your promise I will go in search of a renegade, and propose it to him." "How!" interrupted the Toledan with surprise, "Do you mean to confide in a wretch who was not ashamed to renounce his faith?" "Renegade as he is," interrupted Francisco in his turn, "he is not the less a worthy man. He appears to me to be rather an object of pity than of hatred, and I should say he was excusable, if any circumstances could excuse such a crime. His story is short.

"He is a native of Barcelona, and a surgeon by profession. When he found that he did not succeed as he could have wished at Barcelona, he determined to remove to Carthagena, in the hope that a change of residence might induce an alteration in his fortunes. He embarked therefore for Carthagena with his mother, but they fell in with an Algerine pirate, who took them and brought them to this town. They were both sold—the mother to a Moor, and himself to a Turk; from whom he experienced such barbarity, that he embraced the Mahometan faith, in order at once to put an end to his own sufferings, and to procure the release of his mother, who, as he knew, was treated with great severity by the Moor, her master. He then entered into the service of the Dey, and made several voyages, by which he acquired some wealth. Part of this he applied to

the ransom of his mother, and the rest he proposed to turn to account, by trying his fortune on the sea. He became captain of a vessel, and with some soldiers who agreed to attach themselves to him, he began to cruise between Alicant and Carthagena. He returned loaded with booty, and his subsequent enterprises succeeded so well, that he was enabled at length to arm a large ship, and make considerable prizes. But his good fortune at last deserted him. He attacked a French frigate, which gave him so rude a reception, that he was hardly able to regain the port of Algiers. In this place the merit of pirates is determined by the degree of their success, and the renegade, after this reverse, fell into universal contempt. This disgusted him. He sold his ship, and retired to a house in the suburbs, where he has since resided, living on the remains of his property, with his mother and a few slaves.

"I frequently call upon him, for we are good friends, and he discloses to me his inmost thoughts. A few days since he told me, with tears in his eyes, that he had had no peace since he renounced his faith; and that he felt strongly inclined to trample upon the turban, at the risk of being burnt alive, that, by a public exhibition of his repentance, he might make some amends for the crime he had committed.

"This is the character of the renegade," con-

tinued Francisco, " to whom I am about to apply, and I think we have nothing to fear from a man of this description. Under the pretext of going to the baths, I will now proceed to his house, and represent to him, that, instead of nourishing feelings of useless regret for having abandoned the church, he should consider how he may restore himself to her bosom. I shall then suggest that he might equip a vessel, as if he was weary of an inactive life, and wished to rove the sea again ; and that by this conveyance we may reach the coast of Valencia, where Donna Rosaura will enable him to pass the rest of his days in peace."

Don Juan was enraptured with the prospect which the scheme of Francisco developed to him. " Yes, yes," he exclaimed, " my dear friend, you may promise every thing to the renegade. Depend upon it, you shall both be rewarded beyond your expectations." " There may be difficulties," replied Francisco, " in executing our project, but I augur well of our success, and I hope on my return to bring you happy news."

He then proceeded on his mission, and was expected with much impatience by the Toledan, to whom he soon communicated the result of his interview. It was agreed that the renegade should purchase a small vessel, completely equipped, which he should man with his own slaves ; that to obviate

suspicion, he should engage some Turkish soldiers, as if he actually meditated a cruise, but that two days before the time fixed for their departure, he should embark with his slaves at night, weigh anchor silently, and take up the fugitives at a little gate of the garden opening on the sea.

How great was Zarata's joy to be able to convey such encouraging assurances to Donna Rosaura! He hastened to obtain permission to see her, and with this view on the following day prostrated himself before Mezomorto, and found him charmed with the advances he had apparently made in his captive's good opinion. Don Juan professed to be greatly pleased with this result; and to improve the favourable impression already made, was again allowed to converse with the lady, whom he was thus enabled to apprise of the projected attempt of the renegade and Francisco, and of the promises he had held out to them, if they conducted it to a prosperous issue.

Great was the delight of the afflicted lady, when she was informed that such measures were concerted for her deliverance. "Is it possible," she exclaimed in the excess of her joy, "that there is a shadow of hope that I may once more see Valencia, my own dear native land! What happiness, after so many dangers and alarms, to live there in peace with you. Ah, Don Juan, how sweet is that thought to my mind; but do you participate in its pleasures? Do

you consider, that in rescuing me from the power of the Dey, it is your own wife whom you save?"

"Alas," replied Zarata, heaving a profound sigh, "with what rapture should I hear such words from your mouth, if the remembrance of my unhappy friend did not interfere to poison all my pleasure. This is a sentiment which you cannot but forgive, nor can you deny that Mendoza is deserving of your pity. For your sake he quitted Valencia, and lost his liberty; and I am convinced that, enslaved as he is at Tunis, he suffers less from his chains than from the reflection that he has failed to avenge you."

"He deserved no doubt a better fate," said Donna Rosaura. "I call heaven to witness that I am grateful for all that he has done for me; I greatly regret the misfortunes into which I have innocently led him, but I shall never be able to prevail on my heart to reward him with its affections."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the slaves, who waited on Donna Rosaura, and Don Juan took his leave. Nothing occurred to interfere with the plan of the renegade, who bought a small vessel, tolerably well equipped, and hastened the preparations for his departure. In the mean time, Don Juan had again seen the fair captive, and apprised her of the time when the ship would be ready. A window of her apartment opened

on the garden, and from this it was arranged that the lady should descend, with the help of a ladder, which the confederates were to bring. Eager was the impatience with which she awaited the important night. At length it came, and by good fortune proved to be dark and gloomy. At the appointed moment, Don Juan placed the ladder under the window, from which the lady descended with much hurry and agitation, but in safety. Leaning on the arm of her courageous friend, they turned their steps towards the little door of the garden, which opened on the sea. They proceeded with as much speed as possible, and were already anticipating the pleasure of finding themselves at liberty, when fortune, still hostile to these unfortunate lovers, overwhelmed them with a misfortune, more difficult to be guarded against, and more painful to endure, than the worst of those which had hitherto afflicted them.

They had already left the garden, and were hastening along the shore towards the boat, which was waiting for them, when a man, whom they supposed to be one of the companions of their flight, and of whom they had no distrust, rushed on Don Juan, with his sword in his hand, and plunging it in his bosom, exclaimed, "Perfidious Alvaro Ponce, it is thus that Don Fabrique de Mendoza ought to take his revenge on a dastardly ravisher. A wretch like thee deserves not a fair encounter." The Toledan,

yielding to the force of the unexpected blow, fell to the ground, and, at the same moment, Donna Theodora, whom he had supported, overcome at once with astonishment, fear, and grief, fainted at his side. "Ah, Mendoza," exclaimed Don Juan, "what have you done? Do you not know me? You have killed your friend. But I die content, since I can now restore to your arms your beloved Donna Rosaura, who can bear witness for me, that my attachment to you has never abated." "Gracious Powers!" cried Don Fabrique, "it is possible I have destroyed my friend? But he shall not die alone; the same weapon shall punish his murderer. My ignorance may be some excuse for my crime, but cannot reconcile me to life." With these words, he turned the point of his sword against his own bosom, drove it to the hilt, and fell on the body of Don Juan, who had fainted away, not more from loss of blood, than from horror at the sight of his friend's desperation.

Francisco and the renegade, who were waiting at a little distance, and who had their private reasons for not advancing to the succour of the supposed Don Alvaro, were much astonished at hearing the last words of Don Fabrique; and observing the action which accompanied them, they perceived that there had been some misunderstanding, and that the wounded cavaliers were affectionate friends, and not sworn enemies, as they had believed. They then

hastened to their assistance, but finding them all without sense or motion, they were at a loss what course to pursue. Francisco was of opinion, that they should carry off the lady, and leave the cavaliers on the shore, where, to all appearance, they must soon expire, if they were not already dead. But this was opposed by the renegade, who would not consent to abandon the wounded, whose injuries might not prove mortal; and it was resolved that they should be carried to the vessel, where the renegade, who had not forgotten his old profession, and still possessed his instruments, undertook to dress their wounds. In a few minutes they had all embarked; and while some got the vessel under sail, and spread all their canvass, the others, with fervent prayers, implored the favour of heaven on their adventure, with all the earnestness which could be inspired by the liveliest apprehension of being pursued by the galleys of Mezomorto.

After having committed the management of the vessel to a French slave, in whose skill and experience he could confide, the renegade directed his attention in the first instance to Donna Rosaura. He succeeded in restoring her to her senses; and his remedies had so favourable an effect on Don Fabrique and the Toledan, that they also soon revived. Donna Rosaura, who had fainted on seeing the blow which Don Juan received, was much surprised

to see Mendoza in the vessel; she easily conjectured, on seeing his condition, that he had wounded himself in a fit of remorse for the injury he had inflicted on his friend, but even this circumstance could not induce her to look upon him in any other light, than as the assassin of the man she adored.

After some time spent in silence, equally sorrowful and affecting, Don Fabrique, in a feeble tone, addressed the object of all his desires. "Before I die, Madam," said he, "I have at least the satisfaction of seeing you released from slavery. Would to heaven that you had been indebted to me for your liberty; but it has pleased Providence that the lover whom you prefer should lay you under that obligation. I love my rival too much to complain of this, and I earnestly hope that the wound which I have been so unfortunate as to give him, will not prevent him from receiving the reward he has a right to expect from your gratitude." To this address the lady made no reply; far from showing any concern for the deplorable fate of Don Fabrique, she could not disguise the feelings of displeasure excited by the state to which he had reduced her beloved Don Juan.

The surgeon now proceeded to probe and dress the wounds of the two friends. He found that Zarata was not dangerously hurt, the weapon having only glided under the left breast, without injuring any vital part. This report of the surgeon diminished

the sorrow of Donna Rosaura, and was received by Don Fabrique with the greatest pleasure. He turned towards the lady,—"I am content," said he, "I leave the world without regret, since my friend's recovery is certain; I shall not now die loaded with your hatred."

He pronounced these words with so touching a tone, that Donna Rosaura was moved. Her enmity to Don Fabrique disappeared with her fears for Don Juan, and seeing only in the former a man who merited all her sympathy, she entreated him to think only of restoring himself to health, assuring him that if she could not render him happy, she would at least not confer her hand on another, but would imitate Don Juan in the sacrifice which he made of his love to his friendship. Don Fabrique would have replied, but the surgeon, apprehensive that the effort might injure him, enjoined silence, and examined his wound; this he conceived to be mortal, the sword having pierced the upper lobe of the lungs, which was sufficiently evident from the alarming loss of blood. As soon as he had applied the first dressings, he left the two patients to repose in the cabin on two beds placed side by side, and he removed Donna Rosaura, whose presence might prove injurious to them.

In spite of these precautions, Mendoza was seized with fever, and about the close of day the hæmorrhage increased. The surgeon then thought it pro-

per to inform him, that the evil was beyond remedy, and that if he had any thing to say to his friend or to the lady, he had no time to lose. This intimation was received by the Toledan with great agitation; by Don Fabrique himself with indifference. He expressed a wish to see Donna Rosaura, who repaired to his bedside in a state more easy to conceive than describe; her face was bathed in tears, and her sobs excited deep emotion in the breast of the unhappy Mendoza. "Shed not those precious tears for me, Madam," he feebly said, "pray be composed, and listen to me; I entreat the same of you, my dear friend. I know this separation is a severe blow to you, for your friendship has stood the severest test; yet delay a little, till I leave you, to honour my memory with so many touching marks of your tenderness and compassion. Indeed I feel it more keenly than the loss of life itself. Hear by what strange accidents fate brought me to this fatal shore, now stained with the blood of my friend and with my own. You will naturally inquire how I came to mistake Don Juan for Don Alvaro; and this, if time be permitted, I will explain before my death. A few hours after the vessel, in which I was, had left that in which Don Juan sailed, we met a French corsair, which attacked us. It made itself master of the Tunis vessel, and landed us near to Alicant. No sooner was I free, than I bethought myself of ran-

soming my friend. For this purpose I repaired to Valencia, where I got the money, and hearing that at Barcelona the holy fraternity for redeeming captives was on the point of setting sail for Algiers, I hastened thither. Before leaving Valencia, however, I entreated the governor, Don Francisco de Mendoza, my uncle, to employ his influence with the court of Spain to obtain the pardon of Zarata, whom I intended to take with me and reinstate in the enjoyment of his property, which had been confiscated since the death of the Duke de Naxera.

On arriving at Algiers I repaired to the slave-mart; but in vain there, and everywhere, did I seek the object of whom I was in search. I met, indeed, the Catalonian renegade, to whom this vessel belongs; and I recognised him as a servant who had formerly lived with my uncle. I informed him of my purpose, and requested that he would unite with me in making the strictest search. "I am sorry," he replied, "that I can be of no use to you. I am going to leave Algiers this night with a Valencian lady, the slave of the Dey."

"And what is her name?" I inquired. "She goes by the name of Rosaura," was the answer.

The astonishment evinced in my countenance convinced the renegade that I was deeply interested in the matter. He then told me of a design he had formed to free her from captivity; and as he alluded

to the slave Alvaro, I had no doubt but it was Alvaro Ponce himself. "Aid me to accomplish an act of vengeance," I cried, with vehemence; "it is rightful and just."

"You shall soon be satisfied," replied the renegade; "but inform me of your cause of complaint."

I explained it fully, and when he had heard it, "It is enough," he said; come with me to-night, I will point out your rival, and when you have punished him, you shall take his place, and escort Donna Rosaura along with us to Valencia."

My impatience, nevertheless, did not make me unmindful of Don Juan: I left money for his ransom in the hands of an Italian merchant, named Francesco Capati, a resident at Algiers, who promised to fulfil my wishes. Night at last came; I went to the house of the renegade, who guided me to the sea shore. We stopt before a little gate, from which there issued a man, who came directly towards us, and pointing to another man and woman who followed him, he said: "Here are Alvaro and Donna Rosaura." At this sight I grew altogether frantic; I drew my sword, I ran towards the unhappy Alvaro, in the idea that it was a hateful rival whom I saw. But, thanks to heaven," he continued, "my error will not affect his life, nor prove an unceasing source of tears and regret to the excellent Rosaura."

"Ah! Mendoza," interrupted the lady, "you do

not appreciate my affliction; I shall never recover the sad event of losing you; even should I espouse your friend, it would but be to unite our grief and regrets together, Your love, your friendship, your misfortunes, would be the sole topic of our discourse."

"It is more than I merit that you should so long regret me; it is my wish that my friend should espouse you, when he shall have avenged your wrongs."

"Don Alvaro lives no more!" exclaimed the widow of Cifuentes; "he was killed on the very day when he carried me off, by the corsair who captured me."

"Lovely Rosaura," replied Mendoza, "these tidings give me much pleasure; my friend will the sooner be happy for them. Indulge your mutual attachment. I am glad to think the sole remaining obstacle to your wishes is about to be removed. May all your days run in a pleasing and quiet tenor, blest in a union which neither jealousy nor fortune can disturb. Farewell, Rosaura; and farewell, my Juan; do not forget sometimes to think of me—of one who has never loved anything on earth with the devotion that he loved you!"

While the gentle lady and the knight of Toledo mingled their tears at these touching words, Don Fabrique, who saw their grief, as he felt fast sinking

into death, faintly whispered: "I must, by my own, add to your natural and kind expression of grief; death is on me,—I have nothing but to supplicate the Divine mercy for cutting short a life that heaven only had the right to dispose of." Saying these words, he raised his eyes to heaven, and in a few moments all was over.

Don Juan was no sooner aware of the fact, than in utter despair he tried to tear open his wound; but the renegade and Francisco were near, and prevented him. Rosaura, terrified at his violence, united her efforts to theirs to mitigate his anguish. She did this in so affecting a manner, that he could not resist the appeal; he let them re-dress his wound; and at length the feelings of the lover began to throw a calm over those of the friend. Yet, with the return of reason, his sorrow was not less poignant; it resembled only the calmness of despair.

The renegade, among other precious articles which he was bearing with him to Spain, had some fine balm and perfume, with which, at the solicitation of the lady and Don Juan, he preserved the body of Mendoza, that they might have the sad pleasure of bestowing on it the honour of sepulture in his own country. The lovers ceased not to lament his fate during the whole of the voyage; but as the wind continued constantly favourable, they were not long before they descried the shores of Spain.

At that sight, all the captives gave vent to the most passionate exclamations of joy; on the vessel entering the port, each pursued his particular destination. The widow of Cifuentes, and her lover, sent off letters for the governor and family of Donna Rosaura. Tidings of her return were received by them with joy; and as for Don Francisco de Mendoza, he showed the greatest affliction on hearing of his nephew's death. He shed tears abundantly over the body; every spectator was affected at the scene; and he soon after, turning towards them, inquired by what fearful accident he had met his early fate?

"I will inform you of all," returned the knight of Toledo; "far from wishing to banish it from my memory, I take a sad pleasure in the indulgence of my grief. He then began a recital, which drew tears from every eye; while, on the other hand, the parents of Rosaura congratulated themselves on the almost miraculous manner in which she had been rescued from the tyranny of Mezomorto.

After a general explanation on all points, the body of Don Fabrique was placed in a coach, and conducted to Valencia; but it was not there interred, on account of the viceroyship of Don Francisco being on the eve of expiration. That cavalier, therefore, had it transported to Madrid, to which city he was himself bending his course.

Meanwhile, the widow of Cifuentes lavished the

richest presents on Don Francisco and the renegade. The Navarrese returned to his province, and the renegade went with his mother to Barcelona, where he was restored to the true faith, and where he lives in comparative comfort till this day. Don Francisco received a packet from the court, which contained the pardon for Don Juan, which the king was unable to refuse to the united influence of the Mendoza family, spite of the opposition of the house of Naxera. These tidings were the more agreeable to the knight of Toledo, as giving him liberty to accompany the body of his friend, which he could not have otherwise done.

At length the procession set out, with a suite of illustrious personages; and, on reaching Madrid, the body was interred with every mark of honour, and a grand monument raised to their friend's memory in the church. They did not content themselves with this; they bore deep mourning for him they had lost during the space of a year, as if desirous, with his memory, to perpetuate their sorrow and their friendship.

Having thus shown their respect to him by every mark of attachment in their power, they gave their hearts and hands to each other; but it was long ere Don Juan ceased to cherish the remembrance of his friend with feelings of overpowering melancholy. He often appeared to him in his dreams; and still

more often he again witnessed him breathing his last sighs. Yet at length the irresistible tenderness, combined with the many charms possessed by Rosaura, had begun to dissipate his morbid and suffering state of mind. He was just beginning to feel restored to his former health and happiness; a cheerful future seemed to open before him; when one day, in following the chace, to which he was exceedingly attached, he had the misfortune to be severely injured on the head. An abscess formed, to remove which the efforts of art were employed in vain. He died; and that lady whom you behold in the arms of the two females, who attempt to soothe the anguish of her despair, is his unfortunate consort, Rosaura; and, from all appearances, it may not be long before she will rejoin him.

THE EFFECT OF BEING UNDECEIVED.

Six leagues from the court of Spain, is situated the splendid town of Alcala, which, being interpreted, means Castillo Ricco, from the circumstance of its being ennobled by having given birth to so many distinguished citizens. Its aristocracy is very ancient; and in the time of Leovegildo, King of the Goths, it already boasted a grand cathedral, as we learn from Father Juan de Mariana, in the fourth book of his celebrated history. The climate is almost the finest in Europe; its public edifices are numerous and noble, and the character of its schools such as is known to the whole world. Finally, it is the work of that holy prince of the church, Cardinal Ximenez de Cisneros, who founded this our celebrated university upon the model of that of Paris.

Alcala, moreover, is watered by the pleasant river Henares, so celebrated by poets, which runs through a delightful and refreshing public walk, ornamented with beautiful trees and flowers.

There arrived about the time of which we are

speaking, at the university, a young cavalier, called Teodoro el Galan, or the gallant, such was the extreme spirit and loftiness he displayed on every occasion. Nature had been prodigal to him in all her gifts, no less of mind than of person; a combination which is too rarely met with, inasmuch as we often find prudence allied to parsimony, beauty to silliness, ignorance to wealth, and plain features to superior taste and intellect. It was the good fortune of Theodore to combine only the best of these qualities; wealth, valour, judgment, and kind and courteous manners. As these too, in youth, are found seldom unaccompanied with some noble pursuit or passion—the favourite object of "high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy"—there was one which fired the secret soul of Theodore, and seemed to him as the beacon by which he steered his path through the rough and tumultuous voyage of life. This was his adored Narcissa, a lady of distinguished family and fortune, and still more celebrated for her virtues and her beauty. It was not to be expected that Theodore would carry away such a prize without opposition; he had a formidable rival in Valerio, a young noble of still higher birth and fortune than he could boast.

In the eyes of the lady's father, these were no despicable advantages; but in the estimation of Narcissa herself, and that of the friends by whom she

was surrounded, Theodore had every title to superior attention and regard. To counterbalance this, however, the artful Valerio had gained over to his side one of Narcissa's favourite companions, and the whole of the domestics were in his interest. Narcissa, it is true, was attached to Theodore, and by no means relished the company of his rival. The graceful bearing and distinguished gallantry of the former excited her admiration, and won her love; but her pride and reserve had left her lover hitherto a stranger to his good fortune.

Valerio, on the other hand, by no means despaired; he was extremely cautious in his conduct, and while he daily made advances in the parent's favour, took care not to incur the risk of the daughter's refusal.

But Theodore was only anxious to declare his love; and one evening, having observed Narcissa leave the house unaccompanied, he instantly joined her. As he approached, she happened to drop her glove, which, on presenting to her, he pressed to his lips, at the same moment inserting a letter in it as he gave it to her. She received it with a smile, and then feeling what it contained, a deep blush suffused her countenance; she beckoned him away as she hid the glove in her bosom, and fearful of exciting her father's anger, Theodore hastily retired.

On returning home, Narcissa eagerly perused the

contents of her lover's note: "I have ever heard," it ran, "that those who love are bold and fearless as the lion: yet how I dread the very thoughts of your displeasure; how I tremble when I approach you, fearful of raising my eyes to yours, lest one look of anger or disdain should flash from those bright and beauteous orbs. Ah, in pity would you turn them on me with sweet and heavenly beams, and temper the strange awe I feel in your presence, so that I might find words in which to dare to tell how wildly, passionately, I love—I adore you."

Theodore was little aware that this eager expression of his feelings was altogether superfluous; that the heart of his Narcissa had before acknowledged him for its lord. Frequently did he pass great part of the night in the open air near her residence, heedless of the cold air, storm, or rain. For how could he tear himself away, so long as Narcissa deigned to gladden his soul by sweet converse, and his sight by lingering at her window during the "witching hour of night?" Only with the dawn would he be seen stealing from her presence, with folded arms and lingering step; hoping, fearing, sighing, murmuring, exulting; in short, the very soul and expression of an impassioned lover. Often too would he seek to gratify his beloved with the "concord of sweet sounds;" with music of the old and pathetic airs, such as we now no longer hear.

Fed upon thoughts and tones like these, the passion of the beautiful Narcissa, overmastering every fear and opposition, stooped to solicit of her lover that he would unfold the secret of his love to her father, if it were true he loved her. The delighted Theodore was easily persuaded; for he felt that he was *his* equal, though not of her he sought; and confided in the strength of his love. Alas! he was doomed to be undeceived; for spite of his noble birth, his fortune, and deserts, he was opposed on the ground of that very gallantry which had acquired for him so brilliant a reputation at his adversary's cost. Yet since he had become attached to Narcissa, he had wholly abandoned his former pursuits; he had grown gentle, studious, and eager to oblige all around him, the better to merit the love of one so good and beauteous as he felt she was. But her parents, apprehensive of his passionate disposition and eager spirit, received his proffers coldly; and in as gentle terms as possible, informed him they had already selected another party, to whom they had promised their daughter's hand.

Theodore seemed thunderstruck at this reply; he retired without saying a word, and early on the same evening sought an interview with Narcissa. "I have had a bitter struggle," he said, in deep and mournful accents, "to prevail on myself to see you this evening. I did hardly think I could outlive the

day; for to live without you is death. This very day I spoke to your parents; they assured me you were already betrothed to another; that they had passed their word, and that it was impossible for them to recall it. They had the heart to say this to the being who has loved you for years! I have lost you, unless you, my Narcissa—you—love like I do, and dare to put your affection to the proof. My God! I shall live to see you in the arms of another; but if you have not deceived me, you will save us both from such a fate. Say only the word, and I shall be *your* own, *your* promised, *your* betrothed; spite of parents and all the world."

"Theodore," replied the lovely girl, "if it be possible for parents to marry a child without her own knowledge, then, then only can I be lost to you; for with my will and consent it never shall be done. Your love is worthy of me. Oh, yes, more! deserving more than all I can do. Should my prayers and tears be of no avail, such is my affection, that it could urge me to any thing sooner than yield my hand to one from whom my heart recoils. While my parents forbear to use compulsion, however, I will do nothing to grieve them. You may confide in my word; in my heart, more, Theodore; and God bless and protect you; a thousand times, dare I stay to say them, a sweet good night." More encouraged and consoled, her lover then took his

leave, counting the hours and moments until he should again revisit his beloved.

About this time, a brother of Narcissa's, a rash and headstrong young man, arrived at his father's house from his travels. On the ensuing evening, happening to see Theodore approaching, he conceived it was incumbent upon him to compel him to retire; and he accosted him. Aware who he was, Theodore bespoke him fair, anxious not to offend any one dear to his Narcissa, let alone a brother; but neither courtesy nor entreaties produced the least effect. The young man attacked him, and Theodore was compelled to draw in his defence. He retired at the same time, without once taking advantage of his adversary; until imputing it to cowardice, the brother grew still more enraged, calling on him by his name, and venting every opprobrious epithet at his expense. "I am no coward," replied the gallant lover; "whoever says it is deceived—not to say he lies. I would not hurt you; you look too like your sister, whom I love to distraction. You know my name, and I know yours! forbear, Sir, at your peril, and let me retire." It was in vain he warned and besought him; till, tired almost beyond patience by the desperate onset, Theodore at length wounded him in the sword arm, to prevent yielding his own or taking his enemy's life. He then sought refuge in the nearest monastery, to avoid the first burst of

the father's anger; torn with regret and trouble at the idea of having offended the family, and incurred the displeasure of her he adored; for he knew the whole would be laid to his charge.

During this interval, Theodore's rival, Valerio, had not been idle; presuming upon the former's ill-fortune, and his own merits, he concerted with Narcissa's favourite maid, whom he had bribed into his interest, to be admitted to a secret, premeditated interview, for which they had so artfully laid their schemes, as would put it out of the power, they flattered themselves, for the unfortunate young lady longer to refuse his suit. Accordingly, one evening, as the unsuspecting girl was folding up a letter addressed to her beloved Theodore, she suddenly saw the shadow of a man upon the side opposite where she was sitting; and at the same moment hearing a noise as if from the place of his concealment, she ran to the window in great alarm, and began to cry out for help. Her brother, who was within hearing, instantly rushed into her apartment, with his sword drawn, and was only just in time to behold the figure of a man, which that moment issued from a place of concealment, and rushed past him. He was masked, and fired at the idea of his being Theodore, the brother pursued him; but he made his escape by leaping out of an open window into the garden, whence he got clear off, Unluckily for his rival, who had just

then approached the house, the persons in pursuit mistook him for the man who had already made his escape; and seeing the alguazils at no great distance, the father and brother instantly called upon them to secure Theodore, as he had only that night broken into their house. He was instantly seized and conveyed into prison; and on their return home, the father bade Narcissa prepare to depart for the residence of an uncle, where it was believed she would be more secure.

The indignation of Narcissa's family at the injury thus aimed at their honour, and which they laid to the charge of Theodore, was beyond bounds. They also accused him of having corrupted their domestics, and succeeded in impressing the same belief upon Narcissa, assuring her that they had surprised him as he was attempting to make his escape from the garden. Valerio thus triumphed in his malice; while the unhappy Theodore, a prey to grief and jealousy, was maddened with the idea, that the person found concealed might possibly be some more favoured rival. But what most confirmed his worst fears, was the conduct of Narcissa's family, who now insisted that Theodore should instantly receive her hand, as the only means of repairing the wounded honour of the lady. The whole of her relations united in this demand, insisting on its fulfilment in the most haughty terms; all which made Theodore only the

more recoil from it, eagerly as he had before sought an union with her. It was a bitter struggle ; for he still maintained his innocence, and consequently some other person must have obtained admittance to the lady's room ; for all which he was to be made answerable. He therefore refused to accept Narcissa's hand until the real culprit should be discovered, dearly as he valued such a prize. Truth, honour, justice both to himself and his Narcissa, forbade it.

These tidings threw Narcissa into an agony of grief. She appealed to heaven against the injustice of Theodore, and, unacquainted with his motives, in the first burst of indignation she threw herself at her father's feet, weeping, and entreating his forgiveness for having placed her heart's affections upon so unworthy an object. She prayed, too, for death, attesting her innocence in the whole of that unhappy night's adventure. She knew nothing of the treacherous transaction which had deprived her of all happiness and peace. This, however, soon came to light ; for it was part of the traitor's project to confess it to the father, who, making a secret of it to his daughter, instantly sent for him, insisting, as he had done with Theodore, that he should wipe off the insult by marrying his daughter without delay.

In the tumult of her anguish and despair, that unhappy daughter redeemed the pledge of obedience she had just given her father, and put a climax to

her misery, by suffering herself to be conducted to the altar, pronouncing the fatal vow which must ever separate her from the object of her first choice. She became the wife of Valerio, whose cruel and malignant feelings only gave a keener edge to his success. What sensations, alas! were hers, when, after the storm of passionate indignation against Theodore had subsided, she was restored to reflection, and found herself united to one whom she had never loved! It was a living death; but, as if not content with the affliction he had caused, her husband had the audacity to make public, under the plea of vindicating his wife's honour, that it was he who had been discovered in her apartment. Thus, too, was vindicated the honour of Theodore, who had already been released, and made acquainted with all that had passed. We shall not attempt to describe his feelings, nor those of his lost Narcissa; both had become the victims of a consummate villain, and both vainly lamented in secret over the bitterness of their lot. "Oh, fatal haste," exclaimed the unhappy lover; "full speedily didst thou revenge thyself, Narcissa, on my imputed offence. Had'st thou but delayed one day, once seen thy Theodore, ere this fatal error, these burning tears—these agonies of tortured love—hate—revenge—would not have been mine. But tremble, traitor! tremble both! for I must have a twofold revenge."

By their mere intensity, however, these fiercer feelings wore themselves out, and gave place to darker and gloomier; and then more fixed and resigned sorrow. Though often brooding over revenge, he seemed to have lost the power of action: and feeling he had it still in his hands, he grew irresolute how to employ it. Poor Narcissa's fate was not less pitiable—she was consumed by secret grief. They had never met since the fatal marriage; but after some interval, Theodore resolved to seek an interview with her, previous to inflicting the vengeance he still nurtured in his breast, and then abandon his native place for ever. But how should he effect this, for the jealous Valerio watched over his prize with the avidity of a miser over his treasure, and the vigilance and fierceness of a bird of prey. He accompanied her wherever she went, and arrayed her in the most splendid and costly attire, the better to enhance her dazzling beauty in the eyes of her admirers, and enjoy the secret satisfaction their envy excited.

What hope of Theodore obtaining access to one thus guarded? but what is impossible to disappointed love and despair? How deeply would he once have felt the humiliation of having recourse to the stratagem he now did. He doffed his courtly robes and manly dress, and, disguised in that of a woman, set himself to pry into the movements of Valerio; until

one evening, observing him leave home on a visit to the court, he took the opportunity, and sought admittance at the house. Without the least suspicion, he was conducted into Narcissa's apartment, and found himself in the presence of her for whom he had suffered so much. What a trial for both! Narcissa begged the stranger to throw aside her cloak, and be seated. "Certainly, if you wish it!" At the sound of that voice, Narcissa started, trembled, and fixing her eyes stedfastly on the stranger's face for some time, uttered a piercing cry, and fell into his arms.

"Alas," she exclaimed, "my Theodore, what have you done, thus to risk the loss of life and honour—yours and my own? Have I suffered so little, that you should add this last pang, the loss of your dear life, to all the rest? for assuredly it were lost, were you to be seen here. Away, away! for you know I loved—that it is you who steep my soul in tears and bitterness: no peace by day, and worse, oh, worse—wretched as I am—why did you ever love me?"

"Would to God," replied Theodore, in deep, hollow tones, "that it had so been; for keenly as I feel my wrongs, yours cut me to the very soul. I see it all. I came not to grieve you; I wish only to know one thing,—are you resigned to your lot, to live as you do; are you happy in your second choice? if so, I ought to bid you farewell, and no longer shed these

unmanly tears. Is your lord as happy as he is fortunate, for treason hath won the prize? are you not his? are you not prepared to grant his smallest wishes, and to play the cruel tyrant only with me? Yes—do it, do it; and in return, I will do things that shall make the world weep and wonder, for the power, the vengeance is mine. I brood over it day and night; the consciousness is sweet. I delay it for that; but when it comes, it shall sweep you all like a whirlwind from the earth."

It was long before Narcissa had power to reply; a flood of tears drowned her voice. At length she sobbed out, "My cruel parents married me, but they could not make me love, they could not make me forget you." "You love me, then? tell me you yet love," cried Theodore, in an exulting tone, "that you were deceived—compelled—any thing—only that you never loved Valerio, that you do not love the traitor now." "Never, never," said the lady, bitterly; "you know I always loved you. It was my father, it was you, Theodore, who did it all; you refused to accept my proffered hand," and she covered her face with her hands, and wept. "Wretch, madman that I was," exclaimed Theodore, "but you know not how vilely I was treated, aspersed, dishonoured; you know not all, or you would weep too for me. It is past—I was doomed; let it be so. Only declare you yet love me, and I will forget all

and bless you, for I still adore you." "Kill me, but do not ask me, Theodore; I cannot, I ought not to tell." "What, what?" enquired her lover, eagerly, "quick, tell me, or this night shall end my agonies and doubts." "How I love you, then," cried the affrighted girl, "fondly, truly love you, Theodore," and her head sunk upon his breast, as she murmured the words. He pressed her madly to his bosom; their lips met, and that moment seemed to repay both for all the sufferings they had endured.

Narcissa started from his embrace. "Hark! I hear some one; away, Theodore; my love, we shall meet again." He hastened away; but he was no longer like the same being, full of anguish and despair, but rejoicing in thoughts of love and revenge. What new emotions, also, now shook the bosom of Narcissa. Love, honour, virtue, truth to her marriage vow, however fatally given—all struggled for the mastery; but love, her first, only love, asserted its rights over all the rest. She dashed away her tears; a bright beaming smile illumined her glowing face, too long a stranger there. She adjusted her flowing tresses, and rose with light elastic step, no longer the wo-worn being she had been. A new world of joy and love seemed to open before her, and she instinctively claimed the right of being happy in it; as her own—her first vows were pledged to Theodore, and his, his only would she be.

He had no sooner left her, than she sat down to write to him; and she no longer tried to conceal the feelings which he had inspired, and which actuated her every thought. Just at this period, and ere it reached Theodore, he received tidings of the death of a worthy relative, and being the sole heir, he was required to set out instantly for Talavera. Desirous of despatching the affair, and returning as soon as possible, he dropt a few lines to Narcissa, announcing the event, and his speedy return. He then set out, while Narcissa, supposing he had received her letter, of which he said not a word, and eager to take measures for her joining him, instantly replied to his communication that she entreated he would not set out; that she must first see him, and that he would then hear of a plan which might not perhaps displease him. This was no less than to unite her fate to his, and fly the hated protection of her husband; and she conjured him not to leave her another day in his power, if he really loved her as sincerely as he professed, and as truly, as distractedly as she now loved him. "Were he once to depart without her," she concluded, "he might rest assured he would never again see her alive—never more his."

To a woman who thus loved; who had so long loved; and in the power of a tyrannical husband, who had obtained her hand by an act of cruel treachery, which she abhorred as much as she did

the author of it: what a shock to her feelings when she heard that Theodore had really set out, and, as she imagined, in spite of all her prayers and entreaties, notwithstanding even her offer to accompany him, and be for ever his. She now recalled to mind his former refusal to receive her hand at the peremptory injunctions of her father; and a strange suspicion flashed across her mind, even from what had recently occurred in that very chamber, that Theodore had possibly never intended to make her his wife, and sought her less from feelings of attachment than from pique and revenge against a more fortunate rival. Her agony was extreme; she felt she had been neglected, if not scorned; her whole soul was up in arms against the supposed ingratitude of her lover; and she now almost congratulated herself that she was yet safe,—that she had not sacrificed herself,—that he could not at least sport with her good name; she was still virtuous, and she would revenge herself on the author of this last and heart-breaking trial, by remaining so. Her pride came to her assistance; she had lived to be scorned, she thought, by one for whom she would have sacrificed all her hopes here and hereafter; for with strong passions, Narcissa had a religious mind; and after many tears and struggles, she began to consider the subject in a more reasonable, if not a more religious, point of view. She could not die as she

wished, because she would live to return scorn for scorn, and show him, too, the neglect and indifference he had himself taught her.

While tossed in this tumult of passionate grief and indignation, her husband, Valerio, returned home, and soon afterwards entered the apartment. Well aware of his own treacherous conduct, and what little title he had to her affections or regard, he felt that he had hitherto only been tolerated, if not hated by his own wife; and having already gratified his vanity by displaying her charms to the envy of the world, he now became eager, by every means in his power, of conciliating her, and inducing her by the most unwearied solicitude and kindness to forget what had passed. He knew he did not possess her heart; and as he now both admired and loved her, this had at length become the favourite object of his hopes and wishes, in order to crown his good fortune, and secure her safety and his own, by making himself master of her affections, as well as of her person and her fortune.

Nor did his usual good fortune forsake him here; he could not have addressed himself to the task at a more propitious moment. He brought with him a variety of the most costly and splendid presents, such as he conceived most adapted to gratify the elegance of her taste. He presented them with a delicate and humbled air; he then seated himself

near her, and after a pause of some moments, he bent his knee to the ground, and with deep emotion besought her forgiveness; assuring her of his heart-felt contrition, his remorse and sorrow at having so often given her cause to complain of his conduct. At the same time he declared his unalterable regard and attachment; his unceasing love; if she could only flatter him that the moment would come, when, having expiated his offences by sincere regret for what had occurred, she would gratify him by the hope of a return. Narcissa was strangly surprised and affected; such language was new to her, but it was not the less agreeable at that moment. At any other it might perhaps have excited pain, if not vexation and disgust; but smarting as she then was under conflicting emotions of disappointed confidence, of duty, passion, honour, religion, this sudden appeal to her best feelings gave a new impulse to her being. Her husband was at her feet entreating her to forgive, to love him; and as if impelled to seek refuge somewhere from the bitter feelings she had sustained, she sought it in his arms; and, throwing herself upon his bosom in a burst of passionate tears, she forgave and blest him; entreating his forgiveness in return, if she had in aught injured him, and declaring she would never more allude to what had passed. Valerio stood, as if doubting the evidence of his senses, transfixed with pleasure and surprise. In

a transport of gratitude and love, he clasped his young and beautiful wife to his bosom; and from that moment their reconciliation was complete. Valerio, by a series of the most unremitting kindness and assiduities, obtained the summit of his wishes, in the full possession of Narcissa's affections; who often blamed herself that she had not before loved him, and that she could not love him as well as he now deserved. She no longer wept,—no longer thought of Theodore, or the cause of his neglect and absence; and in the new and virtuous sentiment that absorbed her, had so far conquered her love or indignation, that she prayed he might never return.

Meanwhile, the unfortunate Theodore had been pursued by the same unlucky destiny which had attended him from the first. After his arrival at Talavera, he had written twice to his Narcissa; but both his letters fell into Valerio's hands, and served to confirm him in the course he wished to pursue, of repenting of his previous faults and errors, and striving to obtain the affections of his wife. These he had now effectually secured, and was beloved with an excess of tenderness and devotion, that surprised even Narcissa herself, and made him one of the happiest of mankind.

On his return from Talavera, Theodore sent a secret message to his Narcissa, to inform her of his arrival, and to complain of her never having answered

his two previous letters. He received no reply; and on making further inquiries from those well acquainted with the parties, the invariable reply was, that they were quite well;—a pattern of benevolence and excellence to all around them—courteous, charitable, and beloved; most affectionately and passionately attached to each other: in short, one of the happiest couples in the place.

Reflecting on the short interval that had elapsed, this strange and astounding intelligence grated harshly on Theodore's feelings; nor were those of Narcissa less painful, though arising from a different source. She trembled only for the safety of her husband; and the violence of Theodore led her to apprehend some serious result. Yet she was resolved neither to speak nor write to him, and avoided going out of her house, or ever walking alone.

Stung with jealousy and rage at her continued silence, from which he truly inferred that he was forgotten, Theodore exclaimed in the bitterness of his heart:—"Thou fickle wanton; hast thou indeed so soon forgotten me? What love-spell hath he cast upon thee, that hath turned thy abhorrence for him into love, thy love for me into abhorrence? Of what stream of oblivion hast thou quaffed? what sorceries have been practised to banish me so wholly from thy thoughts? Were it virtue; were it honour which opposed me, I might reverence them, and

submit; but to know your scorn springs from the love you bear the traitor--the wily seducer—the destroyer of my peace, is too much. Had I given occasion for such treatment, it might appear just; but in what have I offended, to deserve such utter indifference and contempt?" Thus lamented the unhappy Theodore, while the object of his reproaches was only anxious for the safety of Valerio, to whom she now became more devotedly attached than ever, from the circumstance of finding herself likely soon to become a mother. At this period an incident occurred, which produced a sudden and terrific change in the mind and feelings of Theodore; from that moment he no longer indulged in hopeless sorrow and sullen despair, but roused himself to fearful and desperate action. On returning one evening from the public walks, which skirt the river, he heard the sound of mirthful voices approaching him, and suddenly turning into another path, he came opposite to the party. It was Narcissa, accompanied by her husband and several of his friends; she seemed in the highest spirits, and it was her gay laugh which had first struck upon his startled soul, the same he had so often heard in the golden days of their young and happy love. He had instinctively fled from it; but it was only to come opposite the whole party, and to fix his eyes upon her face—upon the wife of the proud and happy Valerio, who joined in her free

and careless laugh. Theodore stood rooted to the spot; mingled rage and horror shot from his eyes;—all of injured pride—the blackest hatred, and the bitterest reproach, were concentrated in that one look. It met the eye of Narcissa; and smote on her heart like the bell that tolled her doom. She uttered a cry of terror, and would have sunk to the earth, had not her friends hurried her from the spot. They passed on; but there stood the unhappy Theodore, motionless as a statue, in the same attitude; his glaring eye fixed as when it met the basilisk glance of its enemy; his hands clenched in the same agony of rage and despair; and in his whole figure and expression, the picture of him writhing under the folds of the destroying serpents, yet defying and struggling with his doom; for the serpents of hatred and revenge were fast coiling around his soul. When he started from his trance, he was no longer the same—the demon had taken possession of his soul. He was mad with hate and revenge; and his brain was busy with a thousand cunning projects how to inflict the speediest and most deadly retribution on the heads of his persecutors.

From this time he resolved to watch the motions of Valerio, to dog his footsteps wheresoever he went. Unsatisfied with any common mode of vengeance, he determined to make him feel the terrible destiny that hung over him; and with this view sought

means to entrap him into his power. He took his station near where he knew his hated and successful rival was accustomed to pass on his way to his own mansion. Night by night he watched for him, (it was not a deed to be perpetrated by day), till he should come by the entrance of the place he had fixed upon as the scene of the terrific catastrophe that was to close the gloomy tragedy of his life. This was a remote and dilapidated building, apart from the more frequented spots, and which he had engaged for his especial purpose. There, disguised and armed, he awaited the favourable moment to dart forth upon his foe, and drag him alive into its fatal precincts. It came, and swift as the winged vengeance of the thunderbolt, he seized upon his prey. Wounding him with a dagger in the neck, he then hurled him over the threshold, thrust a gag into his mouth, and bound him hand and foot with cords. The wound was not mortal, and under threat of instantly dispatching him, he compelled Valerio to write an account to his Narcissa of his having met with a dreadful accident, and beseeching her to hasten to him, but wholly unaccompanied, as she valued his life. This he had conveyed to the lady with the utmost secresy and dispatch; and it was not long before she made her appearance, in extreme agitation and alarm. The door opened, and the features of the indignant Theodore met her startled

gaze. She shrieked aloud, and attempted to retreat; but it was too late; firmly grasped by the arm of Theodore, she was hurried forward into the apartment where lay the form of Valerio, pale, wounded, and in bonds. What an object for his fond and distracted wife! She flew towards him; she threw her arms around him; while bitter and piercing cries attested the agony of her feelings. But Theodore, excited to the utmost pitch of rage and jealousy at the marks of love and tenderness she displayed, lost sight of his previous intentions of inflicting the lingering torments of separation he had prepared for them; he rudely tore the weeping lady from her husband's arms, and after heaping upon her every epithet of scorn, and every indignity he thought could give a fresh pang to the soul of his once hated rival, he stabbed her before his eyes, and the next instant plunged the weapon still deeper into his own bosom. It would have been an act of mercy first to have freed her husband from the horrors of that sight; but he was left alive, as if by a refinement of the cruellest revenge, in a state of suffering and distraction not to be described. He was thus found by some of the police of the city, early in the ensuing morning; to whom, before breathing his last, he communicated the particulars of this horrid instance of infuriated love, despair, madness, and revenge.

ANTONIO DE ESLAVA.

ANTONIO DE ESLAVA.

Of this novelist we meet with no account, either in Nicholas Antonio, or any other biographical author of his age, that would be in the least deserving of extraction for the eye of the English reader.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TRUTH.

In the province of Syria, there was once a large and populous city called Palmyrina, amongst the noble inhabitants of which, was a young lady of more than ordinary attractions, who forms the subject of our tale. She was named Libia, and was possessed of great beauty, enhanced moreover by virtue and discretion. Her parents were dead; and as she had inherited considerable wealth, opportunities were not wanting wherein she might have chosen with advantage, amongst the numberless suitors to her regard. But it was in vain that her attention was courted by the crowd, for her heart had been long engaged to one alone. The youth who had been so fortunate as to gain the affection of this beauty, for whom so many sighed, was a native of the same city with herself, named Justino. His family was rich, and he was distinguished as a young man of a handsome and prepossessing appearance, and great gallantry of character.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the youthful lover should have taken advantage of the favourable

disposition of his mistress, and pressed his suit with such effect, that her coy, yet not unwilling consent, was obtained to make him the happiest of men. It often happens, however, that the urchin god takes a perverse pleasure in raising obtacles to the happiness of his votaries, and such was unhappily the present case. At this period of our tale, when the Emperor Galienus swayed the sceptre of the Roman empire, there arose in the East a great warrior named Admetus. His great successes had rendered him tyrannical, and the inhabitants of Palmyrina had great reason to fear that he looked with a longing eye on their wealthy and populous city. They were not long left in doubt respecting his intentions, for assembling a numerous army, he invested their city, and called on them to surrender. It was then that the spirit of the people was displayed. Bands of volunteers were speedily raised, and experienced officers appointed to repel the invaders. It was a trying time for the lovers; their vows were scarcely plighted, when Justino, whose devotions had hitherto been offered at the soft shrine of love, was called by the god of war to a sterner duty. He was not deaf to the call. He had been reared in splendour, and had drank deeply of the cup of luxury, but his soul was not debased by the enervating draught, and he burned with a noble ardour to signalise himself amongst his country's defenders.

Libia beheld these symptoms with dismay. She thought not of the danger or glory of her country, but she loved like a tender and confiding woman, and saw nothing but the danger which was shortly to encompass the only object of her heart's adoration. But there was little time for reflection, for the affairs of the city rapidly approached their crisis. The enemy made their approaches with such skill, that daily advantages were gained before the walls, and the soldiers of the garrison, irritated by the temerity of their foes, became clamorous for a sally. It was therefore determined to abandon the defensive, and give battle to the enemy on the following day. On that night the disconsolate Libia shut herself up in her apartment, and indulged freely in the sorrows which the unhappy aspect of affairs created. It was the first real grief her young heart had ever known. She wept; but tears brought no relief, for she knew not but on the morrow she might be deprived of all that endeared her to the world, She was soon joined by Justino, whose grief was scarcely less vivid than her own, notwithstanding his eager anticipation of the victory in which he hoped to bear a part.

"Dear Justino," cried the weeping Libia, "if it be true that you love me, why should you wish to render me the most afflicted of human beings? Go not forth to-morrow; stay with me, and let others

meet the danger they are better enabled to bear?" "And is this the advice Libia gives to her Justino? that he should be dishonoured amongst his countrymen. No, if you have the slightest regard for me, you would not be anxious that I should show my love for you in the idle and useless pursuits which have hitherto occupied my attention, but rather that my energies should be directed to some nobler enterprise. You may then be proud of your lover, ennobled by such deeds as Orlando formerly achieved for his Angelina; Zerbino for his Isabel, and Rugero for his Bradamanta. No, let me enter the lists of fame, dear Libia, and become more worthy of thee."

"Then if such be your determination, deny me not this request, which can alone console me. Take me with you, and I swear by the faith which I have already plighted, to possess myself with a courageous heart, and armed and accoutred as yourself, to fight by your side, with a resolution that should not disgrace the bravest of your soldiers; but this, alas, is for thy sake, Justino, and not for my country." Justino could not be otherwise than moved with the devotedness of her whom he loved. "No, sweet Libia," he said, "I could deny thee nothing but this, but for thy honour and mine I must refuse it. How would thy delicate limbs endure the weight of arms, or thy gentle spirit the alarms of war. Remain where thou art and pray for our victory; and remember

that, while I tread the earth, thou art ever sure of the love of thy Justino." Libia threw herself into his arms at these words; but notwithstanding the sentiments which the firm language of her lover manifested, the gentle desires of his heart were clearly visible in his eyes.

When the first rays of the morning sun began to glimmer in the east, the tocsin of war was sounded, and each prepared for the coming fight. With great parade, but with very little order, the defenders of the city sallied forth to meet the enemy, hoping by a vigorous attack to relieve their city from the threatened assault. The affair was quickly decided.

The city troops, unaccustomed to war, and possessing but little discipline, could not withstand the more regular form of the enemy. They were checked on the onset; confusion soon ensued, which was followed by a disastrous flight. The greater part of the citizens were left dead on the field, and the city itself, with all its inhabitants taken in arms, became the spoil of the conquerors. Amongst the prisoners was Justino, who was taken after a brave but useless resistance, and sent to the town of Nisia, two hundred miles from his native place, and within a short distance of the court of Odinatus. He was there sold as a slave to a rich and prosperous merchant of the city. There the unhappy Justino remained, abandoned to his ill-fortune, lamenting his deplorable lot,

and his cruel separation from his beloved and beautiful Libia. Though his accumulated misfortunes pressed heavily on him, that which he most felt was his continual ignorance of her fate, and what had befallen her during the confusion of the war. A year had already passed in this state of slavery, and still he could gain no tidings of Libia. At times he was almost desperate, his imagination beguiling him into a thousand unhappy surmises. At one time he would suppose that the delicate thread of her existence had been already divided; and then again he would afflict himself with the belief, that with the variable nature of woman she had repented of her engagement; sometimes he would rest from his labour, and abandon himself to the most delightful anticipations, and which were alone able to calm his anxiety and chagrin. But his tyrannical master, fancying that idleness formed the greater part of his melancholy, commanded him to repair to an unfrequented and lonely wood, about two leagues thence, and return with a certain quantity of fuel. Obedient to the orders of his master, Justino took his solitary way, not without a melancholy satisfaction that he was at liberty to indulge his griefs unobserved. In this manner, he found his way into the middle of the wood, almost forgetting his errand in the more interesting reflections with which he had beguiled his way. But recovering himself, at last, from his

delightful though unprofitable reveries, he recollected his task, and commenced in good earnest to cut the wood required of him. After a time, he rested from his labour, when, fatigued and thirsty, and looking around him, he saw, to his great delight, a clear and copious fountain, which discharged from numberless little channels a sparkling stream of the purest water. This was, in fact, the fountain of Truth, which, buried in the depths of the sombre forest, had been yet undiscovered by any but himself. Overjoyed at the discovery, though unaware of its hidden virtues, the thirsty Justino approached its brink, and looking with delight into the depth and purity of the water, saw, with astonishment, in its bosom, a vivid portrait, or rather the natural and actual resemblance of his adored Libia, as fair and beautiful as his imagination had framed her. Ignorant of the natural effect of the water, and alive only to the representation before him, he remained for a time lost with surprise; but recovering from these first emotions, he commenced, in a strain of the most impassioned language, to discharge the feelings of his heart. For some time he continued this amorous colloquy, until forgetting the unsubstantial nature of the vision before him, he dashed his arms into the water. The crystal surface was immediately defaced by a thousand ripples, and the image of Libia was lost. When Justino found that he lost, by his rashness, the beautiful vision of

his beloved, he bewailed his misfortune aloud, as though the forest trees could compassionate his distress; but after a time, returning disconsolate to the fountain, the movement of the waters having subsided, he again beheld the countenance of Libia, bright as ever. It was a long time before Justino could tear himself away from such a beloved object; but, at last, fatigued with wearying the woods with his complaints, he summoned reason and resolution to his aid, and ascribed, philosophically enough, the vision which he beheld to the working of a morbid imagination. Having reasoned himself into this belief, he commenced loading the goats with the wood he had cut, and it was late before he retraced his solitary road to the city.

It was on the evening before the defeat of the city troops, that we left the beautiful heroine of our tale, a prey to the grief which was unhappily realised in the loss of her beloved Justino. When the city of Palmyrina was abandoned as a prey to the conquerors, the afflicted girl, foreseeing the dreadful consequences to the unprotected, and dreading the brutality of the victors, bid her household seek their safety; and securing a considerable sum in gold and jewels, disguised herself as a peasant boy, and then mingling with the aged people and children, she escaped from the devoted city.

She had already heard of the brave deeds and

unfortunate captivity of Justino, and although overwhelmed with affliction, she determined to arouse her hitherto dormant energies; and seeking him, either attempt his release from bondage, or share his captivity. It seldom happens that females, especially when inspired by a passion which animated the breast of Libia, hesitate long in acting on their determination; and Libia had no sooner resolved on the enterprise, than, without heeding difficulty or danger, she hastened to put it into execution. Alone and unguided, she took her way to Nisia, near which city was the court of Odinatus, whither, she justly supposed, Justino with other captives would be taken. It was not till after a considerable time, that she drew near the famous capital of the conqueror; and during that perilous and wearysome journey, it required all the courage and fortitude with which its object had inspired her, to overcome the privations and difficulties she encountered.

It was in the afternoon of her last day's journey, that leaving the high road for a nearer path, she lost her way, and continued to wander for a considerable distance without any chance of regaining it, or meeting with any person to direct her. Her situation became truly distressing; day was declining, and she was in the middle of a tangled wood, from which there appeared no hope of egress, and at a distance from any human habitation. Wearied and dispirited,

she threw herself on the ground, and for the first time since her journey, gave a free vent to her tears. Her tender feet, which had never touched any thing harder than the carpets of Ispahan, were now blistered by travel, and bleeding from the thorns of the forest; and her delicate skin, which was whiter than alabaster, and on which the breath of heaven had never blown rudely, was now embrowned in the sun, and chafed by the coarse garments she had adopted as her disguise. She was aroused from the indulgence of unavailing grief by a slight rustling noise, and on looking up she saw a stately stag, moving slowly along, apparently wearied with an escape from the hunters, and unconscious of her vicinity. Libia, in despite of her own sorrows, could not but pity the noble creature, and following him with her eyes, saw him direct his steps to a beautiful and sparkling fountain, which she had not observed, to slake his thirst; when the animal, however, arrived at the brink, and bending his head, instead of quaffing the refreshing stream, seemed rooted to the spot, gazing on its bright surface as if bewildered with what he saw. Libia, surprised at the emotion of the thirsty stag, ascended a little eminence the better to ascertain the cause, and beheld, to her extreme astonishment, the figure of a hind beside the head of the antlered stag, reflected from the glassy surface of the fountain. The stag, impatient at what he saw,

plunged into the water, but not finding what he wished to seek, immediately sprung from the fountain, and regained the depths of the forest. Astonished at the phenomenon, Libia descended from her situation, and approached the fountain, which, though agitated by the stag, soon became tranquil, and gazing in its depths, a scream of joy and wonder escaped from her, on beholding by her side the exact image of her lost Justino. A thousand endearing exclamations followed, and forgetting that the whole was an illusion, she called him to come from his watery tenement, and repay the toils she had suffered for him by never again separating from her. But it was in vain; the image answered not by sign or expression to her anxious and passionate sallies, and she was obliged to convince herself that the whole was but a delusion of her excited imagination.

The shades of evening were closing before she could leave the dear image; and it was not till the fear of passing the night in those wild woods forced itself on her, that she began to think on her situation. On looking around to discover, if possible, a path by which she might extricate herself from the dismal forest, she beheld to her great joy the appearance of recent labour; there were branches of trees scattered on the ground, as though divided by the hatchet, and on closer inspection, the footsteps of human beings were clearly visible. She followed the

track closely for some time, and at last had the satisfaction to see the towers of Nisia in the distance. Her strength revived with the hope that the reward of her pilgrimage was at hand, and before the night had well set in, she reached the place of her destination.

It was not long before she commenced her search, but the object of her solicitude was nowhere to be found. She was in the midst of a large and populous city, where very few concerned themselves about the affairs of their neighbours; it was therefore no great marvel, if the search for a slave who was seldom beyond his master's roof should prove unsuccessful. Libia, however, was not discouraged by ill success; and thinking that every one must look on her Justino with the same prepossession as herself, considered it not improbable that he might be retained in some capacity about the court. She determined, therefore, to seek him within the royal precincts; and choosing a day of public entertainment as offering the greater facility, repaired to the palace yard, where she might see the various suites of the royal family. It happened that the Lady Zelinda, only daughter of the king, was the first to arrive, and alighting from her conveyance, was received by a numerous cortege of nobles; at the same moment, Libia, anxiously pressing forward to see the individuals who composed her train, was rudely struck by one of the officers in

attendance, and by the violence of the blow fell to the earth.

The youth and beauty of the boy, for such she appeared to be, excited the sympathy of the crowd, who were about to lay violent hands on the officer who was guilty of the outrage, if he had not claimed the protection of the princess. Libia, the unfortunate cause of the disturbance, was brought before her, and she, struck with her interesting appearance, severely reprimanded the officer, and commanded her equerry to place the boy under the care of her own domestics, until inquiries could be made respecting him. The next day Libia was again brought before the princess, and in answer to her questions, replied, that he was a native of Europe; that he had travelled so far, in consequence of the great repute of the court of King Odinatus, and that he wished to improve by the examples of nobility and politeness, which he had long desired to see. The princess was charmed with the modesty and elegance of the supposed boy, and shortly afterwards, by the consent of the king, her father, took him as her page.

It was not long, however, before this new situation of Libia began to create in her considerable uneasiness. Instead of enjoying greater facilities for the discovery of Justino, as she had hoped, her time was so fully occupied with the princess, that she had not the slightest leisure to prosecute the inquiries,

foregoing which, no splendours of situation could, in the slightest degree, interest her.

Emboldened by the continued favour of the princess, Libia contemplated the idea of confessing her disguise, and soliciting her mistress's assistance, but was disheartened by the dread of incurring the reproach attached to imposture. At last, not being able to endure her situation, which deprived her of all hope of seeing her loved Justino, she determined to acquaint the princess with the story of the phenomenon she had witnessed at the fountain, hoping that if she should express a desire to see its effects, her real history would be told by the explanation that would ensue. Accordingly, one day she took an opportunity of relating the story of the stag to her mistress, which being considered as an extraordinary instance of the effects of imagination, caused her infinite mirth: but on Libia protesting solemnly that she could not be mistaken in what she actually beheld, the curiosity of the princess was excited; and choosing a convenient time, accompanied only by Libia and her equerry, she rode to the forest, where Libia with some difficulty retraced the path which led to the fountain. The heart of Libia almost misgave her as she approached the water, which she felt confident would oblige her to give the explanation from which she hoped everything, yet dreaded as the moment arrived. They left the equerry with the

horses, and the princess, taking the arm of Libia, drew her towards the margin. The moment they looked into the beautiful and transparent mirror, the princess uttered a faint scream of surprise, and looked back, as though expecting to see some stranger behind them. But finding they were alone, she cried, "Libia, what is this I see? there is not only thy image, but that of the most beautiful youth I have ever yet lived to behold." Libia, seeing that the moment had arrived, threw herself on her knees before her mistress; "Pardon, most gracious princess, if I have deceived you too long; but this is indeed, the fountain of truth, where the image of that we love best in the world, is reflected by our side. If you look on that glorious countenance which yonder glassy surface presents, you will find some excuse for me when I tell you that I have abandoned my country —that I have adopted a disguise which alike conceals my sex and rank—for the sole object of seeking one who is nearest to my heart, and of whom yonder shadow is but the resemblance." The princess was astonished at these words, and still more when Libia related her history; at the conclusion of which Libia was overjoyed to receive the pardon of her mistress, and the promise of concealment and assistance.

But it happened, unfortunately for Libia, that the means she had adopted to facilitate her object, very nearly caused the destruction of her hopes for

ever. The princess was young, and of an ardent and romantic disposition. The beautiful countenance of Justino, which she had beheld at the fountain, so haunted her imagination, that she could think of nothing else, day or night. She grew listless and melancholy, shunned society, and would often, in disguise, wander to the fountain, and gaze enraptured on the features which she saw reflected from its surface, for the image of Justino was now dearest to her heart. One of the ladies of the court, to whom she was much attached, divined the meaning of these symptoms, and drew from her a confession of the truth. Being thus possessed of the fact, and willing to cultivate the further favour of the princess, this *intriguante* dispatched secret emissaries over the cities amongst the slave-dealers and the masters of slaves, to purchase Justino at any price, for the service of the king. Such active means were not long without effect. Justino was soon discovered, his slave habiliments were exchanged for costly raiment, and he was conveyed in secret to the palace. Nothing could exceed the surprise and pleasure of the princess, when her friend intimated to her what had taken place; and the force of love, that supreme leveller of all distinctions, now made her think lightly on measures which might formerly have excited her greatest reprehension. But the all-consuming flame of love seemed now to have altered her nature; for

beholding the object of her secret adoration no longer through the veil of doubt and obscurity, but almost at her very feet, she now saw no other obstacle to her passion but the presence of Libia; however, this was quickly obviated, by preferring a slight charge of disobedience against the page to the king, and he was ordered into confinement during her pleasure. Affairs being in this train, it became necessary to acquaint Justino with his good fortune, which the kind *intriguante* undertook. The rapid change which Justino experienced, from indigence to splendour, excited in his mind the most vivid hope that his liberty was about to ensue, though by what means he was wholly unable to imagine. The image of his Libia was still the partner of his thoughts, and he sighed for liberty, not for itself, but for the chance it would afford of again beholding her.

It was with astonishment, therefore, not unmixed with pain, that he learned the true cause of his change. With his heart and mind already devoted to another, he felt it impossible to return the love now proffered, however flattering to his self-love, from so exalted an individual. He was not without a secret hope that it might prove a mistake, having no idea that the princess could have ever beheld him, and that he might gain his liberty on easier terms than surrendering his faith to the being to

whom he was devoted. There was not much time for reflection, for Justino was ushered into the presence of the princess by the *intriguante* already mentioned. He found her in a small but splendid apartment of the palace, reclining on a low sofa, supported by pillows, after the manner of the orientals, and unveiled.

The moment he entered she beckoned him to her, and pointing to an ottoman by her side, desired him to repose himself. Then reaching forth her delicate white hand and arm, adorned with fillets of pearl, and resting it on his, she gazed for a few seconds on his countenance in silent wonder and admiration. "Yes," she exclaimed, as though to herself, "'tis the very same; the same features, the same expression." "Pardon me, your highness," said Justino, to whom the above scene was highly embarrassing, "if I suppose there must be some misapprehension with regard to your servant." "None," she replied, smiling; "I know you well, Justino, and am glad to learn you are brave and noble, and therefore worthy my regard." These words confounded poor Justino, who was totally unable to reply. "Yes," she continued, "I cannot but confess to you that which many would reveal with shame. But perhaps my situation, which places me at such a distance from my fellows, emboldens me; or the love which has taken possession of my heart urges me to declare

what maiden modesty would fain conceal. Justino, I have seen you, no matter how; but your image has haunted me since that moment. If I cannot elevate you to the rank which I now hold, for you I will abandon it, and be contented with your love." Justino's heart was not of stone, and for a moment the thought crossed him of the improbability of ever again beholding Libia; but it was only for a moment, his better feelings instantly rallied. "Beautiful Zelinda! no heart can be proof against your charms, no eyes can gaze on your beauty unmoved. But for me, alas! the heart you covet is not worth the wish. I am now but a poor slave; I languish for my home, my friends, and my country. How can you value the love of a slave?" "You are free," she exclaimed, "you are free to seek your home and your country. But no; 'tis not them you seek; there is another, whom you value more than these. Confess it," she cried, half rising from her couch, as though in apprehension of the reply. "Princess," he replied, "I scorn to deceive you; not even my hope of liberty shall induce me to be unjust. There is another; the remembrance of whom is so interwoven with my existence, that the separation can be with life alone." "Alas!" exclaimed Zelinda, covering her face with her hands to hide her grief and shame, "and is it for this that I have descended from my rank, to seek the love of one who knows not how to value it—to be

scorned and despised? Go," she cried, her utterance being almost impeded by her tears; "go, ungrateful man! and seek her you love, who perhaps now is in the arms of another; away, away! quit the road to fortune and fame, and leave a princess who loves you, to die."

The sight of beauty in distress has ever been a touchstone to the youthful heart; it is therefore not surprising that Justino should have felt its influence. Honour, and every manly feeling forbade him to leave the princess in the affliction of which he, although unwittingly, had been the cause; yet he felt, that to linger in her presence would be to expose his feelings, naturally warm and susceptible, to a severe trial. Zelinda observed his irresolution, and mistaking its cause, sprung from the sofa whereon she had reclined, and threw herself into his arms. "Yes," she exclaimed, "I was certain you could not leave me." Before she could be undeceived, or any explanation afforded by Justino, the door of the apartment suddenly opened, and the king entered. The princess uttered a scream of terror, as she met the gaze of her astonished parent, and would have fallen, had not Justino borne her to the couch. Justino, though innocent, could not but feel his situation critical, and prepared himself to meet the coming storm.

The king, for a few moments, was at a loss to

express the anger which swelled his breast at this unexpected sight. "What base slave is this," he at length exclaimed,' 'that dares to dishonour my family? Who art thou? and how do I find you here?" Justino knew not what to reply, fearing to compromise the princess; yet he met the glance of the indignant monarch undaunted. "Seize him," cried the king; "cast him headlong from the highest tower, and let his base carcase feed the wolves." Two officers sprung forward to execute the dreadful order, when the princess fell at her father's feet, and embracing his knees: "On me let the weight of your displeasure fall," she cried; "'tis I who have alone been guilty. He is innocent; I swear to you, on the honour of your race, he knew not of coming hither. Hear me, my father, and I will offer you such explanation as will satisfy you of the honour of your child." "Remove him," said the king, "and see that he is forthcoming at a future time."

Justino accompanied the officers, and left the princess alone with her father, who, however, loved her too well to make the result at all to be apprehended. The officers gave Justino into the custody of another, with directions for his security, who, without further preliminaries, introduced him to an apartment assigned for such purposes, and having secured his egress, left him to his reflections. The

room to which he was consigned was not altogether comfortless; it was well provided with mats for repose, and on the table were some viands, apparently untasted. On looking more closely around, Justino found he was not alone; for at the extremity of the room, he beheld the figure of a youth reclining at his length on a heap of matting. He appeared either asleep or wrapt in reflection, and Justino was too anxious about his own situation to speculate on that of another. The silence that reigned was only interrupted by the heavy sighs which occasionally broke from the bosom of each, and told that grief was equally busy with them. At last, Justino forgetting that he was not alone, as his thoughts pressed heavily on him, exclaimed, "Alas! to what am I not reserved; when will my misfortunes terminate; but one short year has passed, and I am plunged from happiness into misery; and my own dear Libia! I am doomed never to behold her more." The stranger, who had gradually raised his head as Justino spoke aloud, no sooner heard these last words, than he started on his feet. "It is—it is," he cried, "the voice—the voice that I can never forget. It is my own Justino"—and in another instant he was in the embrace of her whom he had so long mourned.

It would be vain to recount the surprise and joy of the lovers at such a meeting, and in such a place; it is only necessary to say, that having listened to

each other's adventures, during the recital of which many tears were shed over their reciprocal sufferings, a release from their confinement was the first object that occupied their attention. Libia suggested, that before the king should order any rigourous sentence to be executed, it would be better to throw themselves on his mercy, and make known to him their history without disguise; it would perhaps be the means of procuring their release, and would not be detrimental to the princess, as well by reason of the love borne her by her father, as by the fact that her father himself was no stranger to the tender passion, even where it could least have been expected. It had come to the knowledge of Libia, when in the situation of page to the princess, though all unsuspected to the court besides, that the king was deeply enamoured of an old lady who had been formerly nurse to the princess, and who had apartments in the palace, but who was so exceedingly ugly, that her actual deformity had protected her from all scandal. Nevertheless, she appeared in the eyes of the king a perfect Venus, and exceeded in attraction all the beauties of the court. However, it was agreed that they should solicit a hearing from the king, which was immediately granted, and Justino in the royal presence recounted their adverse history; and from what he had heard from Libia, related the scene with the princess and her page at the fountain,

the romance of which had doubtless led her to the extravagance of which she had been guilty.

The king listened attentively to all that he related, and then replied, that if their story were true, or even had they been imposed upon, and believed the delusion of the fountain to be true, they should have their liberty, and that what was passed should be cancelled; but in order to prove the truth, he commanded them to lead the way to the fountain, that he might himself judge of the accuracy of their report. He then ordered the attendance of his judges, and, accompanied by the Princess Zelinda, they all proceeded to the fountain in the forest. It was not long before they arrived, when the king and his train placed themselves on an eminence adjoining the water, and commanded Justino to approach the brink. Immediately there appeared to the astonished eyes of the beholders the image of Libia, as clearly pourtrayed by his side as though she was herself beneath the water. Libia next advanced, and the like phenomenon was again witnessed with regard to Justino. The Princess Zelinda next underwent the trial, and the likeness of Justino was clearly visible on the surface of the watery mirror. "Your majesty may see," cried Libia, overjoyed, "that we have not imposed upon you. This is indeed the Fountain of Truth, where the image of that we love best in the world is pour-

trayed as clearly by our side as though in reality." The king, still thinking some deceit was practised, advanced himself to the margin, when immediately there appeared the distinct image of the frightful old woman before mentioned. The judges and courtiers, forgetting the presence of their sovereign, could not restrain a shout of mirth, on beholding such an unexpected truth, and the king retired from the mirror which had revealed so unpalatable a truth, quite confounded. However, in order that he might not alone be amenable to the ill-suppressed witticisms of his court, he commanded his venerable judges, one by one, to undergo the ordeal. The first was an old man, whose head the frost of seventy winters had silvered, and whose reputation for wisdom had extended far and wide; no sooner had he looked in the water, than straight appeared the laughing countenance of a theatrical singing girl; and the merriment which succeeded so discomfited the old man, that he was with difficulty prevented from disturbing the mirror that revealed so unwholesome a truth. The next was in no haste to appear, and it was only by the repeated command of the king that he was brought forward. This venerable counsellor was long known for the remarkable austerity of his morals, and the sanctity of his life; yet the moment he approached the fatal glass, there appeared the youthful features of a courtesan, whose beauty had for

some time been the talk of the town. This aged gentleman underwent his share of sarcasm and raillery, and, full of rage, retired from the scene. Another, on making his appearance, was welcomed with the likeness of large sacks of doubloons, and the name of each individual marked in large letters, from whom he had received them for unjust decisions. Another was greeted with large piles of parchments and books of doubtful character, of diablerie, and the black art, clearly indicating on what species of literature he had prepared himself for his high and important functions. Numbers of others were brought forward, but few could stand the ordeal of truth. The king, being satisfied that the laugh would not be altogether against him, enjoined, that each for his own sake should keep counsel; and on the spot collected a large reward for Justino and Libia. He gave them, moreover, a letter to the governor of Palmyrina, by which they were to regain their forfeited estates; and, restoring them to liberty, he bade them speed to their native city.

To commemorate this famous fountain, the king gave orders that a splendid edifice should be erected over the spot, and commanded that no one should enter without his royal permission, to behold the mysteries of the Fountain of Truth.

DONNA MARIA DE ZAYAS.

DONNA MARIA DE ZAYAS I SOTO MAYOR.

The only information we can gather respecting this lady, is founded on the authority of the industrious bibliographer, Nicolas Antonio, who assures us that she was a native of Madrid, and that she composed two series of novels, under the titles of *Novelas Amorosas i exemplares*, and *Novelas i Seraos*. She is also mentioned by Lope de Vega in his Laurel de Apolo in very flattering terms, without the least critical observation, from which, indeed, the whole of that strange rhapsody of names and titles is altogether exempt.

The style and character of this writer's novels exhibit much of the ease and elegance, with no little of the freedom, of Boccaccio; they abound with incident, both humorous and tragic, and with chivalric or amorous adventure. With little artifice, however, in the plot, and less study of character, there are some striking and effective scenes; while the situations are often well conceived, and the

suspense is maintained throughout so as to please or surprise us.

"*The Miser Chastised*" is perhaps the only one of her novels in which the writer wholly adopts a comic tone and spirit, without any touches of a more sentimental kind. With some humour, this story combines considerable ease and originality.

Under the same title as the foregoing, appeared a drama from the pen of Don Juan de la Hoz Mota, a Spanish dramatic writer of some celebrity; who succeeded in exposing the vice of avarice on the stage in strong and natural colours, and with such bold and happy strokes of ridicule, as almost to merit its being placed in the same rank with the famous "AVARE" of Moliere.

THE MISER CHASTISED.

A YOUNG hidalgo from the country, as vain of his own pretensions as he was poor in estate, arrived at Madrid to serve in the train of a wealthy nobleman belonging to the court. His pride but ill accorded with his poverty; for a miserable bed, which served him for a chair and table as well as a dormitory, constituted the whole of his possessions. This youth, whom we shall call Don Marcos, had a father yet alive, but of so advanced an age, that the number of his years answered the purpose of an income, his very infirmities everywhere acquiring for him some substantial token of the good will of the humane and charitable.

When this hopeful son arrived at the respectable age of twelve years, he had the misfortune to lose his mother, and he was then taken into the palace of the nobleman above-mentioned in the capacity of page, in order that he might make himself master of those accomplishments deemed most necessary for the honourable discharge of such an office,—to wit

those of equivocation, thieving, lying, and all manner of meanness.

Although Don Marcos devoted himself very willingly to these studies, yet what pleased him most, and what he entered into with the greatest alacrity, was the study of acquiring a fortune. He commenced from his first entrance into service, to practise a plan of the most rigid economy. He was allowed, in common with others on the same establishment, the sum of eighteen quartos a-day; but he used them with such moderation, that though at the expense of his own stomach, and at the meals of his companions, he contrived to save the greater part; what little he was obliged to spend did not diminish in any great degree his daily stipend.

Don Marcos was a youth of middling stature, but by the extreme refinement of his diet, he made that which was cut out for the figure of a man look more like a stick of asparagus. The only time that his unfortunate stomach had an opportunity of rejoicing inwardly, were the days in which he took his turn to serve his master at table; on such occasions he relieved the servants from all trouble in cleaning the plates, taking such exact care of those which he removed, that they went cleaner out of his hands than when first placed on the table. He likewise filled his pockets with such dainties as he could purloin without manifest danger to his livery, providing

by this means against days of predetermined starvation. In this hopeful manner did our friend Don Marcos pass the years of his youth, during which, on many occasions, he accompanied his lord on foreign missions, where he found many opportunities of indulging his love of gain.

In the course of time, owing to the steadiness of his conduct, he was promoted from his situation of page to that of gentleman usher of the household, his master advancing him to that honour, for which he was never by nature intended. With his situation, therefore, he changed his stipend of eighteen quartos to fifty reals, and as many maravedis. But he was not induced by this accession of income to alter one jot his former economical habits; his rations were in no ways increased. Although it might be thought more incumbent on him to make a little appearance, yet the consideration of filling his purse was always paramount.

Never did he burn a light in his chamber at his own cost; and if there was at any time seen that extraordinary display, it was procured by his own diligence, or rather by the remissness of the under servants, who were in the habit of throwing away all candle-ends from the kitchen. Even of these he was particularly sparing; and oftentimes in returning home, he would avail himself of the light of the lamps to undress by, to save the said candle-ends;

so that it did not unfrequently happen, that when he arrived at his chamber he was almost perished with cold. What was worse, he was sometimes observed to have been in complete dishabille in the street, by which he ran no little risk of falling into the hands of the alguazil. That which puzzled him most of all was, how to procure water for his chamber and other necessaries, which pride forbade him to carry there himself.

For some time he had been in the habit of engaging boys on trial, and then turning them away without any reward; but this being subject to many difficulties, he determined to adopt another course. He went to an open space in the city, where idle boys were in the habit of resorting to play. There he found a miserable-looking little wretch, who, he thought, would suit his purpose, and engaged him as his servant, to make his bed, to attend on him, and do every thing that was necessary; for all which he was promised a portion of his own excellent fare, and the passage for his dormitory. The boy, however, soon ran away from so liberal a master, and Don Marcos was at last obliged to engage a young vagabond from the kitchen, and he was luckily enabled to make up for his slender fare by stealing from the cook.

The dinners with which this pattern of hidalgos sometimes regaled himself, consisted of a very small

roll, half a pound of meat, and occasionally some broken victuals from the kitchen, which the cook sent upon promise of his afterwards washing the plates carefully. But these were only treats for holidays; in general his moderate and well-regulated appetite was content with a small roll of bread and a lettuce, which he eat, to save time, very speedily. Sometimes he would enter the room where his companions were enjoying themselves at dinner, and seating himself near one of them, would say, "Bless me, how consoling to one's nostrils is the savour of that delicious olla podrida; does the taste, I wonder, answer to the smell? in good truth I should have no objection to try;" and suiting the action to the word, without further ceremony, he soon emptied the plate of a portion of its contents. In like manner he would go round, until he had satisfied his curiosity by tasting the flavour with them all.

It became a fixed rule, therefore, whenever his companions saw him enter, that each who could dispense with a portion should give him a mouthful without asking, but he who was not so disposed covered his plate with his hand. The only one who seemed at all disposed to be on friendly terms with him, was a gentleman of the household, and he seemed highly amused with his expedients at dinner and supper. For he would come in sometimes with his bread and lettuce in his hand; "How uneasy

solitude makes one; it is for the pleasure of society alone that I join you;" and with that he would seat himself at table, and was loud in his praises of that which he liked best.

Wine he had never bought in his life, although he occasionally tasted it in the following manner. He would post himself at the street door, and when he saw the boys and girls pass with the wine which they had purchased, he would beg of them in the politest manner to allow him to prove its quality; at the same time pretty nearly obliging them to comply with a request so modestly demanded. If the young carriers were disposed to concede, he would not fail to require another taste.

On his first arrival at Madrid, he came mounted on a mule belonging to one of his father's neighbours, who had kindly lent it to the youth for this special journey. He had likewise sent along with him, an old muleteer to act as his servant on the road; but the discreet youth, not liking the cost of the latter incumbrance, took an opportunity of sending the old man on a message, and in his absence prudently put spurs to the mule, and left the old gentleman to measure his way back in the best manner he could.

In all the inns along the road he never once wanted a friend on whom to father the reckoning; for if he dined in company, the moment the time of

payment arrived, the young gentleman was no longer to be found. For his poor mule, he fed him with straw which they cut for mattresses, until his carcase was so fallen away, as not even to be recognised by those who had come in search of him. Various stories ere long became current as to the prudence and discretion of Don Marcos, which frequently afforded no little mirth to his master and his friends; till at last he was generally acknowledged to be the most discreet young man in his line that ever courted the sunshine of court favour.

In this edifying manner did Don Marcos arrive at the age of thirty, with the reputation of a wealthy man; and with good reason, for he had gathered together, at the expense of every gentlemanly quality, and the starvation of his unfortunate carcase, a good round sum, which he always retained near him, for he dreaded every kind of speculation that might place in the slightest degree of jeopardy his darling treasure.

Now as Don Marcos was known to be neither a gambler nor a libertine, good opportunities of marriage continually presented themselves, which, however, he did not avail himself off, always considering it a speculation, and not unlikely to lead to some unfortunate result. Nevertheless, he wished to appear to advantage in the eyes of the ladies, some of whom, not knowing him, might have no objection

to him as a husband. To them he appeared more in the light of a gallant than a miser. Amongst others who would have had no objection to him, was a lady who had been married, but was not so well reconciled to her situation as a widow.

She was a lady of superior air and pretensions, although somewhat past the prime of life; but by the help of a little study and skill, no one would have supposed that she had arrived at so discreet an age as she certainly had. She was prettily enough called Donna Isidora, and was reported to be very rich; that she had actual property, at least according to those who knew her well, her manner of living clearly enough proved. Now this eligible match was proposed to Don Marcos; the lady was represented to him in such engaging colours, with such perfect assurance that she possessed more than fourteen or fifteen thousand ducats, that he was led into temptation—the temptation of Mammon. Her deceased husband was represented to have been a gentleman of one of the best families of Andalusia, and Donna Isidora was equally well born, and a native of the famous city of Seville.

These flattering communications so worked on the avarice and pride of our friend Don Marcos, that he almost wished himself already married, that he might be sure of the possession of so enviable a prize. He who first entangled Don Marcos in this notable affair,

was a cunning rogue of a dealer, who not only dealt in marriages, but in other descriptions of more sure traffic, bartering by wholesale beautiful portraits, whether originals or not, for still more beautiful purses; and whenever any business was carried on in the court of equivocal nature, he was always the agent when assured of a good recompense.

He promised therefore an introduction to Don Marcos that very evening, because, as he said, there was danger in delay. When the evening arrived, Don Marcos was introduced by his friend to the house of Donna Isidora. He was quite astonished at the magnificent appearance which it presented; so many valuable pictures in costly frames, and every thing around being of corresponding beauty and richness. He could not keep his eyes off the beautiful sideboards, reminding him of his dinners; secretaires, damask hangings, and other rich articles of furniture, which seemed to appertain rather to a distinguished lady of title, than to any private individual.

All the apartments, in fact, were fitted up with such taste, and the house exhibited such an appearance of order and cleanliness, as well as costliness, that it appeared to the eyes of Don Marcos rather as a celestial paradise than the abode of a mere ordidary mortal. There next appeared two handmaids, quite in unison with this elegant establishment, one

engaged for general labour, and the other more as a personal attendant upon her mistress. They were both exceedingly well-looking and agreeable, particularly the attendant, who might with justice have been a queen, if beauty alone could purchase kingdoms.

Above all, however, Don Marcos admired the apparently well-regulated taste of Donna Isidora, which seemed governed by a sense of prudence and discretion in the arrangement of her household, as well as in the sterling value and luxury of all he saw. Such too was the politeness and urbanity of manner displayed by the mistress of the mansion, that she succeeded, not only in exciting his admiration, but in awakening a gentler passion; this he thought evinced the acuteness of his judgment, and the abundance of his own good taste.

Donna Isidora was profuse in her thanks to the obliging gentleman who had procured her the pleasure of such an acquaintance; and she finally established her triumph over Don Marcos, by inviting him to a costly entertainment, wherein she displayed the utmost luxury and wealth.

At this entertainment Don Marcos was introduced to a young man of a very gallant and prepossessing appearance, whom Donna Isidora honoured with the title of nephew. His name was Augustin, and he, in turn, seemed happy in the chance that

gave him so delightful a relationship. The under servant, Ines, waited on them at table, because Marcella, by the order of her mistress, was engaged to entertain them with her guitar, in the management of which she was so perfect, that even the grandees of the court were seldom regaled with better music. Her voice, which she accompanied with the instrument, was so melodious, that it appeared more like that of an angel than a woman. The unaffected manner, too, without the slightest timidity, yet equally free from boldness, in which she sung, lent an additional charm; for without being entreated, she continued to amuse them, feeling confident that her performance would be well received.

It can hardly be determined from what part of the entertainment Don Marcos derived the greatest satisfaction; whether in the enjoyment of the delicious viands set before him, savoury or sweet fruit, fresh, and of the choicest description, accompanied with wine of such generous quality, as would have rejoiced the heart of the most sorrowful anchorite; yet they were scarcely equal to the exquisite voice of Marcella, which continued to regale his senses during the time of his feasting, in which he was so politely assisted by Donna Isidora and her nephew, that had he been a king, no greater attention could have been shown him.

The sweet voice of Marcella sounded harmoniously

in his ears, the good things which were set before him were no less grateful to his palate, so nearly did the grosser feelings rival those of a more intellectual cast. Don Marcos felt himself so completely at ease with the well-bred, though generous hospitality of Donna Isidora and her nephew, that without the least scruple he amply indemnified himself for many a hungry day, as the sensible diminution of the luxuries of the table bore abundant, or rather scanty testimony. It may be said without exaggeration, that that evening's entertainment furnished him with as much as six days of his ordinary consumption; and the continual and repeated supplies, forced on him by his elegant and kind hostess, were in themselves sufficient to enable him to dispense with eating for a considerable time to come.

The pleasures of the conversation and of the table finished with the daylight, and four wax candles were placed in beautiful candelabras, by the light of which, and the sounds which Augustin drew from the instrument which Marcella had before touched so well, the two girls commenced a dance, in which they moved with such grace, as to excite the admiration of their superiors. After all this, Marcella, at the request of Don Marcos, again took her guitar, and closed the evening's amusement with an old chivalric romance.

On the conclusion of the song, the gentleman who had introduced Don Marcos, gave him a hint that it

was time to retire; who, though unwilling to leave such good company, and such good cheer, and at such little cost, took leave of his kind hostess with expressions of consideration and friendship, and took his road homewards, entertaining his friend by the way with expressions of admiration of Donna Isidora, or rather, more properly speaking, of her money. He begged him as soon as possible to have a deed drawn up which would ensure to him so enviable a treasure. His friend replied, that he might already consider the marriage concluded, for that his opinion held such weight with Donna Isidora, that he would take an early opportunity of speaking with her to effect the arrangement, for he fully agreed with him, that delays were dangerous.

With this excellent maxim they separated, the one to recount to Donna Isidora what had passed, and the other to return to the house of his master.

It being very late, all the household had retired to rest. Don Marcos availing himself of the end of a candle, which he generally carried in his pocket for the purpose, withdrew to a small lamp, which lighted an image of the Virgin, at the corner of the street. There he placed it on the point of his sword and lighted it, making, at the same time, a very short but devout prayer, that the very reasonable hopes he had framed might not be disappointed. Satisfied with this pious duty, he then retired to

rest, waiting, however, impatiently for the day which should crown his expectations.

The next day he was visited by his friend Gamorre, such was the name of the gentleman who had recommended to him this tempting alliance. Don Marcos had risen by times that morning, for love and interest had conspired to banish sleep from his pillow. It was, therefore, with the utmost joy that he welcomed his visitor, who informed him that he had been successful in his mission to Donna Isidora, and that he was the bearer of an invitation to him from that lady to pass the day at her house, when he would have an opportunity of personally pressing his suit, and perhaps concluding the negociation which had so happily commenced.

Overjoyed at his good fortune, Don Marcos attired himself in the choicest suit his scanty wardrobe could furnish, and set forward towards the house of his lady. Donna Isidora received him with her usual affability, and Don Augustin with a thousand compliments. Conversation was kept up with great spirit until the hour of dinner, and Don Marcos had the satisfaction of finding that he had made such progress in the esteem of his mistress, that his success was no longer doubtful. The table was laid in another apartment, with all the splendour suitable to the house of a person of quality. Donna Isidora found no great difficulty in persuading her guest to

help himself at table, for Don Marcos was a man of too much good sense to allow those precious moments to be wasted in useless compliments, which might be so much better employed.

Don Marcos having satisfied his appetite as much to his satisfaction as on the day before, in imagination he began to enter into his new duties ; and seeing Donna Isidora so liberal in every thing, and without the least thought of economy, he began to consider, that all this superfluous expenditure was so much money out of his own pocket.

When the dinner was ended, Donna Isidora asked him whether he would like to dispense with the hours of the siesta ; but Don Marcos took this opportunity of testifying his horror at all such ungodly and unthrifty amusements, which he averred was a saving to him of a very many ducats in the year. "Take pattern," said Donna Isidora to Don Augustin ; "take pattern by Don Marcos, who knows neither cards or play, and assuredly it will be the better both for your soul and estate : but go, child, and tell Marcella to bring her guitar, and Ines her castanets, which will be more reasonable diversion to Don Marcos, until Señor Gamorre arrives with the notary. Augustin flew to obey his aunt's commands, and meanwhile Don Marcos took the opportunity of suggesting a few economical hints as to her future establishment, hoping that Don Augustin would see the

propriety of conforming to his ideas of moderation. He was himself, he said, a friend to early hours, and particularly with the additional treasure which the house would contain when he removed his effects thither. That he would consider it but an act of common prudence to close the doors early, and place them under the safeguard of lock and key; not that he was in the slightest degree jealous, but that the houses of rich people were peculiarly liable to the attacks of thieves. Donna Isidora commended his prudence, and promised every thing for her nephew, who at that moment arrived with the young women, and stopped a conversation so interesting to Don Marcos.

Marcella, however, indemnified him with the music of her voice, which he so much admired, accompanied with the guitar and the castanets. Don Marcos showed himself on this occasion to be a man of excellent taste; for though the romance sung by Marcella might have appeared to the fastidious ear of a courtier somewhat long, and not over refined, yet to him it seemed all too short. He thanked Marcella, and begged her to give him some more, but at that moment the good Gamorre arrived, with one whom he introduced as his notary, but who from his appearance might just as well have been his lacquey. He was provided with the writings which had been agreed upon, and wherein Donna Isidora

was represented to be possessed of twelve thousand ducats.

Don Marcos was too well contented with the prospect of such a property to be very particular in his inquiries. He therefore signed the writings with great good will, and embraced Donna Isidora, calling her, at the same time, by the endearing title of spouse. They supped that night with the same elegance and abundance as they had done before; although the principle topic of discourse was moderation of appetite, it appearing to Don Marcos, as master of the house, that even the rich dowry of his mistress would hardly be sufficient to meet such an expenditure.

Before they parted that night, every thing was arranged for their marriage, which in three days from that time was solemnised with all the splendour becoming people of rank and wealth. Don Marcos on this occasion so far overcame his parsimony, as to present his wife with a rich wedding dress of great cost and fashion; calculating very wisely, that the expense was but trifling in comparison with what he had to receive. When his marriage was made known at the house of his patron, every one congratulated him on his choice, and his great good fortune; for though it was true that his wife was somewhat older than himself, yet her wealth amply compensated for any such disparity.

Behold, then, our friend Don Marcos, lord and master of this sumptuous dwelling, and its amiable inmates; and when the day of the auspicious union arrived, it found him in a state of the greatest possible contentment and happiness.

"Surely this is the happiest day of my life," he said to himself. The future domestic arrangements were all carefully discussed by the calculating mind of the bridegroom; and he already had disposed of his anticipated savings in a speculation; for he had began even to think of speculating as to the greatest saving and profit.

Before retiring to rest, however, these flattering visions were a little disturbed by the sudden illness of Augustin. Whether it proceeded from mortification at his aunt's wedding, which threatened to curtail him of some of his fair proportions—his accustomed pleasures, or from some natural cause, it is impossible to say; but the house was suddenly thrown into a state of the greatest confusion; servants running about for remedies, and Donna Isidora in a state of the most violent agitation! She undressed him with her own hands, and put him to bed, at the same time bestowing such marks of tenderness as almost to create a feeling of jealousy in the breast of the bridegroom. However, the invalid became composed with the efforts which were made in his behalf; and Donna Isidora ventured to leave

him and retire to rest, while the bridegroom went his round, taking care to see that the doors and windows were all fast, possessing himself of the keys for their better security.

This last act of caution seemed to be looked on with great distrust by the servants, who immediately attributed to jealousy that which was the result only of care and prudence; for Don Marcos had that morning removed to the house, with his own valuable person, and all his worldly possessions, including his six thousand ducats, which had not for a long time seen the light of day, and which he intended should still be consigned to solitary confinement, as far as locks and keys would ensure it.

Having arranged every thing to his satisfaction, he retired to his bridal-chamber, leaving the servants to bewail their unhappy fortune, in having got a master whose habits threatened to curtail them of little liberties which the kindness of their mistress had so long indulged. Marcella spoke of her dissatisfaction at once; saying that rather than live like a nun, she should seek her fortune elsewhere: but Ines confessed that Don Augustin had so won her heart, that she could not leave the place where he remained, however unfavourable might be the change in their situation. Marcella therefore prepared to undress, but Ines fancying that she heard a noise in the chamber of Don Augustin, and fearing he might

require something in his illness, stepped lightly to his room to inquire in what she might assist him.

On the ensuing morning, Ines, fearing that her mistress might discover her evening's occupation, was about the house earlier than usual, and went to relate to her friend Marcella the cause of her absence; but to her surprise she found the chamber of Marcella empty, and no appearance of her having slept there that night. Astonished at so strange a circumstance, she left the room to seek her, and was still more surprised on finding the outer door unlocked, which her master had so carefully fastened the night before, and as if for the purpose of disturbing all Don Marcos' ideas of security, it had been left wide open.

On seeing this, Ines became terribly alarmed, and flew to the chamber of her mistress, raising an outcry that the house had been broken into. The bridegroom, half stupified with terror, leaped from the couch, calling for his wife to do the same; at the same time drawing aside all the curtains, and throwing open all the windows, in order that there might be no deficiency of light to see whether any thing were missing. The first thing he beheld was what he supposed to be his wife, but so altered, that he could scarce believe her to be the same; instead of six-and-thirty years of age, which she professed to be, this sudden and unwelcome visitation of morning light added

at least twenty years to her appearance; small locks of grey hair peeped from beneath her night-cap, which had been carefully concealed by the art of the hair-dresser, but the false hair had in the carelessness of sleep been unluckily transferred to the ground.

The suddenness of this morning's alarm had produced another no less unfortunate mischance; her teeth, which Don Marcos had so complimented for their regularity and whiteness, were now, alas! not to be seen, and the lady at least verified the old proverb of not casting pearls before swine. We will not attempt to describe the consternation of the poor hidalgo, or waste words which the imagination can so much better supply. We will only say that Donna Isidora was confounded; it was intolerable that her imperfections should be made thus manifest at so unseasonable an hour, and snatching up her strayed locks, she attempted to replace them, but with such little success, owing to her extreme hurry, that had not Don Marcos been overwhelmed with consternation, he would assuredly hardly have refrained from laughter. She then sought to lay hands on the dress she had worn the previous day; but, alas! nothing of the rich paraphernalia in which she had been attired by the gallantry of her husband—not one of the jewels and trinkets in which she had dazzled the spectators' eyes, remained.

Don Marcos, on his part, was struck dumb with

horror, on finding that his own new wedding suit was missing, and likewise a valuable gold chain which he had worn at the ceremony, and which he had drawn from his treasure for the purpose. No pen can describe the agony of Don Marcos upon this fatal discovery; he could not even console himself with the youthful graces of his wife, for turning towards her he saw nothing but age and ugliness, and turning his eyes again from her, he found his expensive clothes all vanished, and his chain gone.

Almost out of his wits, he ran out into the saloon, and throughout the apartments, attired only in his shirt, wringing his hands, and betraying every sign of a miser's lamentation and despair. While in this mood, Donna Isidora escaped to her dressing-room, without giving herself the trouble of inquiring into the minor catastrophe, and busied herself in repairing the personal injuries which the untoward event had produced. Don Augustin had by this time risen, and Ines recounted to him the adventures of the morning, and they both laughed heartily at the consternation of poor Don Marcos, the ridiculous accident of Donna Isidora, and the roguishness of Marcella. Though only half dressed, he flew to his aunt, to console her with such arguments as he could muster upon so short a notice.

Don Marcos, unable to recover what he had lost, and beholding his wife so different a creature to

what he had left her, almost fancied himself bewitched, so little did he believe it possible that such a transformation could be so hastily effected. Don Marcos, accompanied by Don Augustin, then questioned Ines, to discover if possible whether she were a party to the retreat of her companion. But nothing could be elucidated, and Don Marcos very wisely consoled himself by resignation to the will of God, though with a bad grace, for the loss of his gold chain weighed heavily on his soul. In short, he was one of the most afflicted men on earth. And as if fortune took a delight in tormenting him, no sooner did he begin to recover about dinner time, than two servants of a neighbouring gentleman arrived with a polite message to Donna Isidora, begging that she would return him the plate which she had borrowed some time before. Donna Isidora received the message complacently, and of course the only answer was to send back the silver service, candlesticks, and salvers, and all the other things in the house which had so attracted the cupidity of Don Marcos. He could hardly believe the reality of the fact, and rising in wrath, swore that the articles in question were his own property, and declared that they should not be removed. The astonished menials ran back to inform their majordomo, who, with others of his train, repaired to the house of Don Marcos, and finally succeeded, though with much

difficulty, in bearing away their master's property. In vain did Don Marcos beat his breast and tear his hair; he became almost blind with rage, and his language was that of a madman. Donna Isidora endeavoured to console him, saying, that such trifles ought not to discompose him; that he ought to consider, that as there was no remedy for it, the best consolation was patience. The good hidalgo endeavoured to think so too, but from that day he knew no peace; even his dinner failed to comfort him.

Don Augustin eat and drank as usual, without appearing to notice what had past; amusing himself with the witty remarks of his favourite Ines, regarding the clever management of Donna Isidora, and the misfortunes of Don Marcos, with apparent indifference.

Setting aside these mischances, however, Don Marcos would have been contented with what remained, if fortune had allowed him to enjoy it in peace. But as the marriage of Donna Isidora was now pretty well known throughout Madrid, a number of tradesmen waited one morning on Don Marcos with their accounts. One of these was for three months' hire of furniture, the party likewise stating his intention of taking it away with him, observing, that a lady who had married so well as Donna Isidora, would doubtless wish to buy furniture for her establishment.

At this second blow Don Marcos became speechless with agony and astonishment; not a single article of which he flattered himself he was the undisputed master, appeared to belong to him; in fact, he could claim nothing as his own but his wife, who in fact was the only fixture, and the worst species of property that an economical man could wish to possess. In the first ebullition of his wrath he laid hands on his unfortunate wife, tore her false hair from her head, and nearly demolished her teeth. This outrage was not patiently borne by his afflicted helpmate, who replied to his extravagances only with reproaches and tears, imploring him, for the sake of his honour, not to expose to the world the mercenary motives for which he had married her, and which she, to her cost, pretended now to discover.

"Madam," exclaimed the infuriated hidalgo, "my honour is my money, and I will take good care that no one to whom you may be indebted shall ever see the colour of it." The voices of this affectionate pair now rose to such a pitch, that the person who occupied the first floor, and whom Don Marcos supposed paid a handsome rent for it to his wife, now made his way up stairs, and without the slightest ceremony entered the apartment, exclaiming, "If we are to have a repetition of these disturbances, provide yourself with another lodging, in the name of God. I am a friend to order and quietness."

"Other lodgings, you villain," cried Don Marcos, struck with the absurdity of the request, "unless you learn how to treat the master of the house, it is you who shall seek other lodgings, and soon, too, my friend."

"By the holy Virgin," exclaimed the incensed landlord, for such he really was, "if you don't alter your tone, and pay me my rent, yonder window shall be your quickest way out of the house."

Don Marcos, foaming with rage at this continued provocation, would have laid violent hands on the landlord, if he had not been prevented by Donna Isidora and Don Augustin. With some difficulty they appeased the master of the house, by promising him his rent on an early day.

The miserable Don Marcos knew not now which way to turn or what to do, fearing to remain at home lest he should encounter more of his wife's creditors. He took up his hat, however, and sallied forth with the intention of seeking another lodging, hoping that by such means he might evade other payments. Augustin accompanied him, and they hired apartments of a very humble nature near the palace of his former patron.

"Get thee back to thy old cheat of an aunt, child, and say that I shall not be home to dinner. Tell her, also, she must be prepared to remove on the morrow." Augustin did as he was desired; recounted

to his aunt what had passed, and consulted with her on the best method of removing.

The miserable and disconsolate hidalgo returned at night half dead with hunger, and in the morning he told his wife that he should go to the new house and make every thing ready for their reception; and he ordered Ines to procure a cart, to convey what property they could call their own, and of which Augustin and his wife was not to lose sight until they were safely removed.

Don Marcos accordingly went to the new lodging, and having prepared for their reception, waited till they should arrive with the goods and other valuables. He remained patiently for some hours, giving them time for packing up and conveyance; but at last growing impatient, and a certain misgiving creeping over him on finding it was already so late, he returned to his former house to know the reasons of the delay. Finding the doors fastened, and no answer being returned, he inquired of a neighbour, but could gain no satisfactory intelligence.

This was too painful to bear, and breaking the door open, he rushed in at once to end his doubts. But, alas! the appearances which presented themselves were of such an appalling reality, that he was almost bereft of reason. Not a single article of value remained; and it now appeared clear, that the wife

whom he had so much coveted, had not only encumbered him with debt, but had taken away every article he possessed in the world, including even the six thousand ducats which he had accumulated by so many years of care and thrift, which he believed were carefully concealed in his escritoire. He beat his head against the wall, and then threw himself at full length upon the ground, uttering a thousand imprecations on his wife, and cursing the day on which he was trepanned into so unfortunate a speculation.

His wild and troubled cries soon brought people to his assistance, one of whom, on hearing the cause of his grief, related, that he had seen a light cart going at a quick pace from the house early in the morning. Seated in this were his wife and nephew and servant, together with sundry boxes and packages, and, doubtless, the six thousand ducats. That on inquiring their destination, he was answered, truly enough, that they were going to a part very distant from Madrid.

This account crowned the misery of Don Marcos; but as in the height of misfortune hope sometimes enables us to bear up with fortitude, he rushed out, hoping to find the road his domestic traitors had taken, for his aged bride still possessed his heart, which lay in the midst of his six thousand ducats.

But he could gain no intelligence from the carriers, or from any other person most likely to throw light upon the subject; and thus he was left without a single ducat to remind him of those he had lost, and, moreover, overwhelmed with debt, which he saw no possibility of discharging.

Distracted with these reflections, and turning towards the house of his master, who should he see, on turning the corner of the street, but the fugitive Marcella. It was impossible for her to avoid him, although she evidently wished so to do, for he met her face to face. Don Marcos seized hold of her, "Holla, you thief, restore what you plundered me of on the night you quitted my service; give me the gold chain, or take the consequence."

"Ah! my dear master," said Marcella, whose ready tears began to flow, "what you charge me with was no fault of mine, my mistress obliged me to it."

"How?" said Don Marcos.

"For God's sake," said Marcella, "before you attempt to expose me, listen to what I have to say. I have a good character, and am about to be married. Such a charge, therefore, would do me the greatest injury, particularly as I am innocent. Step beneath this archway, and I will presently let you know what became of your gold chain and clothes." Don Marcos,

as may already have been surmised, was rather easily imposed upon; and giving some credit to the tears and protestations of Marcella, he retired with her beneath the portal of a large palace, to hear what account she could give of her conduct.

Here she recounted to the astonished hidalgo, that his marriage with Donna Isidora was a preconcerted scheme to rob him of his wealth. She told him, likewise, that Don Augustin was not her nephew, but a young man of loose and abandoned habits, who was at once her gallant and assistant in any schemes by which she might entrap the unwary; that his chains, and clothes, and jewels that were lost, had been given by Donna Isidora to Don Augustin, and that her mistress had turned her away that very night, in order that the charge might rest upon her. Then, in a tone of confidence, she begged Don Marcos to be on his guard, for that she was sure they intended to rob him of all he was worth, and escape from Madrid.

"Alas!" replied the poor man, with tears in his eyes, "your caution comes too late, Marcella; they have already stripped me of the last maravedi." He then recounted to her all that had passed since she left, which she heard with well-feigned indignation. "Is it possible," she exclaimed, "that there is so much wickedness in the world? It was with good

reason that my mistress sent me out of the house for not choosing to become an accomplice in all her schemes. I intended to have acquainted you with my suspicions; however, it is useless to regret it now. If I can be of any service to you, Sir, you may command me."

"Alas! Marcella," said Don Marcos, "there is no remedy; neither do I know where or how to find the slightest intelligence of them."

"Oh, Sir," said Marcella, "I think in that I can assist you; for I am acquainted with a man, who, with the blessing of God, is to be my husband. He, I am sure, will be able to inform you where they are to be found; for he is a great astrologer, and is a magician, indeed, of such power, that no secret is hidden from him."

"Ah! Marcella," said Don Marcos, enraptured at the idea; "if, indeed, you can do this for me, you will make me the happiest of men."

Those who are at all mischievously inclined themselves, when they meet with any one fast falling in the world, are generally desirous to render his descent the quicker; and thus it was with Marcella in respect to her unfortunate master. By way of putting in practice so amiable an inclination, she begged him to accompany her to the astrologer's house, which was not far distant. While proceeding

thither, they met a servant belonging to the master of Don Marcos, of whom he borrowed four reals, which he thought might be necessary to bribe the astrologer's favour. On arriving at his house, they found the conjuror deeply engaged at his studies.

Don Marcos having recounted his misfortunes, to all which the sage listened very attentively, was given to understand, that for a certain sum of money, in the course of eight days he might be informed where his treasure was to be found. Overjoyed at such glad tidings, Don Marcos promised the money, and only murmured at the length of time he was to remain in ignorance of what he heartily desired to know. The astrologer, however, informed him that such a time would be absolutely necessary, as he had to speak with a demon, whom it was sometimes difficult to summon; and he added, that unless he were a man of very strong courage, he had better not proceed with the adventure, as his familiar was a demon most frightful to behold. But Don Marcos replied, that although in the loss of property he was a very woman in spirit, yet to recover it, he would face not only the demon of which he spoke, but all the infernal potentates put together. Then giving the four reals, and promising to bring the stipulated sum by the appointed time, he took his leave of the astrologer and Marcella, and retired to the house of

a friend, if indeed the miserable have any friends to lament their misfortunes.

Here we must leave him to return to the astrologer, who had already heard from Marcella all the particulars of his history, and determined to give the finishing stroke to his matrimonial misfortunes by the following comic rehearsal of their parts. He took a large cat, and shut him up in a very small chamber communicating with the sitting-room by means of a door and a small window, about a man's height from the ground. On one side of this they put a strong net, then flogging the cat severely, until he was almost mad with pain and rage, they untied the cord by which he was fastened, when seeing no other mode of escape but the window, he immediately flew to it, where becoming entangled in the net, he was easily brought back again to his former situation. Having performed several times, the cat would fulfil this duty on being untied without the actual application of the rod ; fear of it alone acting as his prompter.

On the eighth night, fixed for the exhibition, the unfortunate hidalgo having, much against his inclination, borrowed one hundred and fifty reals to give the astrologer, repaired to the place of appointment. He first placed in the hand of the astrologer the money he had raised, hoping that the sight of so much cash might animate him to perform his conju-

rations more powerfully. Don Marcos was then with much ceremony seated in a chair beneath this small window, which communicated with the lesser chamber. It was now past eleven o'clock, and the only light they had was from a small lamp placed in the adjoining chamber, where the cat was all ready to play his part, with the help of a wicked urchin, who was directed to answer his master's signals. Marcella had withdrawn, fearful that her courage was not quite equal to bear the sights.

The magician then attired himself in a black robe, and a cap of the same colour, and taking a book in his hand, full of Gothic characters, quite worm and moth eaten, he made a circle with the wand on the floor, and began to mutter some indistinct sentences from his book, in the most imposing and melancholy tone. From time to time he uttered aloud some words of extraordinary sound, which quite astounded Don Marcos, who had never heard anything like them before. The good hidalgo kept looking at all sides, and listening to the slightest sound which he thought might precede the appearance of the demon that was to give him the required information.

The astrologer continued to make the circle on the floor, and he occasionally threw into a brazier which stood beside him, a powder, which was followed by a

sulphurous flame. "O demon Calquimorro! thou whose care it is to watch the ways of travellers, and to know their designs and destinations, I command thee to come thither, that, in the presence of Don Marcos and myself, thou mayst relate the intentions of the people whom they seek, and the place where they are to be found. Come quickly, or dread my displeasure. Ah," he continued, after a little pause, "dost thou rebel, wicked sprite? then listen, and I will unfold to thee the extent of my power." With his rod he then continued to describe the circle, and muttered some other passages from the book in a quick and hurried manner, at the same time producing fire of different colours from the brazier, which, with the insufferable smell, excited certain uneasy sensations in the breast of Don Marcos.

The sage now finding the time approach, and Don Marcos not very well fortified for the result, exclaimed aloud, "O thou that holdest the keys of the infernal gates, command thy guardian Cerberus to allow the demon Calquimorro to pass, that he may tell us where those travellers be concealed whom we seek, or I will torment thee cruelly." At this moment the boy, who had charge of the cat, setting fire to some combustibles which were fastened to the animal's tail, and at the same time unloosing the cord, he sprung upwards to the window, covered with fire, and screaming with frightful energy; and with-

out paying the smallest respect to Don Marcos, who sat beneath, for he came directly down upon his head, scorching the poor hidalgo's hair and beard, and thus scampered through the apartment into the street.

Don Marcos, who had been already worked up to a pitch of excitement by the scene, hearing the terrific screaming, and feeling the fiery animal pass over his head, leaving by the way traces of his infernal origin, was seized with a sudden and uncontrollable qualm, fancying that instead of one devil he had beheld the whole population of the infernal regions. No longer able to conceal his terror, and without hearing a voice which cried at that moment, "In Granada they will be found," he fell senseless on the ground. What with the cries of Don Marcos, and the screaming of the cat leaping and scampering about the street, a crowd was speedily gathered, amongst whom was the chief of the police himself. They immediately entered the house whence they heard the cries, and there they found Marcella and the astrologer endeavouring to restore Don Marcos, but in vain. The alquizilli having notice of the transaction, were soon on the spot, and not being able to ascertain the meaning of the disturbances, they left Don Marcos in the charge of Marcella with two guards, and carried the astrologer to prison, with the boy, whom they found in the adjoining room. Next morning a report was sent to

the alcalde, who ordered the prisoners to be brought before him. Having heard the case, he sent to inquire whether Don Marcos was yet alive. By good luck he had been restored, and having heard from Marcella an account of the transaction, the circumstances of which, in his terror, he had entirely forgotten, he was obliged to acknowledge himself one of the most cowardly of men.

He was then taken before the justices; and in the course of examination the circumstances of his marriage, and all the misfortunes which followed it, were extracted from him. He gave them an account of his agreement with the astrologer, and what had followed it; and related, that, upon reading certain books of diablerie, there issued a devil or devils, more horrible than ever man beheld, on which, not able to endure the sight, he fell to the ground.

The astrologer in his defence declared that it was merely a little innocent amusement; and produced the books, which, instead of diablerie, were simply a copy of the romance of Amadis of Gaul; and as to the demon so horrible to behold, the poor cat was produced, found dead in the street.

At the relation of this ridiculous story, the whole court burst into a laugh, and poor Don Marcos, who had lost his money, now became the jest of the bystanders. Such was his rage and shame, that he could have put an end to the astrologer and himself,

more particularly as the case was dismissed by the judges, with an admonition to Don Marcos to be more cautious in future, and not to be so busy in disturbing the peace. They then left the office; all very well satisfied except the poor hidalgo, whose continued misfortunes almost bereft him of reason.

On returning to the palace of his master, he found a letter, which on opening ran as follows:—

"To Don Marcos the miser, health, &c. The man who to save money will refuse himself the necessaries of life, and marries for interest alone, without any other inquiry than the amount of property, well deserves the castigation he has met with. Your worship will easily, by pursuing your former course of life; by starving yourself and those who are unfortunately connected with you, again amass six thousand ducats, which, when accomplished, you will perhaps let me know, for I would then return to so estimable a husband. Signed, Donna Isidora."

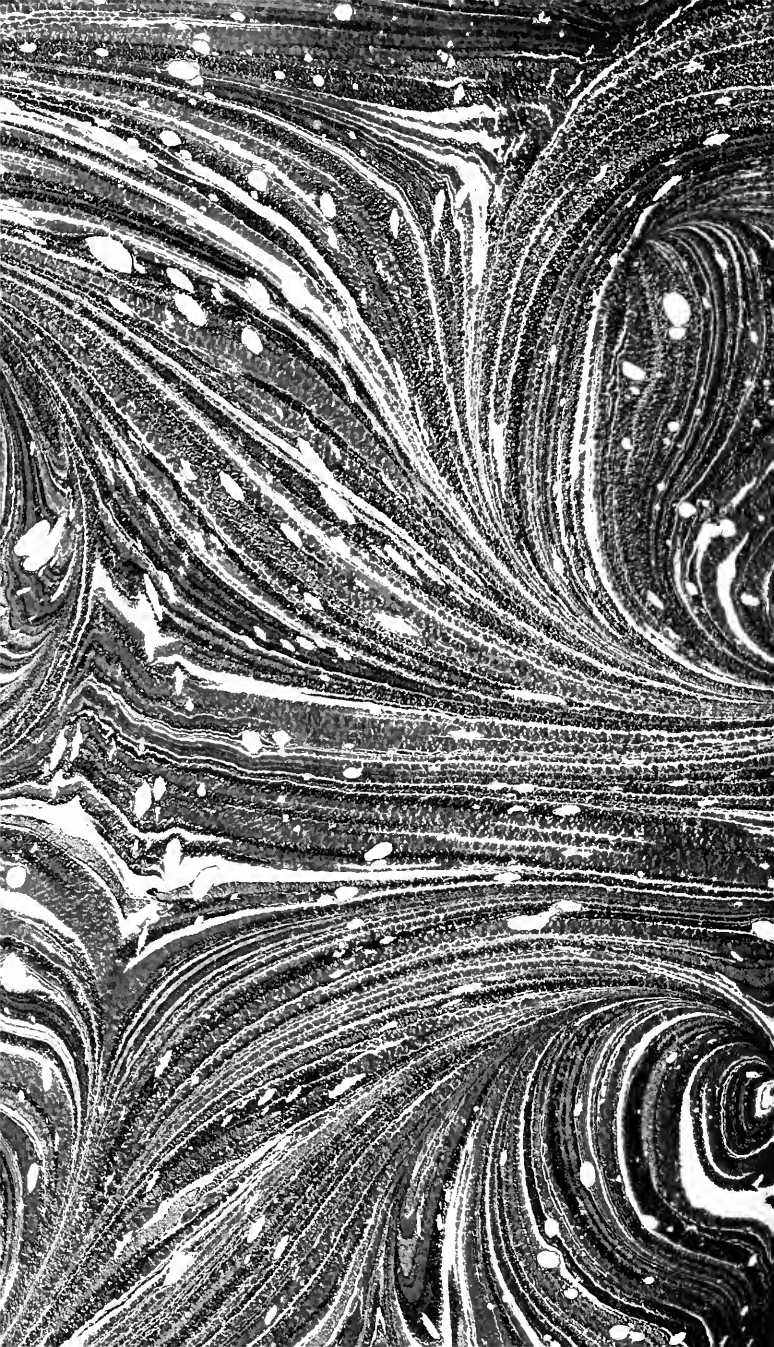
Such was the rage that took possession of Don Marcos on perusing this letter, that together with the disgrace he had publicly endured, and the entire hopelessness of ever recovering his six thousand ducats, he was seized with a fit of illness, which, in the course of a few days, mercifully put an end to his miserable existence.

Donna Isidora did not escape without the reward due to her treachery; for, arriving at Barcelona

with her ill-gotten spoils, one night, when fast asleep, and fancying herself quite secure, Augustin and Ines embarked secretly on board a vessel bound to Naples, taking with them every thing that she possessed in the world. Thus left destitute, Donna Isidora was obliged to return to Madrid, where, reduced to the most extreme privation and distress, she earned a precarious and scanty subsistence from the alms of the charitable.

END OF VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY BRADBURY AND EVANS,
22, BOUVERIE STREET.



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